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The RING

A PROMOTER'S HEADACHES

by James J. Johnston

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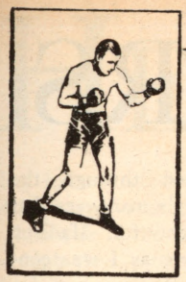

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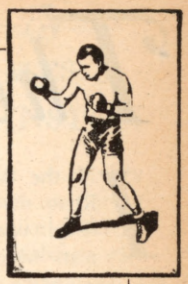

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In Our Next Issue

"MINE Host, the Biffer," is the title of an entertaining article about great fighters who, like Jack Dempsey, went from the ring to roast beef and from sockology to steaks. It is by Daniel M. Daniel, whom readers of "The Ring" know as one of the outstanding sports writers in America.

"SCRAPPY Sons of the Diamond," by T. W. McNiel, tells about some famous ball players who in addition to being able to hit and field, had the knack of socking a powerful wallop in fistic exchange. McNiel tells you about Babe Pinelli, who is one of the new umpires of the National League, about Art Shires, Pat Malone, Ty Cobb and other aggressive smackers of the national game.

"JACK BRITTON, Ex-Welterweight King," is the fourth of a series of life stories of famous fighters of years gone by. Britton's day of glory is not so far behind us that many of us do not know of him from having seen the clever Jack in action. This article is by George T. Pardy, one of our star veterans.

YOU will also find "The Ring Globe Trotter," a new feature by Daniel M. Daniel which has gone over in a big way; articles by Nat Fleischer, the editor and publisher of "The Ring"; Eddie Borden, one of New York's best fistic experts; and the rest of "The Ring's" high grade staff.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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The MATCHMAKERS'

IN the March issue of THE RING my friend, Nate Lewis, listed twenty-five boxing contests which, in his opinion, are the outstanding attractions for 1935. In perusing this list, I find that no man, be he matchmaker, promoter, fighter, or mere boxing enthusiast, could possibly improve upon it. However, placing upon paper contests which we as matchmakers and promoters know are outstanding matches is one thing, and getting the talent together to consummate such bouts is another.

The latter constitutes the huge problem with which every promoter and matchmaker of note in this country is confronted and which, as the heading for this story indicates, is the matchmaker's headache. When the Chicago promoter listed the twenty-five leading fights which, as he says, will bring boxing back with a bang if only eighty per cent can be arranged, he is speaking common sense, for there is no gainsaying the fact that if we, as promoters and matchmakers, can arrange fifty per cent of the twenty-five outstanding bouts for the year we will be doing a mighty fine job.

Jimmy Johnston, matchmaker of Madison Square Garden.

No doubt readers of THE RING have repeatedly read in the newspapers of the country, particularly in New York, of "the failure of Jimmy Johnston as Madison Square Garden's matchmaker." No doubt these same fans have read and digested the unfounded, highly ridiculous statements attributed to newspapermen of reputed standing, when, as a matter of fact, were these same sports writers to sit at their desks for only half an hour and study the sport angles involved in the matchmaking business, they would be convinced of the fallacy of their argument. They would never write such trash as has been filling the papers throughout the country over a stretch of two years were they to give proper thought to their work.

* * *

I HAVE been attacked from all sources in what I term most unjust terms, for no other reason than because of personal jealousies and personal enmities which should never enter the sacred field of newspaper work. When the truth is known by sports writers, it seems rather strange to me, as one who has spent more than forty years of his life identified with promotion work in all branches of athletics, that the very men who are dependent on the sport of boxing for their livelihood should go to such extremes to tear apart this sport with statements that are unfair not only to me, but to boxing in general. Their attacks have hurt particularly the army of young boxers who are trying to earn a living in the fistic profession, because such statements are known to be untrue by the very men who are writing them.

Take, for example, the leading fighters in almost any division in boxing and let us analyze the situation that confronts a matchmaker. The men who have been attacking me directly, and the sport of boxing indirectly, through such attacks know that I have made offers to every man of note, both in this country and abroad, to fight under the jurisdiction of Madison Square Garden in one or more contests. They know that only a few weeks ago I made a flat offer of thirty thousand dollars to Barney Ross, the lightweight champion, to defend his title against the most logical contender, Tony Canzoneri. What was the result?

We were informed through the newspapers by Barney's managers that Ross would not fight for Madison Square Garden so long as I was connected with it. Was that answer due to the fact that Messrs. Pian and Winch feared the outcome of a battle with the boy from whom their champion had won the lightweight crown and who, according to all good ringside critics, lost his title only on the slightest of margins?

Was this fair to the boxing fans who have supported the sport during the height of the depression and who have made it possible for Barney Ross and his mentors to accumulate the wealth they now possess, most of which was earned in the very city which they now shun? If Messrs. Pian and Winch have anything against me—and I know of no reason for them being peeved—certainly their charge, Barney Ross, and I have never had any arguments that could be cited for the action taken by Barney's managers.

* * *

WHEN Ross was offered a bout with Canzoneri or Lou Ambers, the recognized New York State challenger, we received word from his managers that Barney would fight Klick in the junior-welterweight division and McLarnin in the welterweight section, but not a word was said about Barney's defense of his title in the division in which he has remained at a standstill for eighteen months.

Here again Jimmy Johnston is blamed; when those who make such nonsensical arguments know that not I, but the managers are to blame for the failure to get the outstanding fighters together.

We tried to get Jimmy McLarnin to defend his welterweight title for the organization which made it possible for him to rise to the heights he has now attained, and what answer do we get from his manager, Pop Foster? "Jimmy will defend his title only against Barney Ross."

What does this mean? It means that "Jimmy Johnston" is again blamed for not signing McLarnin to fight the leaders of the welterweight division when, as a matter of fact, the scribes well know of the dozens of efforts I have made to get McLarnin into action so that the welterweight division may again become as active as it used to be.

* * *

GO up or down the line and you will meet the same situation. In the flyweight division there is really no one worth while for a contest that might be placed among the leading bouts for the year. In the bantamweight class we find the champion spending his time in Europe. In the featherweight section, we have an ideal champion who is cleaning up abroad and who, when he returns to this country, undoubtedly will tackle all comers and be a real title-holder.

The lightweight class has one of the finest fields of boxers seen in this country since Benny Leonard was at the helm. Yet all that good talent practically is going to waste because the incentive is lost when the champion is not of the fighting type.

Here we have such good prospects as Lou Ambers, Leonard Del Genio, Sammy Fuller, Tiger Humery, Cleto Locatelli, Eddie Cool, and Tracey Cox, among others, who for two years have been clamoring to get into the front rank, only to find when

HEADACHES

By JAMES J. JOHNSTON

they have reached it that the hazard is there in the form of a champion who has placed his title on the shelf for safe keeping.

Likewise in the welterweight section, which boasts of a number of high-class prospects eager for the chance to get a crack at the title but finds the same obstacle there as is confronted by the talent in the lower section. Kid Azteca, a Mexican; Ceferino Garcia, a Filipino; Bep Van Klaveren, Harry Dublinsky, Bobby Pacho and Eddie Kid Wolfe, among others, must be content to battle among themselves because, no matter how hard they try, how successful they might be, how sensational their contests are, they still cannot obtain a challenger's post.

Is that fair? Can a matchmaker be blamed for a situation of this type? Does the public that follows the fight game know the obstacles with which a promoter and matchmaker are confronted in trying to arrange the contests which the fight fan demands?

Does Johnny Public ever delve into the intricacies of the matchmaking field when he shouts from the housetops that the matchmaking in the Garden is rotten? Does the average boxing writer, who should know better, and does know better, pay any heed to the truth when he discusses matchmaking and the reasons for our failure to obtain certain bouts that may go elsewhere but which most often go nowhere because they simply cannot be arranged?

Now, another angle. Those in the know are well aware of the fact that certain managers refuse to have their boys fight in the Garden because they have been advised to stay away by someone who, for personal reasons, has an axe to grind. Those advisors work in the guise of friends. They poison the minds of otherwise friendly fellows in order that they, themselves, might squeeze through and promote the show, with the manager as a partner in such promotion. What chance has the Garden against such machination of manager and scribe? None whatsoever.

* * *

I HAVE been asked by my friend, Nat Fleischer, the editor and publisher of THE RING, who, incidentally, has done more for the interest of boxing than any one man I know of, to tell his readers about the headaches of a promoter and matchmaker, and to tell, in my own words, the whys and wherefores of our failure to land such matches as Nate Lewis has listed, and of the so-called failure of the Garden's matchmaking department. I note a bout between Yarosz and Thil is listed by Lewis. We made Thil an excellent offer for three matches in this country, including one with our champion, Yarosz, but his part owner, Jeff Dickson, to whom we made the offer, remarked in my office: "Why bring Thil here when I can make twice as much by having him fight only for me in Europe, and then I also get my percentage as part sponsor of him."

I tried to match Hamas and Lasky in a return bout when that fight was a natural—hot as burning coal, with the prospect for a sell-out at $7.50 tops—yet what did I get from Mr. Harvey?

"We'll take no one but Baer. We licked Lasky according to the decision rendered in the Garden and we want no more of him."

So that's that. And so down the line.

Lasky is the only fighter among the heavyweights to tackle any man I can get for him. Both he and his brother-manager are eager to prove to the boxing world that Art is deserving of a challenger's post, and to make their position more convincing, Art has personally asked me to get for him Hamas, Schmeling or Carnera, with Hamas preferred because Steve is rated by most experts as No. 1 challenger. Now, if we had a few more of Lasky's type, there would be no need for my writing this story on "The Matchmakers' Headaches."

* * *

NOW let us consider the newspapermen, who have it in their power to make or break a boxing show, boxing promoter, and everyone connected with the sport. During my long association of more than forty years with athletics, I can safely say that about ninety-nine per cent of the boxing scribes are ever eager to aid the sport in which they earn their livelihood. They have no axes to grind and, when they make an attack, it is generally one of constructive criticism. But there is that one per cent of pernicious know-nothings who masquerade under the guise of boxing reporters, when, as a matter of fact, they haven't the faintest knowledge of the sport which they attempt to write about. It is that one per cent that leads the fight fans astray, by giving out wrong information, panning when they should be praising, sticking the knife into the back of boxing unless certain conditions be met.

Now what are those conditions? Well, for one, this extremely small minority, found in every city where boxing is staged, inveigle themselves into the good graces of fighters, managers, fight promoters and matchmakers and then insist on the appearance of that fighter on a card. If that cannot be done, or won't be done because the fighter simply doesn't belong, the club and matchmaker are panned to the *n*th degree.

It is that type of scribe who, by his writing, tries to get the public all het up to the end that the fans may believe almost anything they see in print, and remain away from the shows. You would naturally believe that every fight manager would be eager to get the most lucrative bouts for his boy and accept terms for such contests in the place where the most money could be drawn. Yet the reverse seems to be the case. The mentors of our leading fighters would rather play in the sticks against palookas, even taking the chance to be put to sleep, than fight a legitimate challenger in the Garden, where such a fight would yield fivefold more money for all hands.

* * *

I TAKE issue also with the Boxing Commission for its attitude in re the shows we put on. Only recently, after the reversal of the decision in the Risko-Dundee fight, notwithstanding the contention of the commission that it was only a correction of an error, Commissioner Brown is reported to have said to the newspapermen:

"The Garden blames everything on the Commission. They make bad matches and when those matches fail to draw enough to pay the overhead, of course we are the ones who caused that. Some decisions, I must admit, have been bad, but if you'll count them up, you'll find that, for every bad decision, the Garden has put on two bad bouts. The decision in the Rosenbloom-Olin fight was bad, for instance, but the fight was worse. The Dundee-Risko verdict was also a poor one, but the fight was the worst excuse for a Garden main bout I've seen in many a day."

Coming from a high, sensible official of the state, such a statement is simply amazing. Just think of a Commissioner of Boxing making such a weird statement as the above!

If Bill Brown knows his boxing, as he has so often indicated, and as I and all who are in the sport realize he does, then he must admit that a natural, if ever there was one, was the Risko-Dundee fight. Following the knockout of the American champion, Teddy Yarosz, by Risko, and Dundee's clean-cut victory over Paul Pirrone, which followed two weeks later, there certainly was every reason in the world for every promoter who knows his business to have gone after the fight between the former title-holder and the conqueror of the present champion. I'm sure that even Bill Brown will admit that.

I cite the above just as an example of the rapping which the Garden has been forced to take, through official and unofficial sources, when, as a matter of fact, the Garden was not in the least responsible for the poor bout. The bout was, as I already have said, a natural, but unfortunately the men failed to deliver the goods. As for the Olin-Rosenbloom fight, also cited by Commissioner Brown, even though we all knew that the contest would not be a thriller, it was for the championship, and surely Bill Brown will recollect that his very commission insisted on that match being made, instead of another I had in mind—Rosenbloom vs. Knight. I'll let the fans judge the case.

Nat FLEISCHER *says:*

Boxing Suffers From too Much Regulation
Dundee-Risko Fiasco Glaring Example
Commissioners are Befuddled by Own Rules

WE have heard considerable talk about what is wrong with boxing. We have had boxing commissioners, fighters, managers and promoters tell us what ails the sport, but the dyed-in-the-wool fan knows better than all of the above. He can put his finger right on the spot without batting an eye. Ask the average fan and he will reply: "Too many rules. Too much regulation by boxing boards. Incompetent officials who have killed the sport by rendering verdicts contrary to what the eyes have seen."

There's your story. Boxing regulation is a splendid idea, but there is such a thing as overdoing it. We have had innumerable examples to indicate the correctness of this statement. But even a thousand additional rules cannot hurt the game so much as incompetence among those who sit in judgment at the ringside and do not know as much about the sport over which they are asked to judge as does the average amateur boxer.

Take the recent Vince Dundee-Babe Risko affair in Madison Square Garden as an example. No one can blame Gen. Phelan and Bill Brown, the New York Commissioners, for their disgust with Messrs. Scharlin and Jed Gahan, judge and referee, respectively, for awarding the bout to Risko. Most of those present, including all except three reporters, thought Dundee had won by a mile. By what method of logic and arithmetic Gahan and Scharlin reached their decision, I do not know. But I do know that they were so far off color in their verdict that both deserve the censure of fans and Commission.

* * *

IT is such glaring boners that have played havoc with the sport. Rank decisions have soured the fans on boxing and ruined Madison Square Garden for fights. I do not agree with those who lay the blame on John R. Kilpatrick and Jimmy Johnston for the Garden's flop as a fistic center. Any unbiased, unprejudiced investigation will prove that complex rules laid down by our boxing commissions and ill-advised managers, plus incompetent officials assigned to handle bouts in a place where the world's best judges and referees should be stationed, is the real cause. Of course both Messrs. Kilpatrick and Johnston have erred at times, but who among us is infallible? We cannot go on record with the statement that they have been one hundred per cent perfect in the handling of the Garden's fistic affairs, for such would be far from a true statement, but they have done exceedingly well under adverse conditions. They have made many mistakes, but the greatest have been made by the Boxing Commission's corps of most incompetent politically appointed officials who should first attend to the study of the rules of boxing and the rules of judging before they are permitted to sit in judgment on important contests.

Those *incompetents,* not Kilpatrick and Johnston, are responsible for killing the Garden as a boxing center.

* * *

THE Dundee-Risko bout tells the story better than I can tell it in words. Here was a fight that was so one-sided it wasn't even interesting. Dundee had set the pace throughout. He had outpunched the so-called man-killer from Syracuse, who proved himself one of the worst fizzles ever seen in the Garden. Vince outpointed the man who gained temporary fame by knocking out the American champion, Teddy Yarosz, in seven rounds, and actually made the Syracuse Babe look like a raw, crude novice. Yet when the decision was rendered and all hands figured Dundee a sure winner, one of the most abominable verdicts rendered in New York gave the fight to Risko and brought on a near riot.

Jed Gahan failed in his duty by giving a verdict that couldn't be reconciled with the actual performances of the men in the ring. As for the judge, there was more excuse for his poor decision in view of the fact that more was expected from Gahan than from Scharlin.

* * *

I BLAME the Commission for Gahan's poor eyesight in that bout, because instead of keeping him as a boxing referee where he had given a good account of himself, the officials kept shifting him to wrestling, where he has seen so much clowning that his eyes have become dimmed to fistic effort. He no longer fits in the picture as a good, steady referee of boxing, yet he is a competent official.

If the Commission were to adopt the plan suggested by us some months ago, a plan whereby a dozen of our best referees were shifted around the state to boxing bouts so that they would become thoroughly acquainted with their duties and thoroughly versed in all of the finer points of judging, we wouldn't have such a fiasco as took place in the Garden. Gahan is an able fight referee who should have been given more assignments in boxing, not in wrestling, and if that were the case, I'll wager he never would have given Risko that decision over Dundee.

How can competency in officiating be acquired when a man referees only one boxing bout a month to a dozen or more wrestling bouts in which no great ability is required as an official.

Let's not mince words, Messrs. Commissioners. What we are placing before you and the public, here, are bold, brazen facts of what is wrong with boxing.

You have injured the sport. You have killed the interest in boxing. You have shorn from the state a revenue of thousands of dollars by functioning politically instead of sensibly.

Politics should be ignored, or else let's have a repeal of boxing; for just so long as political powers can dictate who shall and who shall not be appointed referee and judge, regardless of known, tested ability, boxing will remain on the rocks.

* * *

I HAVE always taken the stand that a verdict when once rendered, cannot be changed by official ruling of the higher-ups. I have based my arguments on the rules of boxing which place in the hands of the judges and the referee, in all states where the sport is legalized, the sole right to render the decision.

Some weeks previous to the Dundee-Risko battle, a very raw decision was rendered. In the bout between Sammy Fuller and Young Peter Jackson, after Fuller had scored several knockdowns and had his Negro opponent all but out, the Garden fans were stunned to find the verdict favoring Jackson. There was considerable agitation for the repeal of the law following that decision, one of several similar ones that had been rendered in the House that Tex Built, and the Commission, in an effort to

right the wrong, summoned its officials and informed them of a change in the rules. Here was the change exactly as given to the scribes at the meeting:

"Should it develop that both contestants have an equal number of rounds won, but one contestant has shown superiority in rounds won, then that contestant will be given the decision."

Those are the exact words as issued in the official copy of the Commission.

When that change was made, several of the scribes asked General Phelan whether it wouldn't be a good thing to instruct the judges that in the event a bout was very close, and there was only a margin of one round between the contestants, that the judges should have the right to render the decision in favor of the man who won the lesser number of rounds, provided that fighter had outclassed his opponent by such a big margin in his rounds, and had finished so much stronger, that it was obvious he was the better fighter even though he failed to score as many rounds as his rival.

The answer came in the form of another ruling as follows:

"An official judging a fight either as a referee or a judge does not have to give the bout to the boxer who in his opinion has scored the greater number of rounds, providing the boxer with the lesser number of rounds to his credit finishes in better condition than his rival, and also that his superiority in the fewer number of rounds he won, greatly overbalances the work of the man with the larger number of rounds."

* * *

HERE we have a situation that leaves it entirely up to the good judgment of the officials as to what constitutes superiority, what constitutes better condition and whether the work of the fellow who has scored the lesser number of rounds greatly overbalances that of his rival. To obtain proper judging under those conditions, it naturally follows that the men assigned to the task must know their business, otherwise, with incompetence at the helm, what chance has a fighter when he places himself at the mercy of a *"Knownothing"?*

Bill Brown, who invariably sits with me at the ringside, varied by one round in his count with me in the Risko-Dundee mill. He gave Risko two rounds, one even, and seven to Dundee, and I gave Dundee eight, to two for Risko—the third and seventh. Out of twenty-seven scribes at the ringside, three voted for Risko and all the rest gave it to Dundee by a wide margin. Most votes showed Risko winning only two rounds. The three who voted for the Syracuse lad waxed indignant when the verdict was reversed, despite the overwhelming evidence, as evinced by the hisses, boos and groans of the fans, showing the gross injustice of that decision. Dundee won and by a very wide margin—that was my judgment.

* * *

IMMEDIATELY following the verdict, General Phelan inspected the cards and found that Judge Sidney Scharlin, who holds his job because he is in the good graces of the politicians, had awarded five rounds to Dundee and only four to Risko with one even, yet had voted for Risko as the winner. Now here is the inside dope, which to date has not been aired. I listened attentively to the conversation between Phelan and Scharlin when the judge was quizzed on his ballot:

"Did you make a mistake in your calculation?" asked General Phelan, as he showed the score card to Scharlin.

"No, that's correct, I awarded the fight to Risko, but my score shows Dundee the winner on round-by-round voting."

"Then why did you give Risko the fight if your card shows Dundee the winner?"

"Well, General, a few weeks ago you told the judges that they didn't have to vote according to the rounds won, if in the opinion of the judge the fighter who scored the smaller number of rounds, so far outclassed his opponent and finished so much more strongly that he proved he was the better man."

"Do you think that Risko in the four rounds he won outclassed Dundee by a wide margin and finished so far ahead in those rounds that he was entitled to the verdict? Do you think he was the better man? I'm just asking because I want to know whether you miscalculated your count."

"No, General, I gave Risko the fight only on the last round in which I thought he had a big margin, and he finished more strongly than Dundee."

"Is that all you took into consideration—the last round?"

"Well, yes—I thought Risko finished in better condition and gave him the fight."

* * *

John R. Kilpatrick
Garden impresario who has been made woozy by boxing inconsistencies.

THAT conversation, as recorded by me, proves that Scharlin had violated the very rule which he said he was following to determine the winner. He proved his incompetency and by it he deprived a boy of the decision to which, to any one who knows how to judge a fight, Dundee was entitled.

The rule specifically states, as already discussed, that only when the victor of the lesser number of rounds rolled up such a big advantage in those rounds that it offset the larger number of rounds won by his opponent should the decision be given to him, yet Judge Scharlin informed Gen. Phelan that he gave the bout to Risko solely on the fact that he had outscored Dundee by a big margin in the last round—something again which is contrary to the facts. Dundee won that round, as he did seven others, by outpunching and outpointing the Syracuse lad.

Thus, in justice to General Phelan, I think he was one hundred per cent correct when he indignantly informed Judge Scharlin that his verdict was contrary to the rules of the sport as laid down by the Boxing Commission, but since the laws of New York State place within the hands of the judges and the referee the sole right to render the decisions, the New York Commission was unjustified in altering the verdict by changing the decision rendered by one of its judges. What the board should do, is to do away with the officials who cannot judge a fight properly.

General Phelan and Bill Brown declared after the hullabaloo had died down somewhat, "We didn't reverse the ruling. We simply corrected a miscalculation. Literally we reversed Judge Scharlin, but technically we simply corrected an error he had made."

Of course that is drawing the line quite fine. The decision was reversed regardless of any technicalities, and such action borders on most dangerous grounds.

Ever since boxing has been a sport, it has been recognized that a decision, when once rendered, cannot be altered. The protection of boxing demands that.

I AM a stickler for rules. Rules are made to be obeyed, and when they are found to be obnoxious, then they should be altered. I protested vigorously when Referee Pete Hartley was upbraided by the Boxing Board and his verdict halting the bout between Tommy Loughran and Ray Impellitiere was reversed at the ringside. I likewise protested when what might be termed highway robbery was perpetrated in the Fuller-Jackson fight, with Jackson declared the winner. And now I protest just as vigorously at the reversal of the decision in this latest case.

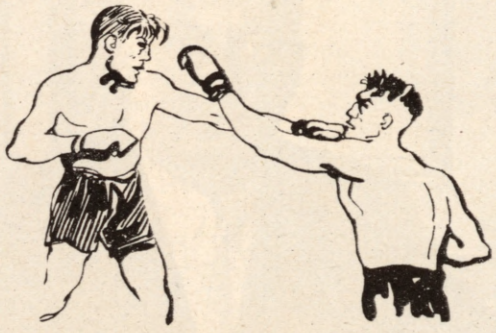
Not that the reversal didn't right a wrong and give the verdict to the man who had honestly won it. I, for one, was thoroughly disgusted when the decision was given to Risko, because not by the widest stretch of imagination—if one knows one's boxing—could one have judged Risko the winner, notwithstanding that several scribes saw it that way.

General Phelan and Bill Brown, and all who have a say in the making of the rules in New York, must sooner or later realize that incompetency of judges and a conglomeration of rules that are so complex as to make them a Chinese puzzle are placing them on the spot. They are honorable gentlemen who are trying hard to rule the sport according to Hoyle, but what chance have they with a politically infested atmospliere surrounding them? They find themselves with politically sponsored judges, few of whom know the first rules of boxing, and few of whom, I'll venture, will be able intelligently to answer four of ten queries on the rules of boxing that I'll put to them.

But so long as the state law calls for two judges and a referee to render a verdict at the end of each fight, then they, and not the Boxing Commissioners, are empowered by law to render the verdict, and what they decide—right or wrong—must stand. That's the only fault I find with the reversal of the decision we are here discussing—the dangers of such procedure.

* * *

LET us suppose, for example, that reversal of decisions became a habit, rather than an occasional procedure. Imagine what a field could be opened for the crooked gamblers, working in conjunction with dishonest officials!



Fortunately, in New York, the men at the helm are of the highest character. No one can question their integrity, nor their desire to aid the sport through honest supervision. But suppose some official other than the executive heads was to take it upon himself to interfere. What a clean-up the sure-thing thugs would make! I know of one inspector of boxing who is an official tout of the gamblers! He is a tip-off man, if you know what I mean, and what he could do, were reversals the order of the day! He wouldn't have to work as an inspector after one night's clean-up!

That is why I am opposed to reversals, even though, as in the case of the Dundee-Risko bout, justice was done. In the first place, such outrageous decisions as were rendered in the Fuller-Jackson and Dundee-Risko battles are a gross reflection on the intelligence of the Commissioners who permit judges, obviously unfit for the job, to sit in judgment. Yet, it would be most unfair to say that every judge or referee who votes contrary to what the average fan sees, is incompetent. Take Harold Barnes, for example. He is of the highest type and knows his boxing. He ruled against Fuller and all because, as he says, of the complexity of the rules that compelled him to do so, contrary to his better judgment. Barnes has been on the sidelines since, yet it must be admitted that he and Charley Lynch are the outstanding judges in New York and he deserves to get good assignments.

There are two remedies—let's do away with the politically appointed judges. Let's go back to the days of the referee being the sole judge. Then, if incompetency is found, it is quite a simple task to weed the undesirables from the ranks of the officials and to get down to the point where a dozen competent referees are given the task of handling all the fights in the state.

As things are now, every Tom, Dick, and Harry who has good political backing gets a job as referee or judge. Boxing is entitled to better treatment and, if we cannot get it, then let's do away with legalized boxing or do away with the sport entirely.

Let's also do away with nine-tenths of the complicated rules that govern the sport in New York and elsewhere, and set up a common-sense code such as was in vogue in the pre-Frawley Law days in the Empire State. In those days the fellow who won a fight didn't lose it because a politician misjudged his efforts.

* * *

MARCEL THIL, the stalwart Frenchman who is generally recognized as world middleweight champion, added to his prestige and further clinched his claim when he outpointed by a wide margin Jock McAvoy of England, British king of his division, in fifteen rounds in Paris. So firm an impression had McAvoy made on European fans in his previous battles that plans had been set for him to come to America to fight Teddy Yarosz, the American title-holder in a world championship mill, Jock's mentors and the British press in general conceding him the victory over Thil. But in that, they had failed to take into consideration Marcel's feelings in the matter.

Marcel decided to upset the plans and he went about it in a methodical manner. At infighting, according to the reports, he piled up a big lead after McAvoy had taken the first three rounds with ease, and, as the bout progressed, the Frenchman proved his superiority beyond a shadow of doubt. He had the Englishman groggy in the eleventh round and on the floor twice in the fourteenth when Jock was saved by the bell, and thus the Frenchman proved two things: that he can make the middleweight limit, for he scaled only 161½ pounds to 162 for his opponent, and that he is the master of the division.

* * *

ON the same day that Thil swamped McAvoy, another upset took place when Paul Pirrone lost the verdict to Vince Dundee, former holder of American middleweight honors. Thus Vince, who was beaten by Thil in Europe and later lost his American crown to Yarosz, who in turn was stopped in an overweight match with Babe Risko, comes back with a bang to gain ranking challenger's post in the middleweight section.

Vince, regarded as past his prime, carried off seven of the ten rounds. Only in the eighth did it seem that Pirrone's devastating punches would halt Vince, but he weathered the storm to take the bout and to jump right back into the fistic spotlight. The bout was recognized by the Pennsylvania Boxing Commission as a final elimination for the challenger's post, and thus Dundee earned the right to fight Yarosz for the title that Teddy took from him a few months ago.

* * *

FREDDIE MILLER, the youthful American who holds the world's featherweight title, continues to pile up victories. The Cincinnati lad, piloted by the shrewd Pete Reilly, one of America's outstanding mentors, took Tommy Rogers into camp in Birmingham, recently, in a bout that bristled with action. Freddie has worked his way into the hearts of the Britishers, who like his style and like his fighting spirit. To date, since going abroad to clinch the world crown, he has fought fourteen bouts and won most of them decisively—a record of which Miller and Reilly may well feel proud. His latest battle with Benny Caplin ended in a ten-round draw.

* * *

NOW that Barney Ross has successfully defended his "title" of junior welterweight champion against Frankie Klick, a title that does not exist, we are glad that the clever Chicago lad (who last year astounded the fistic world by winning the welter crown from McLarnin) has shown his true sportsmanship by agreeing to defend his lightweight *(Continued on page 46)*

LASKY *Answers* BAER

Art, in a Serious Mood, Takes Pot Shot at Champion for Belittling His Challengers—Asks Max to be a Fighting Champion

By ART LASKY

I WAS extremely interested in the recent statement of Max Baer which appeared in the various papers throughout the country, in which he was quoted as belittling the field of heavyweights who are on his trail as challengers, I among them. Of course, we all are aware of the fact that Baer likes to clown, and I am of the opinion that his attempt at ridiculing the heavyweight contenders, was just another little part of such clowning. I, for one, feel that Baer is more serious inwardly about the heavyweight championship situation than he cares to divulge outwardly.

The present crop of heavyweights, if I am any judge of fighters, is far better than the heavyweight ranks has seen since the day that Gene Tunney retained his title in the Battle of the Long Count at Chicago. Whereas, after Tunney's retirement we had only Jack Sharkey and Max Schmeling, we now have at least four more and better athletes from whom to make our choice.

When Max Baer considers the rest of the field as a bunch of palookas, he certainly is not doing justice to himself nor to the game which has honored him and has enabled him to reap a fortune as well as international fame as a champion. He is biting the hand that is feeding him. Take, for example, Carnera, Schmeling, Hamas, and myself as the four outstanding heavyweights from whom the public will expect Baer to make his choice for the next championship battle. I do expect a fighter to have a certain amount of egotism, but certainly not to overdo it to the extent of reacting so unfavorably as to belittle others in his own profession.

* * *

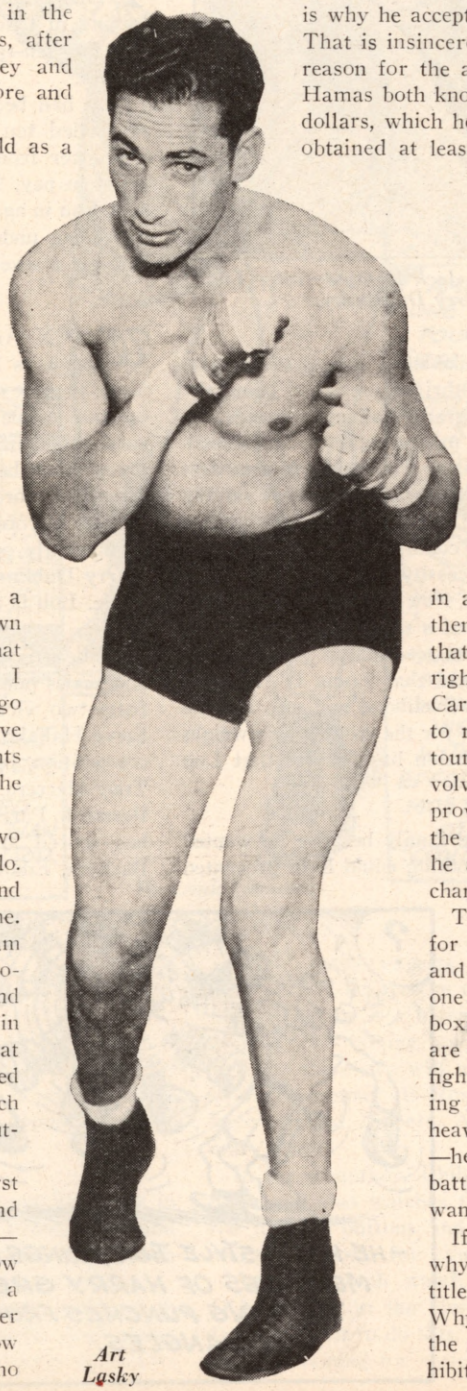
WHEN Baer won his title from Carnera, he indicated to the public that he would be a fighting champion and would defend his crown against the best available contender. When that statement was made, realizing my ability (if I may say so), I made up my mind that I would go the limit to obtain that challenger's post. I have been keeping myself busy, by taking on any fights that would aid my cause and help to clear the situation.

It is not the part of a champion to fight two challengers the same night, as Baer offers to do. That is contrary to all the rules of the sport and would simply be the means for ridiculing the game. If Baer is in earnest and wants to meet me, I am prepared to tackle him, not in a ten-round no-decision contest, but in a fifteen- or twenty-round bout in which the title would be at stake. I am in earnest, for boxing is my vocation and I feel that I owe something to the public that has supported me and has enabled me to make the strides which have brought me to the top as one of the outstanding contenders.

When the question of eliminations was first broached to me, I willingly gave my consent and tackled one of the best men outside the champion—Steve Hamas. Those who saw that fight know what I did. I am a long-distance fighter and not a four-rounder, and the longer the fight, the better I appear. I all but stopped the man who is now clamoring for the first chance at Baer, but who has steadfastly refused to clear the stain attached to his "gift" victory over me.

If Hamas is sincere in believing that he is the best, and then, because he was awarded a shady decision over me—when, as a matter of fact, almost all the scribes and most of the ringsiders figured that I had won that fight—why does he hesitate to give me a chance in a return engagement? The answer is simple—he knows that I would have knocked him out in a return fifteen-round engagement, the length prescribed by the New York Commission for all challengers for a title.

I note that Charles Harvey, manager of Hamas, has set up the cry that all he wants is money for his fighter. That is why he accepted a fight with Schmeling in Germany. That is insincere, because, if money was the underlying reason for the acceptance of that contest, Charley and Hamas both know that, instead of twenty-five thousand dollars, which he is scheduled to receive, he could have obtained at least thirty and possibly forty by fighting a return bout with me in the Garden a few weeks after our last mill, while the publicity was exceedingly hot. But did he do it? No. Instead he continued to avoid me—the real Menace to all the heavyweights.



Art Lasky

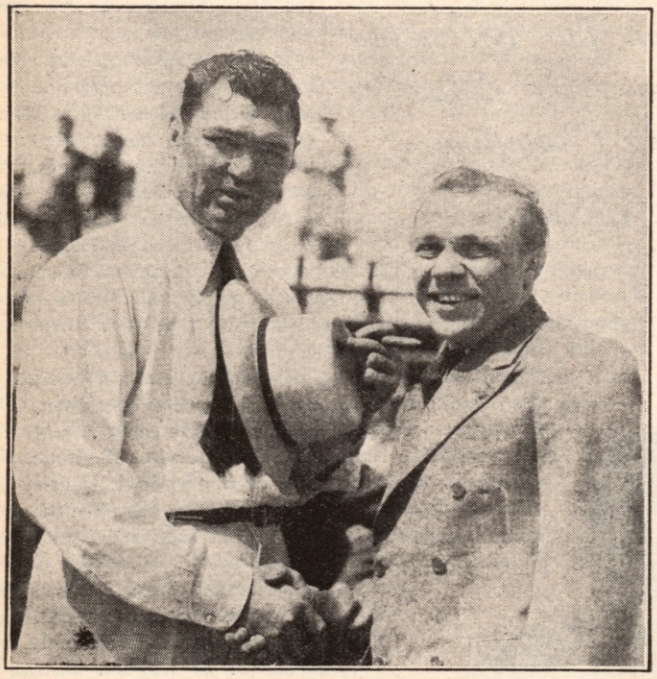
* * *

I HAVE been asked to state my case before RING readers, and that is exactly what I am doing. I am a fighter, first, last, and all the time, and I do not want to mince words here—I want a crack at Baer because I feel in my heart that I can master him in a fifteen-round bout. And, if I cannot, then I have no business in the game. I want that shot and I'm willing to prove my right to the chance by taking on Hamas, Carnera, and Schmeling, or I am willing to meet any of the two in an elimination tournament in which the others are involved. But what I want most of all is to prove to the world that I am master of the one man who seems to think he, and he alone, is entitled to first crack at the champion—Steve Hamas.

The fight game has been on the rocks for several years because of the depression and because of lack of good talent in the one division that makes for prosperity in boxing—when the activity and the talent are there. Now we have both. We have a fighting bunch of youngsters who are coming to the front. We have several good heavyweights—despite the ridicule of Baer—heavyweights who can give him a good battle and can give the public what they want: real action.

If Baer is a real fighting leader, then why is it necessary for him to sidetrack title matches for four-round exhibitions? Why is it necessary for him to appeal to the leaders to meet him in four-round exhibitions when *(Continued on page 45)*

BOXING'S



Lou Ambers being congratulated by Jack Dempsey after Lou's splendid victory over Harry Dublinsky.

LOUIS D'AMBROSIO, unlike most others of his employment, is not a spendthrift. Instead of being the "black sheep" of immigrant Italian parentage, he might be taken for the most frugal of Scotchmen. Louis resides with his sister Philomena in a modest Bronx apartment. Philomena does the housework, sews on the missing buttons, darns his socks. She is also frugal. During her spare hours she is a dressmaker. In common, both possess this spirit of thrift, but it was born of necessity.

When Louis hitch-hiked his way to New York two years ago, he had two dollars. With one he started a savings account, which has grown to two thousand. Philomena sees that it grows.

Of course you have guessed by now that Louis D'Ambrosio is the Lou Ambers who boxes for his livelihood and who may be the next to compete with Barney Ross for the world's lightweight title. The New York Boxing Commission has decided that Lou is entitled to this right.

* * *

LOU was the "black sheep" of the family because he wanted to be a fighter. It seems that nothing could have prevented Lou from becoming a fighter, because he loved the sport. And he loved it more when he learned he could earn a few dollars by his pugilistic efforts. Lou was only an amateur but he played with the up-state "bootleg" league, where the boys were paid small stipends for their bouts. This meant a lot to Lou for, besides Philomena and Lou, there were eight other D'Ambrosio children at Herkimer, the home town—and father and mother, too.

Lou became thrifty to aid the struggling family. Tony, the father, worked hard, but the task of feeding and clothing the increasing family was proving too great. It was easier when Tony first came from Italy with only the wife to care for, and settled amid the rural quiet of Herkimer, where Lou was born. And it became Lou's ambition, and still is, to develop into the family bread-winner. It may be said to be an ambition realized, for he is now their entire support, since the recent passing of his father.

From the first, Tony was opposed to Lou becoming a fighter. He harbored prejudice against pugilism. His son must never become a boxer. It was an unworthy occupation.

But the "black sheep" became a bit lighter in hue when the funds he sent home helped to buy food and clothing, and his fleece became as white as snow when he brought in a ten-dollar bill which Tony badly needed.

* * *

THE story of that ten dollars is the story of Lou's rise to fistic fame and his start to fortune. The "bootlegs" were boxing in Utica when Lou learned of his father's pressing need for the ten-spot. The standard price for a bout was seven dollars.

Lou had been winning consistently and, with this in mind, he demanded ten for his next fight. Hoping to teach the cocky youngster from Herkimer a lesson for presuming to ask for a boost in pay, Promoter "Red" Herring agreed to the boost, but sent Lou in against Frankie Wallace, a crack pro from Cleveland, appearing under an assumed name. Herring's object was to see Lou get a severe lacing, but it was Wallace who was whipped.

* * *

WHEN Ambers learned he had beaten Wallace, of whose prowess he had often heard, his elation sent him to New York to seek other worlds to conquer. His "bootleg" days in the up-state league were over. If he was good enough to whip Wallace, surely there was a future for him in the Big Town. The "black sheep" thus became white again and was on his way to greater fame and more fortune.

Lou's record in New York has been impressive. He camped permanently on the trail of Barney Ross when he double-fisted Harry Dublinsky into defeat in a recent Madison Square Garden battle. Lou is a two-handed fighter and he uses each with telling effect.

Ambers is only twenty-one, is five feet five inches in height, and scales one hundred and thirty-five pounds. His record shows forty-two victories in forty-three starts. He was whipped by Steve Haliako, but drew in their return engagement. In amateur competition, he lost only one decision. He boasts victories over Tony Herrera, Johnny Jadick, Billy Hogan, Young Firpo, Roger Bernard, Paris Apice and Coco Kid. Among the knockouts he has scored are those over Billy Lynch, Jackie Davis, Toots Bashara, Eddie Dempsey, Mickey Paul and Phil Rafferty.

* * *

LOU is a likable chap, very socially inclined. His one expensive indulgence is the possession of a car, but Lou will tell you that this is really an economy as he uses the auto for his frequent trips to and from Herkimer on his visits to his mother and brothers and sisters.

In the matter of dress, Lou is not fastidious. There is nothing flashy in his sartorial manners, but he is extremely neat in appearance. He likes to dance, and sings well. Like most Italians he is musically inclined. He plays the uke well, also the clarinet, and one of his hobbies is the picture show.

WHIRLWIND

Lou Ambers Reminds Fistic Followers of the Late Harry Greb — Defeat of Dublinsky Brings Stamp of Approval on Boxing Board's Rating of Herkimer Lightweight

By
DUKE BALLARD

One sure way to Lou's heart is through his stomach. He likes to eat. In fact, eating is almost an obsession with the youthful Ambers but red wine and spaghetti are not among his favorite foods. If they were, Lou would not indulge in them, for they are not conducive to keeping a fighter in proper condition, and, above all things, Lou always keeps in condition. It is the one big asset to the real fighter, and Ambers is a fighter.

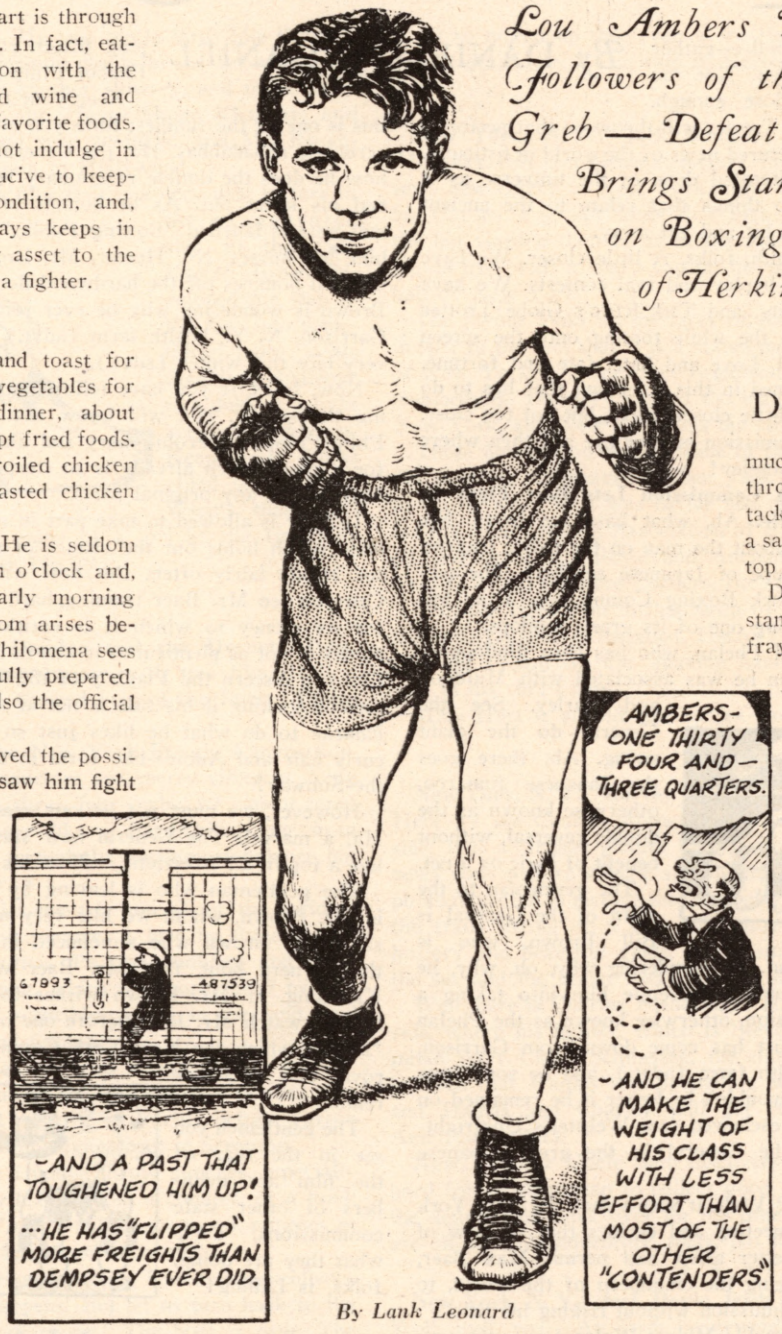
* * *

FRUIT juices, eggs and toast for breakfast, chops and vegetables for luncheon, and, for dinner, about everything on the menu except fried foods. His real weakness is for broiled chicken and there is always the toasted chicken sandwich before bedtime.

Lou gets plenty of sleep. He is seldom out of bed later than eleven o'clock and, unless in training when early morning road work is required, seldom arises before eight in the morning. Philomena sees to it that his food is carefully prepared. In the Bronx home she is also the official cook.

Promoter Al Weill perceived the possibilities of Ambers when he saw him fight at Ebbets Field and turned the youngster over to a friend when he learned that Ambers was looking for a good manager. Weill claims to have discovered Ambers, but it may more truthfully be said that Ambers discovered himself when he whipped Wallace at Utica and Dempsey-ed his way to New York and Weill simply helped him by placing him in that city.

Much credit, however, must be given Weill for the chance he gave the Herkimer lad to make good. It takes pugilistic foresight to bring a youngster from obscurity to the place of commanding challenger for the lightweight crown in so short a time, and this Weill did for Lou by getting him work on several of Al's New York cards.



By Lank Leonard

* * *

Ambers is one of those fighters who is born, not made. He takes to the game naturally, knows all about it, and has had sufficient experience to place himself among the topnotchers.

* * *

THE natural manner in which Lou goes about his work in the ring reminds one of a combination of Harry Greb and Tony Canzoneri. Besides natural ability, he has speed and stamina and wonderful generalship.

Lou may be said to have entered the boxing Hall of Fame on the night he fought Dublinsky. He was the "under dog" going into that bout, but his cyclonic work gave the Garden spectators much to ponder over. He went through Harry's puzzling attack like buckshot pumped from a sawed-off shot gun. He became top man right off the reel.

Dublinsky made a gallant stand during the middle of the fray, but Lou was too much of a fighter for him. Ambers suffered in this match both in height and reach, his rival having an advantage in both. That was no little handicap to overcome, but Lou was equal to the task.

He had the Garden arena ringing with applause when he was given the decision. For had not Ambers brought Dublinsky down to his own size? Had he not shown his spunk? Had he not fought at a dashing clip, driving rights and lefts repeatedly with dazzling rapidity? Was he not a real champion in the making? And without exception, New York's sport writers, the next day, gave the Herkimer boy full credit for his impressive work.

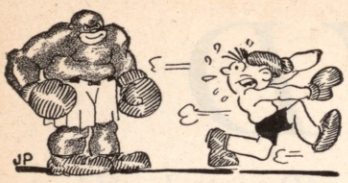
* * *

LOU really expects to become lightweight champion. He firmly believes he will lift the Ross crown when they meet. That he is a logical contender is attested by the fact that New York's boxing solons have accorded him that distinction.

When these two will meet is uncertain, probably in the spring or early summer. If Ross defends his title in this state he will have to fight Ambers. All experts are agreed that it will be a real contest.

In the meantime, Philomena watches over Lou in the Bronx home and also watches the growing bank account. She sews on the missing buttons and darns the socks and broils the chops and the chickens for Lou.

And they both watch over the mother and the eight other D'Ambrosios in the Herkimer home to keep them from want. It takes thrift to do this. And these D'Ambrosios are thrifty. But they are hoping for rosier days.



The RING'S

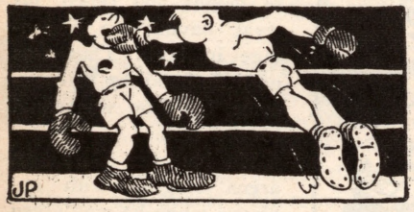
By DANIEL M. DANIEL

GATHER closer, folks—gather closer to the screen. Not too close, but just close enough. THE RING'S Globe Trotter will throw on that perforated tablecloth the pictured news of the world in fisticuffs. He will give you the unadulterated dope of the universe as it touches on and appertains to things that relate to the ancient science and art, combined, of hit and get away.

It has been an eventful month, folks. A little closer. We have had punches East and West, byplay and real contests. We have had fun and frolic and ferocity, and THE RING'S Globe Trotter will tell you all about it, all the while tossing onto the screen the pictures no story can tell. Love and hate, fate and fortune, fiasco and flop, all are combined in this screening that has to do with the science of scrap. A little closer, folks, but not too close. You might get a Boxing Commission in your eye and then where would you be? Let 'er go, Chumley!

New York, N. Y.—Boxing Commission Lets Baer Fight or Frolic, Without Risking Title. Ah, what have we here? No, Hector, this is not a picture about the man on the flying trapeze, nor is it the Yamototo Troupe of Japanese acrobats. The picture shows you the New York Boxing Commission, from left to almost never right, executing one of its grand flipflops.

Note the agility of General Phelan, who has been flipflopping since the good old days when he was associated with Muldoon and Farley. See the General do the giant swing. Ah, there goes the Japanese fumaroo, otherwise known as the double reversal, without benefit of logic or a net.



The gentleman to the right of the General is Bill Brown, who is standing with eyes wide open and wondering why, oh, why, he ever permitted his best friends to inveigle him into taking a place on the Boxing Commission, otherwise known as the Phelan Phlip-Phlops. Mr. Brown just has come down from Garrison, N. Y., where he runs a health farm (advt.), and he sometimes wonders whether his health wouldn't be better if he remained on the health farm (advt.) and eschewed (see Webster's Unafrighted) the glory of joining the General in the great Japanese fumaroo.

What is this act all about? Well, it seems that the New York Boxing Commission has a meeting and decides that in view of what is going on, it had better allow and permit Max Baer, party of the first part, he being the chumpeen of the world, to fight in the realm of the Commission without risking his title.

In other words, Baer may tackle Midget Wolgast over the ten-round route in the Garden, and, if the Midget outpoints Baer, Maxie still keeps his title on account of the Boxing Commission thinks it is just ducky that Baer has the title, and it is just wucky that he be allowed to go around the United States and sucker possessions hippodroming as long as he likes without ever risking the chumpeenship.

Now, as you know, this is a very strange phlip-phlop for the Phelan Troupe, which for years had been upholding the standard of social order and socking rectitude, and telling chumpeens that they must go fifteen rounds to a decision and risk their chumpeenships if they want to fight in New York. Only a short time before the execution of the Japanese fumaroo, the New York Commission hollers and otherwise performs an order that if you want to fight any chumpeen, you must prove your class and social standing by stepping fifteen rounds in the realm of the Phelan Phlip-Phlops.

News of the fistic world in picture and blurb,—the Phelan Phlip-Phlops in their great acrobatic act.

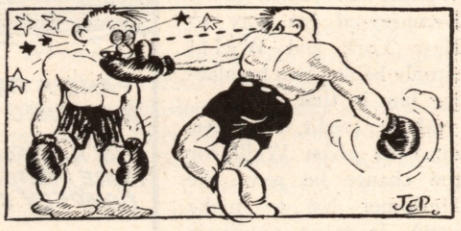
Keep your eyes on the screen, folks, as this is one of the funniest films you ever will see in this series of acrobatic abbadabbas. Ha, the General is good in this reel. Note how he does the double reactionary reverse, with his stomach in and his knees out. As he bounds off the mattress, which you will note is labelled "Boxing Public," Mr. Brown tries to catch him, but misses. No, Hector, Mr. Brown is not laughing as the General bounces off the hardwood floor with his noggin, but Mr. Brown is wondering why he ever joined the troupe and left his Garrison, N. Y., health farm (advt.) where the skiing has been very nice this winter (advt.).

Now, folks, if you have followed the science and art of socking the sucker, you will know that the action of the Phelan Phlip-Phlops is revolutionary and likely to start a lot of trouble for a sport which already is so steeped in trouble that it is difficult to see any original parts.

If Baer is allowed to take part in non-title matches in the one state which holds out the chance of real dough, we are sure to see Maxie fairly often. But how will Mr. Baer react to this? Can you see Mr. Baer training hard to give the Public the run for its money to which it is entitled, especially now that its money is not as plentiful as it was in the days of Texas Rickard? Can you discern the Playboy of the West going in for hard and serious socking if his title is not at stake and he is given *carte blanche* to do what he likes just so long as he will show his curly hair and Adonis-like form in the environs of Sucker-on-the-Subway?

However, we must not let our eyes wander from the picture. Ha, a marvel. The General now stands on his head. He spins like a top in all directions, still on his head.

The gentleman who is leaving by the little door in the rear is Mr. Brown, whom we like very much, friends. But it is the same Mr. Brown who announced in Jersey somewhere, before the Carnera bout, that Mr. Baer was not in shape and was Klowning. If Mr. Brown wishes to see some real Klowning, let him watch Mr. Baer before one of those decision-no decision "fights" which the New York Commission has permitted in its royal and rutabaga realm.



The gentlemen you see in the rear of the film are members of other state commissions, and what they are doing, folks, is Laffing!

* * *

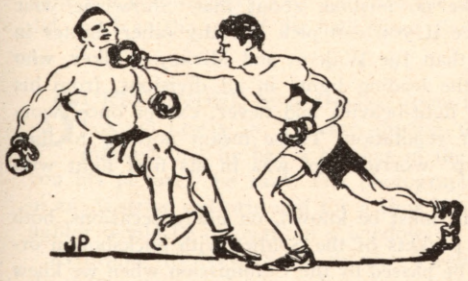
Hollywood, Cal.—Maxie Rosenbloom Slaps Frank Rowsey. A joyous film indeed, folks. The bird in the foreground is Rosenbloom—Maxie is his front name. Until he ran into a nightmare in New York, following an attack of Welsh rarebit, Maximilian was the light-heavyweight chumpeen of the world. He was a rather light light-heavyweight chumpeen, as he took life by the nose and led it around until some bird by the name of Olin woke up in the Garden ring in N. Y. and discovered that somebody had given him the decision over Maximilian and that he, Olin, was the new chumpeen.

Well, our film shows Mr. Rosenbloom just where he always has belonged, in Hollywood. In the atmosphere of the films and frolic and foolishment, Mr. Rosenbloom blooms like the rare and exotic orchid. In the faubourgs of Los Angeles, he need not overextend

GLOBE TROTTER

himself physically, in the ring. He just meets birds like Rowsey, and that means cakes and coffee and nights in the Brown Derby, for another month. Then it is another Rowsey, and more cakes for four more weeks. This is the life of Omar Khayyam and Mike the Bite. Very exotic and very aesthetic, and Mr. Rosenbloom says he is going to remain in Hollywood.

I hope you are watching the film as it is a very neat picture of the exaggerated slap in the face. Rosenbloom developed the slap in the face into something more noble than just challenge to a duel, or a fight between fishwives. Keep your glims glued on the film. What's that? Rosie's glims are glued on the gams of a girl at the ringside? Hush, the censors will hear you, Hector!



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New York, N. Y.—Vince Dundee and the Hornets' Nest. A little soft music is very appropriate with this film. It is a prelude to the first picture we showed you, of the Phelan Phlip-Phlops.

In this film we show you the New York Boxing Commission, attended by judges, ushers, inspectors and merry villagers doing a lot of somersaults. One, two, three, four—why, we cannot count them. They go over and over like a hard-boiled egg in a cauldron of hot water, trying to find the medium of balance but going over and over and over.

To refresh your memory, let me tell you about the incident which led to the filming of this picture. A bird by the name of Babe Risko sneaks into Scranton, Pa., one holiday and gives Teddy Yarosz a neat shellacking, which is superinduced by Mr. Yarosz's hurting an ankle or something early in the bout, and the holiday spirit of turkey and fixings.

Well, some folks get the idea that this makes Risko a fighter. So Risko is paraded on Broadway and sent into the Garden ring with Vince Dundee, who loses the title to Yarosz before Yarosz gets licked in this no-chumpeenship engagement in Scranton.

Well, if you ever see Vince Dundee throw punches, especially at a guy which does not know a lead from a counter, or a hook from an eye, you know that Vince Dundee can throw punches at a guy which does not know a lead from a counter.

Dundee gives this Risko person a boxing lesson par excellence and then something strange happens. But let us turn back to the film. Ha, it is a picture of excitement! The bout is over. The judges perform. It seems a bird by the name of Sharlin gives the fight to Risko because he is told some days before that if you count up your points and A is the winner, then give the fight to B, because if A is the winner and you let him win, then the Public gets spoiled or something and this leads to no end of inconvenience.

So, as you see in the film, Sharlin is counting up his points. He is up to 546,789½ when the flicker is turned on General Phelan. Phelan gesticulates, Sharlin answers back. They shake their heads. That means a recount. Sharlin starts all over again.

Now we see the Commission reversing the whole thing and announcing that Dundee is the real winner. By this time many birds which have the temerity to bet on Risko are home, fast asleep, and their wives already have the money safe in hand. The Dundee bettors which do not get paid off are shown here hollering for the aspirin, and for the dough. The Commission is hollering for the bromo, the Public is hollering for help, and it is all so mixed up that even if we run this in slow motion you do not get it. So, I say, skip it, Hector, skip it!

* * *

New York, N. Y.—Jack Dempsey Becomes a Restaurateur. Ah, folks, this is a pleasant picture, indeed. It is taken in Dempsey's new eatery in New York, right across the street from the big Garden. I do not doubt that Jack would be more at home in the big Garden than he is in the giant eatery. But there he is, big as life, with a chef's cap on his noggin, shaking hands with half of New York.

The joyous looks on the faces of the customers may be traced in part to the fact that it is a stated meeting of the Free Loaders of New York, a tremendous organization with a noble and vast membership. Dempsey put on the biggest free load ever seen in New York, and New York is a big city of big free loads.

Those bottles you see on some of the tables, folks, contain, or did contain, champagne. When Jack does anything he does it in a vast way. So it was caviar and champagne, and a big night for the Free Loading Association of Broadway, the Free Loaders of Greenpoint, the Royal and Ancient Free Loading Verein of Yorkville, and the Free Loaders, Inc., of Harlem.

Will the faces seen in this fiesta of free loading be seen when the cash register is installed, Hector? That is what Dempsey is thinking as you see him shaking hands and trying to look natural in his chef's cap.

Mine Host is an old rôle for ex-champions. Good luck, Jack!

* * *

New York, N. Y.—Harvey Sails for the Hamas-Schmeling Fight. Here we see Charles Fotheringill Harvey sailing for the other side. It is a strange picture for a sailing, as almost never do the news reels picture a male sailing out of port or coming in. The photogs prefer to picture the fair ones, and nearly always you see the frails sitting on a ship rail, showing more than a yard of hosiery and beautiful gams, and a smile that is associated with the sea and the ocean spray and the deck.

Well, here is Charles Fotheringill Harvey sailing for the other side, where his fighter, which is Steve Hamas, will fight Maximilan Herr Uhlan Schmeling, the chumpeen of Chermany. It is believed that Hamas and Schmeling will have it out over there and Hamas and Charley will get twenty-five grand in good American dollars.

Now, as your Uncle Sam discovers long time ago, it is very hard for an American to collect good American dollars, even of the depreciated kind, over on the other side. Steve and Charley are off on a big adventure, folks. No wonder Harvey smiles!

* * *

New York, N. Y.—Jack Doyle, Irish Heavy, Arrives in Gotham. Well, well, well! An Irish heavyweight. Landed in New York ready to defy the wurruld, begorra. Here we have a picture of Gossoon Doyle training for the first time in an American gym.

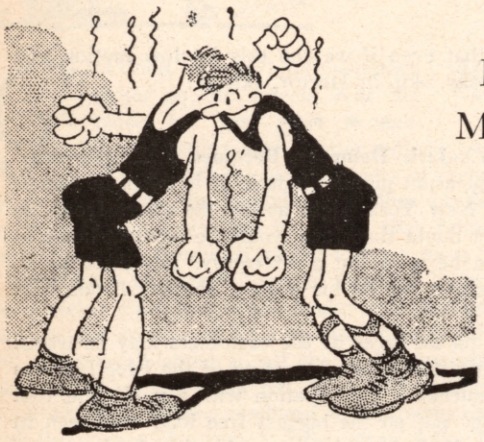
What's that? He is not training? Well, folks, you are correct. Doyle is not really training for a fight. We got our films mixed up. The picture shows Doyle in the glittering, dazzling, beauteous company of Peggy Hopkins Joyce, in a big, glittering, dazzling night club.

Well, well, well! The Irishman is making fast progress, no? But is he going in the direction of the ring? There is wine on the table for Gossoon Doyle. And La Joyce smiles a very proprietary smile. Will the Irish heavyweight get down to training and show what he has in the way of fistic wares? No. Hector, it does not look as if the Irish heavyweight will get down to training to show what he has in the way of fistic wares.

Shades of Maher and memories of Jim Coffey. This Irish fighter looks better fitted for the movies. He has a collar ad phizz and a voice for the talkies. Wurra, wurra, wurra!

SOLDIER BARTFIELD'S

By BENNY MURPHY



His hardest fight was a bare-fisted battle that lasted two hours and was over a two-dollar debt.

A REAR rank private at Fort Slocum, Westchester County, New York, stirred up plenty of trouble for himself and the leaders of three cauliflower classes when he caved in Jacob Bartfield's nose with a right-hand clout, back in 1908. That was the first half of Bartfield's initial fight, which he won in the second half when he draped a section of a handy picket fence over the head of the belligerent bunkie. Soldier Bartfield was a unique character then and remains a unique character to this day.

He is forty-two years old now, works as special caretaker of the Madison Square Garden Bowl in Long Island City, still speaks with an accent and continues to talk nothing but fight and the little he has to show for his great work in the ring. Yes, the Soldier is sour on the world, sour on his former manager, Dan McKettrick, whom he blames for not steering him on the primrose path, but he is very grateful to Colonel John Kilpatrick, president of the Garden, for having given him the job which has kept the erstwhile star welterweight out of the bread lines.

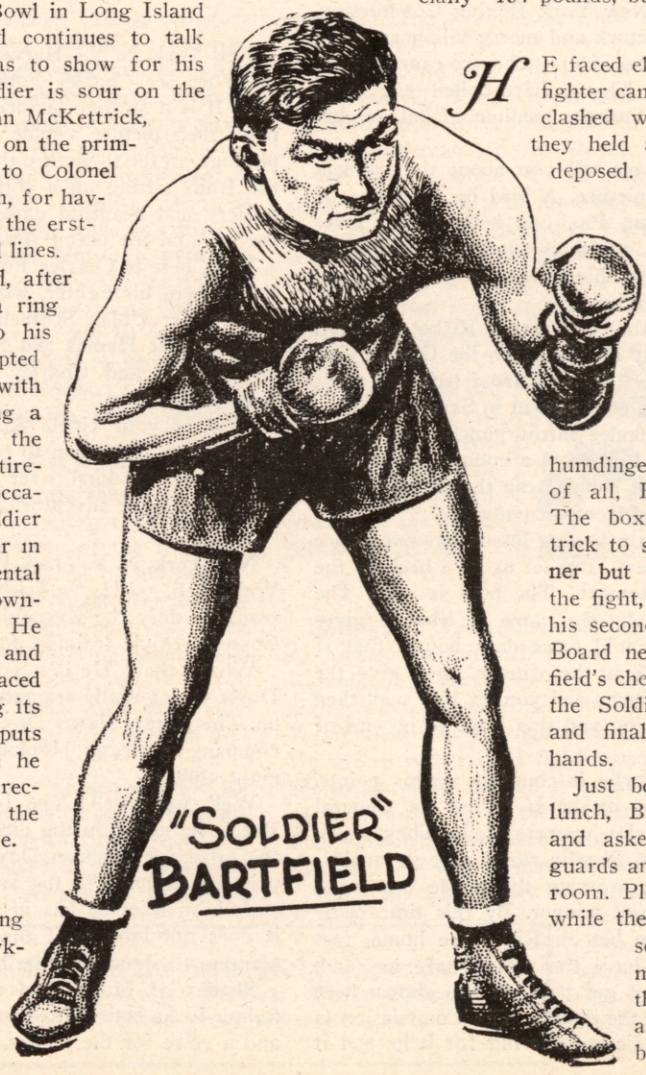
It was in 1925 that Bartfield retired, after giving a fine account of himself as a ring warrior, but the ring dust got into his nostrils again in 1932 when he attempted a comeback by engaging in a bout with Sergeant Sammy Baker, and suffering a knockout in the second round at the Brooklyn Rink, he announced his retirement for the second time. On that occasion he made it permanent. The Soldier had been getting along well as a dealer in paper and twine and then in sacramental wines, but the depression caused his downfall as it did thousands of others. He sought the aid of Colonel Kilpatrick, and the Colonel, a good soldier himself, placed Bartfield in charge of the Bowl during its period of idleness and there Jake puts in twelve hours a day, during which he has plenty of time to look through the record books, and refight in his mind the battles that once gained him fistic fame.

* * *

BARTFIELD was a rip-roaring fighter, a pretty good (though awkward) boxer, a gamester as impervious to punishment as was Battling Nelson. He never scaled more than 143 pounds, but fought most of the leaders of his day, from Benny Leonard, for whom he made 141 pounds, to the light-heavyweights. He met several of them in long series. He squared off with Ted (Kid) Lewis five times; participated in light engagements with Jack Britton; three with Leonard; five each with Harry Greb and Al McCoy, and three each with Mike Gibbons, O'Dowd and Mickey Walker.

Dan McKettrick and I managed the affairs of the Soldier in most of his important mix-ups. The Soldier was one of the gamest fighters I ever handled. Not only that, but he was one of the greatest—make no mistake about that. Show me your record books, and see if you can pick out any other fighter in modern times, other than Joe Walcott and Mickey Walker, who fought so many of the leading lights in all divisions, from his own clear up to the light-heavies and never, except once, worried about weight or reputation. Those meant nothing to him. The only time a "rep" worried him was in his first fight with Leonard.

In fact, if the truth must be known, on many occasions, both Dan and I filled the pockets of the Soldier with buckshot in order to enable him to be passed by the Commission when we knew that he scaled many pounds below the weight required by the law. This happened in the fight with Harry Greb in Toledo, a fifteen-round affair in which Greb outscaled the Soldier by twenty-one pounds. Realizing that, we had pockets sewed on the inside of Bartfield's trunks for weighing-in purposes, and sent Bartfield out to a sports goods shop to buy eighty cents worth of buckshot. With that in his pockets, he went on the scales while closely guarded by McKettrick and myself, and scaled "officially" 154 pounds, but in reality was only 143.



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HE faced eleven champions—more than any fighter can brag about in modern times. He clashed with those champs either while they held a title or after they had been deposed.

Bartfield was not the cleanest puncher in the game. He got away with the illegal backhand blow in many of his biggest battles, and on several occasions the opponents suggested that the Soldier put gloves on his right elbows and wrists.

I'll never forget his fight with Greb in Toledo. It was a humdinger of a fight and, to the surprise of all, Bartfield scored a knockdown. The boxing inspector warned McKettrick to stop his coaching from the corner but Dan wouldn't yield and after the fight, Bartfield was assessed $25 for his second's infraction of the rules. The Board next day gave McKettrick Bartfield's check, minus the $25, and that riled the Soldier. He fumed and threatened and finally took the case in his own hands.

Just before the Mayor had gone to lunch, Bartfield appeared at City Hall and asked to see him. He passed the guards and was ushered into the Mayor's room. Pleading his own case, he argued while the Mayor listened attentively and so convincing was Jake's argument that the Mayor called up the Chairman of the Commission and asked why Bartfield should be the loser of $25. When in-

GREAT RECORD

formed that the fine was plastered against his manager, McKettrick, and not against the fighter, the Mayor asked Bartfield why he didn't make Dan pay him his just due.

"How can I? He's my manager. He gets the dough and all I get is the fighter's cut. The dough shows $25 less than we should get. Is it fair to take that from me for making the fight interesting? Should I be fined for dropping Harry Greb with this right hand?"

The Mayor replied: "No, I don't think you should. I saw the fight and you did very well. I'll have the fine rescinded." And he did, much to the joy of the belligerent Bartfield.

* * *

SURROUNDED by a dressing room full of Canadians after boxing Lewis in Toronto during the war, Bartfield remarked that he had a brother in the army. "Wait, I show you his picture," he said. The photograph revealed his brother in an Austrian uniform and for a time it appeared as though the fighter would be thrown out a window.

Returning to New York on the Twentieth Century shortly thereafter, the conductor asked Jake for his identification slip. "Sure, I always carry them since I had trouble in Canada," he smiled, digging his citizenship papers out of his inside pocket.

Bartfield was born in the village of Lanczyn, Poland, on March 15, 1892, and spent two years in a Vienna department store before emigrating to this country at the age of sixteen. Two days after arriving, the bewildered youngster obtained employment in a Centre Street brass foundry at three dollars a week.

He lost his brass foundry job after a year, and a red-headed chum in the block suggested that they join the army.

Jake declares his hardest fight came when he tried to collect $2 owed him by the featherweight champion of the Army at Fort D. A. Russell, near Cheyenne, Wyo. "We fought two hours with bare fists, and when they stopped it, I told him to keep the $2. He spent two weeks in the hospital."

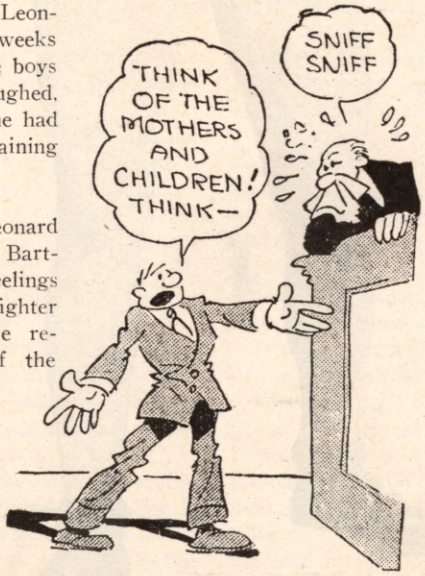
Bartfield chased Villa with General Pershing, and did not launch his professional career until stationed at Fort Hamilton in his second hitch. Mel Coogan was his first professional opponent in a preliminary at the American A. A., Brooklyn, in 1912. The weight was 130 pounds.

Bartfield considers Jack Dempsey the greatest fighter he ever saw, and is very proud of the fact that it was he who introduced Jerry "the Greek" Luvadis to the Manassa Man.

He rates Benny Leonard as the finest fighter he ever met, and asserts that two or three of their exhibitions at Camp Upton were as savagely fought as their actual battles. "Leonard had trouble chewing his food for two weeks after we put on a four-round bout for the boys at Camp Upton during the war," he laughed, when telling the story of a little mix-up he had with Benny at the Long Island soldiers' training quarters.

* * *

SPEAKING of his first fight with Leonard in Philadelphia, on Labor Day, 1919, Bartfield drew a parallel between his feelings in that contest and those of the average fighter who faced a world-famous opponent. He remarked that too often the reputation of the "Big Fellow" makes his opponent so cautious that he not only fails to take advantage of many wide openings that might bring on an upset, but usually fails even to give his best because of overcautiousness. Such was the case, he pointed out, when McLarnin and Petrolle met in New York and the Fargo Express all but annihilated Jimmy, yet backed away when things looked their rosiest, all because of



Fined $25 after flooring Harry Greb in Toledo, he pleaded his case before the Mayor and had the fine rescinded.

Paralleled only by Joe Walcott and Mickey Walker — Weighed only 143 but fought in all divisions up to heavyweights — Now caretaker of Madison Square Garden Bowl.

Scored first kayo in first fight at Fort Slocum with section of picket.

the respect Billy had for Jimmy's knockout blow and the fear he might be feigning.

"To this day, I believe I could have knocked Leonard out that Labor Day if I hadn't been too cautious, Benny," said Bartfield to me recently. "You laugh at my statement. Well, then, let me tell you why I think so:

"It was to be a six-rounder, and all the papers predicted that it would be just a waltz for Benny. Just why they figured I'd be easy, I don't know, unless it was because I'd been pretty badly beaten by Battling Ortega, out in Butte, in July and hadn't had a fight after that start. Anyhow, when I arrived at the ball park (it was an outdoor show) I overheard different fellows claiming that Benny could 'name the round,' that I was all washed up. It made me peeved.

"Nobody was stopping this soldier in six three-minute heats in those days, not even a champion of the world. All the way up to the dressing room I heard the same sort of whispers. I was boiling by the time I was ready to change into my togs, and I lost my head when a guy I thought was a friend offered to bet me that I'd be stopped. I hadn't brought much money over with me and I wasn't to be paid off until after the show, but I was just in the act of removing the safety catch on my diamond stickpin, and I offered to bet the pin against $500. This dude knew me and knew how much I paid for the diamond, but all he would bet against it was $250. The bet was made, and still sore, I told everybody but my handlers to get out of the room.

* * *

"WELL, after I cooled down a little, I began to worry. That pin was a lucky charm and I didn't want to lose it. I began to realize that there had been no understanding that I could buy it back if I lost. I started to check over the lads that Benny had stopped. I began to realize that there'd been a lot of good ones, Johnny Kilbane, Leo Johnson, Shamus O'Brien, Willie Ritchie, Young Erne, Freddy Welsh, Richie Mitchell, Gene Delmont, among others. And I also began to recall that most of them went out early, inside of six. I went into the ring with but one idea in mind. I didn't care about winning; all I wanted to do was stay. I wasn't thinking of the $250 I would win by doing so; all I was afraid of was that I'd lose that pin.

"The first round *(Continued on page 41)*

ERNE-FERNS

Recent Ross-McLarnin Mill Revives Memory of Fierce Battle Waged at Fort Erie Thirty-five Years Ago

IT is not often that two champions of the ring engage each other in fistic warfare and, when such a battle does take place, it becomes a matter of international sports news. Such was the case when Benny Leonard, the lightweight king, tackled Jack Britton, the welterweight title-holder, and more recently, Barney Ross, lightweight crown wearer, fought Jimmy McLarnin, welter champion, and won the title from him. Such bouts are unusual and arouse far more interest than when title-holder and challenger are from the same division.

Frank Erne, a broker on the Consolidated Exchange of New York City, former Buffaloan, who carried the lightweight scepter in 1899 and in 1900, was among those present who saw both the Ross-McLarnin fights and took a deep interest in the reams of ballyhoo accompanying the contests and the many arguments that followed the victory of Ross. There were stories printed to the effect that Ross not only was the first of modern fighters to become a double title-holder, but that he also was the first to engage in a bout with a champion of a higher class. Of course, that latter claim was unfounded, because several other champions of one class had tackled the leader of a higher-up division, and among such fistic warriors was Erne.

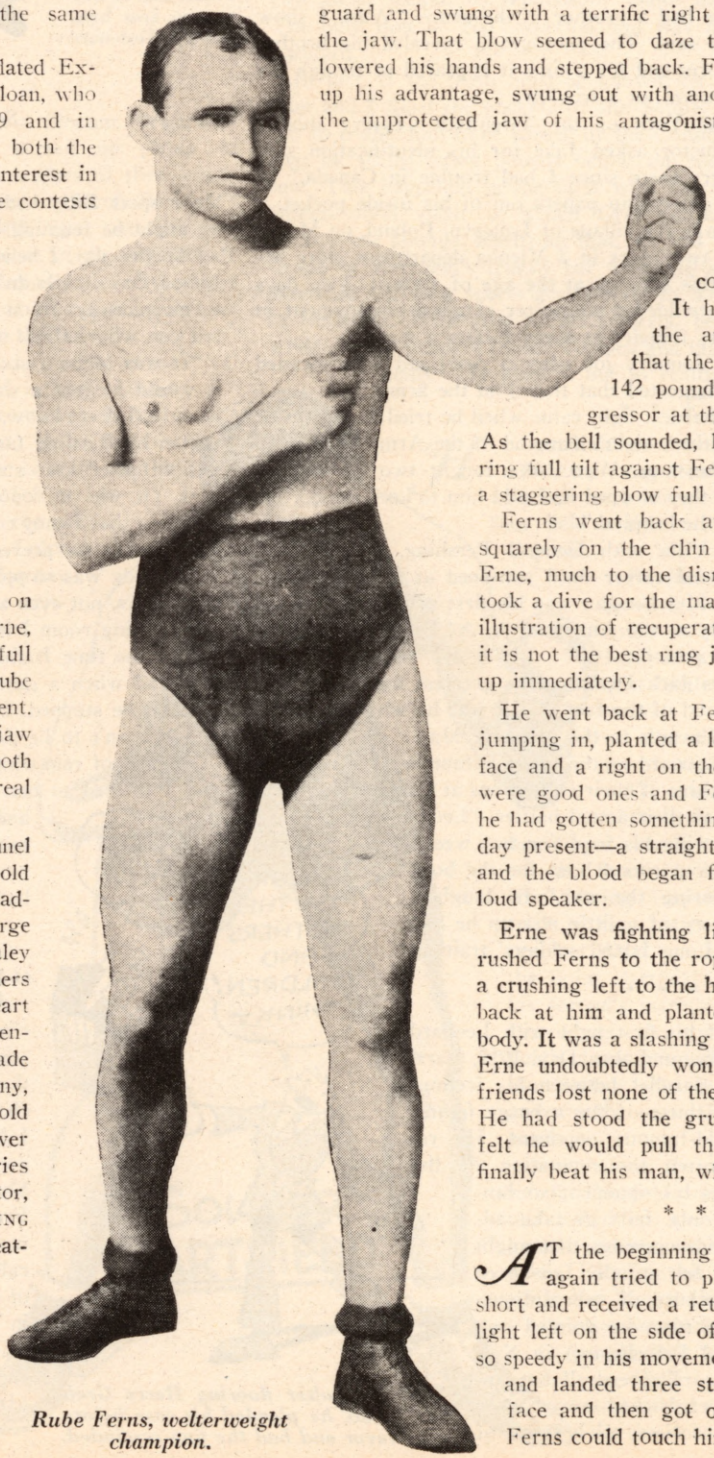
The affair between McLarnin and Ross recalled the famous battle between Erne and Ferns, staged at Fort Erie, Canada, on September 23, 1901, a bout in which Erne, lightweight king, was laid out for the full count in the ninth round, after giving Rube a terrific battle and considerable punishment. When the finish came, it was via the jaw blow route, but while they performed, both men conducted themselves as befitted real champions.

Johnny Rogers, secretary of the Kennel Club of Buffalo, who, in the good old days, was an intimate friend of such gladiators as Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, George La Blanche, Jack McAuliffe, Patsy Haley and his dad, Ferns, and a horde of others who frequented his cigar store in the heart of Buffalo—then the city's sportsmen's rendezvous—was among the boys who made the trip to Canada to see the bout. Johnny, who got his fistic training in the good old days of pugilism, is still an ardent follower of the sport. He has written many stories on old-time mills, and THE RING Editor, his friend, has induced him to give RING readers the following account of the greatest battle between champions in two classes ever fought in America. Here is his story:

* * *

THE bout between Ferns and Erne was a furious battle and, although Ferns stopped Frank in the ninth, "Rube" punished him badly before the end came. Ferns was too strong for the New Yorker but, while the latter was able to perform, he made the most of his scrapping abilities. It was a fast mill, chock full of action. Whoever saw that battle, as I did, was a spectator at a fight of the first order in so far as punching and stepping around a ring was concerned.

Up to the last round, the fight was fairly even. In the final canto, Erne led with his left for the face, but Ferns got over his guard and swung with a terrific right that caught Erne on the jaw. That blow seemed to daze the New Yorker. He lowered his hands and stepped back. Ferns, quick to follow up his advantage, swung out with another vicious blow to the unprotected jaw of his antagonist. Erne toppled over backward. His body quivered as he lay on the canvas, but he was unable to rise, and the referee counted him out.



Rube Ferns, welterweight champion.

It had been arranged in the articles of agreement that the pair would fight at 142 pounds. Erne was the aggressor at the start of round one. As the bell sounded, he rushed across the ring full tilt against Ferns and hit the latter a staggering blow full on the mouth.

Ferns went back at him with a right squarely on the chin and the impetuous Erne, much to the dismay of his admirers, took a dive for the mat. But he gave a fine illustration of recuperative powers, although it is not the best ring judgment, by jumping up immediately.

He went back at Ferns like a flash and, jumping in, planted a left on the side of the face and a right on the mouth. Both blows were good ones and Ferns was fully aware he had gotten something that was no birthday present—a straight right to the mouth, and the blood began flowing from Ferns's loud speaker.

Erne was fighting like a mad man. He rushed Ferns to the ropes and hit him with a crushing left to the head. Ferns was right back at him and planted a one-two to the body. It was a slashing session and, although Erne undoubtedly won that round, Ferns's friends lost none of their confidence in him. He had stood the grueling well and they felt he would pull through all right and finally beat his man, which he did.

* * *

AT the beginning of round two, Erne again tried to plant his left, but fell short and received a return in the form of a light left on the side of the head. Erne was so speedy in his movement that he jumped in and landed three straight rights to the face and then got out of danger before Ferns could touch him. Those blows were

BOUT *Recalled*

By
JOHNNY ROGERS

much like the ones Jack Dempsey used when he sent Gene Tunney to the floor at Chicago, Ill., except that Jack shot over seven instead of three.

Erne was again the aggressor at the start of the third round and again he missed with a left. A brief period of sparring followed, with each swinging a left and both missed. Then Ferns got into action. He got his left to the wind, then smashed a right to the head that must have made Erne see stars. That blow had the effect of slowing Erne down in an appreciable degree.

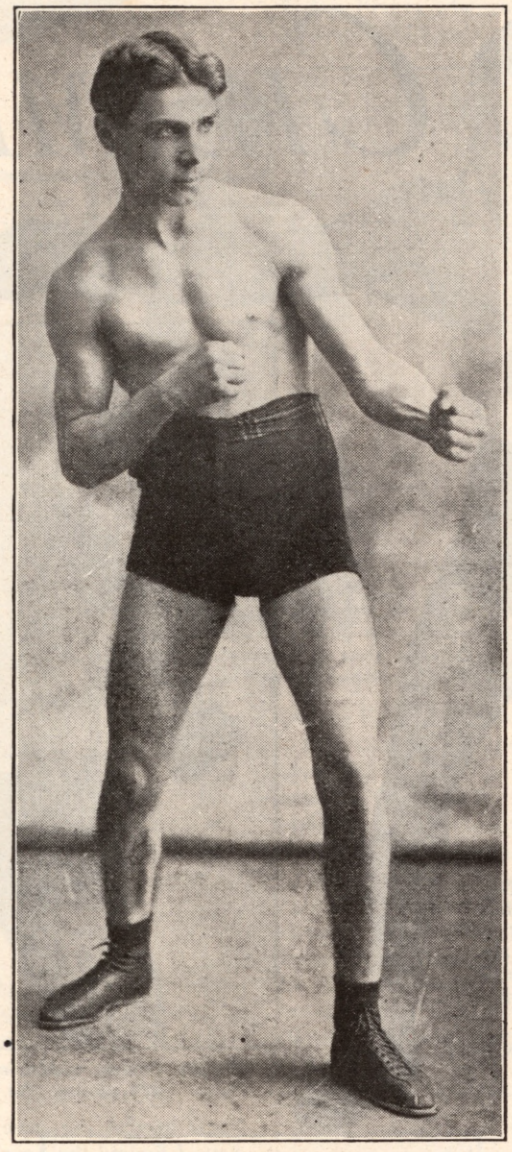
Erne then tried another left but again missed. He had the good fortune and swiftness of foot to get out of the way in time to avoid a left which the welter shot at him. Erne succeeded in getting the next left planted that he sent across, but he had to take in return a terrific wallop, a hard right on the jaw and the last blow of the round.

In the fourth round, Erne was more successful in opening hostilities when he planted a straight right to the nose that caused a crimson stream to flow from Ferns's nasal proboscis and followed it up with a left to the head.

He essayed another left, but Ferns caught him with a crushing left to the body and rushed him to the ropes. Both men were bleeding from the nose when the gong sounded to close that canto, but Ferns appeared much the stronger and his friends felt as confident as ever regarding his chances of winning.

* * *

BUT Erne recovered to a remarkable extent during the rest period and, when he went in for the fifth, he seemed to be as fresh and strong as he had been at any previous stage of the fight. He went at Ferns as if to annihilate him and rained blow after blow in rapid succession. One of them, a wicked left, struck Ferns over the eye and caused a nasty cut.



Frank Erne, lightweight champion.

However, his own pace proved more than he could stand and Erne had to slow down. When he did, Ferns went at him with a vicious left to the wind that made the New Yorker double up.

Ferns followed up that advantage by shooting a hard left to the face and a right to the body that had Erne and his friends guessing what the outcome would be. Before the round ended, Ferns shot another hard left to the wind and it began to look as though the tide of battle were turning his way.

Heated mix-ups featured the sixth round, during which Erne got in a smashing blow that drew blood from Ferns's mouth. But Ferns did not appear to be bothered by that wallop and was as cool as ever. It looked as though the fight was his, for he apparently was impervious to the effects of his adversary's punches.

Impressions given in the sixth round by the showing of the two men were strengthened at the start of round seven, for it was Ferns who took the aggressive at the start of that session. They sparred a few moments at first, then Ferns set out to make a fight of it. His first blow was a crushing left swing which caught Erne on the ear. Then Ferns sent a hard right to the body.

Erne went into a clinch to save himself, for the punishment was coming in heavy doses and he could not stand the gaff any longer. When they broke, he received a light left to the head, then got a stiff left to the body that made him slow up momentarily. After that he was extremely cautious and he devoted most of his efforts for the remainder of the round to keeping out of Ferns's way.

At the start of the eighth round, Erne had lost much of his former pep. He made a half-hearted lead with his left to the face, but was short. He scarcely had stepped back, when Ferns rushed in with a staggering left to the chin.

* * *

AGAIN Erne tried a lead with his left, but he had by that time lost much of his speed and Ferns halted him with a smashing right to the side of the head. That blow dazed Erne. He backed away, but Ferns rushed him to the ropes and planted a one-two to the body that made Erne gasp.

Then Ferns tried to corner Erne, but in doing so, stumbled. Before he was able to regain his equilibrium, Erne planted him with a punch to the mouth, but there was no force behind the blow. Ferns rushed in, determined to finish his man, and came close to doing it that session for, at the bell, Erne staggered to his corner. He was clearly walking on the edge of defeat.

At the start of the ninth, the result was a foregone conclusion, for it was plainly evident to all that Erne was considerably weakened and that it was highly unlikely he could stand much more. Ferns had been hitting him with great regularity and force in the two previous rounds and the New Yorker was about done up by those assaults.

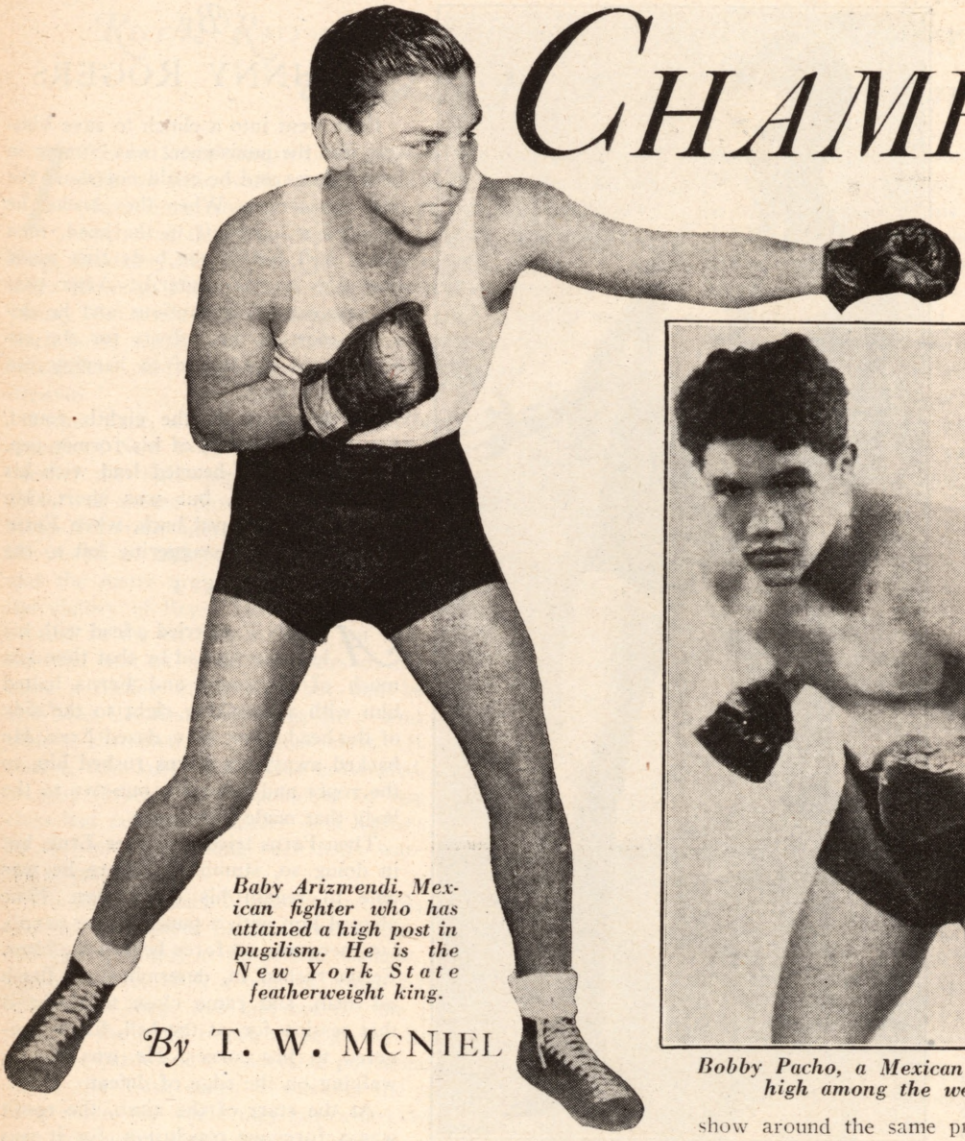
With the very first blow he landed, a right to the jaw, Ferns sent Erne down to the floor. Erne lay prostrate for a count of nine, then staggered to his feet. But he had scarcely got up before he was sent reeling to the ropes under the impact of a left crusher, which caught him squarely on the ear.

Ferns rushed in to make a finish of it, but Erne went into another clinch and it was with difficulty that the referee separated them. Then came a right to Erne's jaw and it was all over.

It was a great fight, fellows, far greater than what was seen in the recent Ross-McLarnin contests.

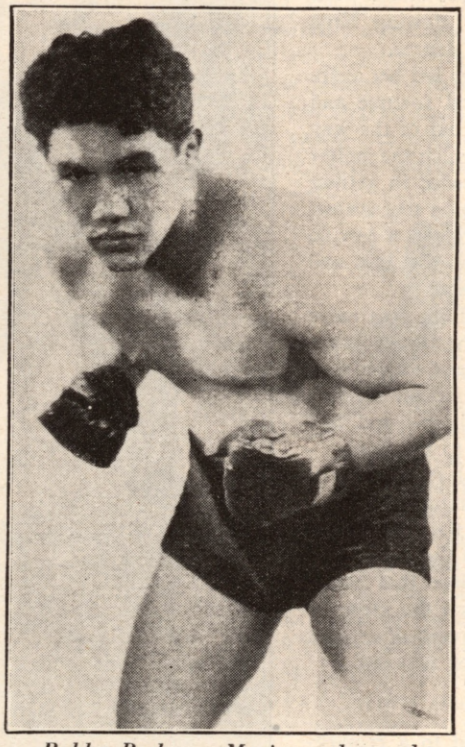
I have seen all the good fighters perform from the early nineties to the present day and, from personal observation, I have found that the old-timers were far greater battlers than the present crop, in that they took more chances and fought as if their very life depended on the result. Today we have a more cultured set of boxers and more scientific lads than was generally the case in my days, but for real, honest-to-goodness fighting, give me the lads of the old school—Erne, Ferns, McGovern, Young Corbett, Patsy Haley, Kid McPartland and others of their type.

Why No Mexican Champions?



Baby Arizmendi, Mexican fighter who has attained a high post in pugilism. He is the New York State featherweight king.

By T. W. McNIEL



Bobby Pacho, a Mexican who ranks high among the welters.

RECENTLY I received a query from a fight fan in California, asking for a list of all the world's champions who were Mexicans. It was one of the easiest questions I ever was confronted with. The answer was NONE, though one, a fellow answering to the name of "Battling" Shaw, is credited with winning one of the more or less extinct "junior" titles. Personally, I don't consider a "junior" title whatsoever, therefore I maintain that no Mexican has ever held a championship.

I've often wondered why. The fight cards of the West are always studded with Mexican lads. Literally, there are hundreds of Mexican pugs in circulation, and have been all these many years since the fight game became an established sport west of the Mississippi.

Yet, strange as it seems, not a single one of them has ever sat on a fistic throne, and the honest-to-God top-notchers of the Mexican race can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Second raters? . . . yes, plenty of them, and third raters and "ham an' eggers" by the thousand. You'd think that out of the mass of Mexican aspirants, eventually at least one of them would land a title.

I firmly believe that there are as many aspiring Mexican boxers in the business as there are Negroes—and have been all along during the last forty years. Yet, how many boys of the Negro race have become champions? Plenty of them, and scores of them have stood in the shadow of their goal. I do not, by this statement, mean to belittle the Mexican race at the expense of the Negro. I simply mean to offer the difference in the two races as a matter of comparison.

* * *

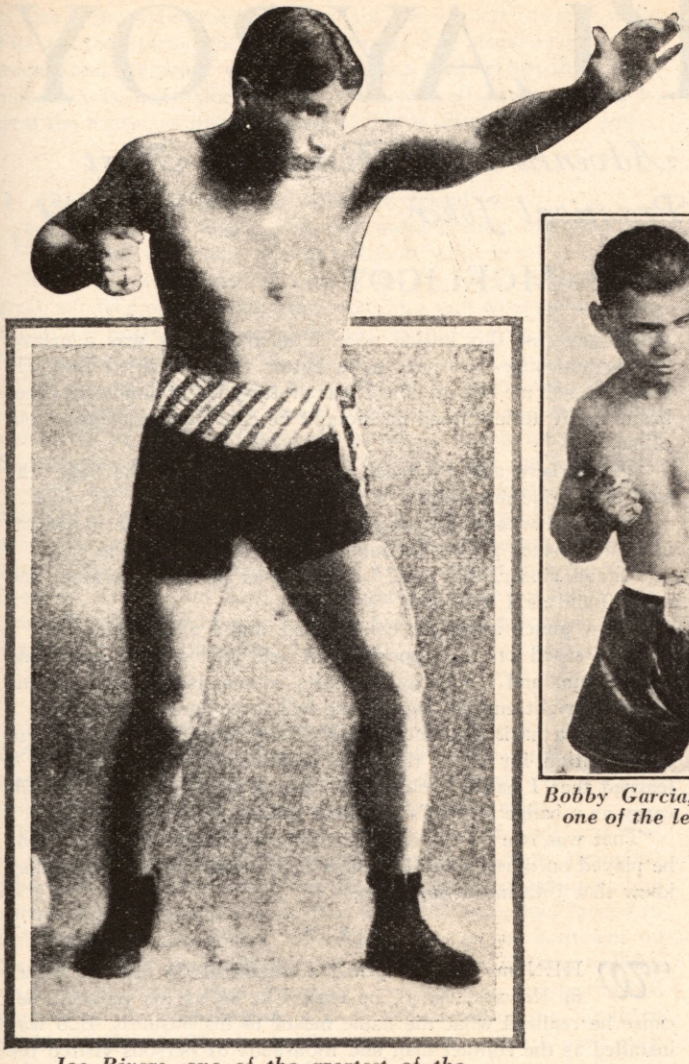
A GLARING example of the Mexican's inability to make the fistic grade was amply demonstrated in a local Colorado amateur tournament last winter. The entry list totaled one hundred and four. Of this amount, eighty-six were Mexicans. And practically all the Western tournaments will show around the same proportion of Mexican entries. At any rate, I figured the Spanish-speaking lads would carry off at least six of the eight championships. However, I was greatly surprised when, on the final night, the Mexican boys had to be content with three class titles, and later one of them was revealed as an imported professional. Of course, not all the amateur affairs out here will show that ratio, but it goes to show the Mexican lads' weakness in the ring game.

As I stated before, there have been a few real top-notchers of Mexican blood, back down through the years. One of them was "Mexican Pete" Everett, a Colorado heavyweight of thirty years ago. (A résumé of Everett's career was published recently in this magazine.)

About the time Everett was cutting a wide swath in heavyweight circles, another Mexican, answering to the name of Aurelio Herrera, was wreaking havoc in the lightweight ranks. It is entirely possible that Herrera would have won the lightweight crown, except for the fact that he happened along at the same time that Joe Gans, Bat Nelson, Jimmy Britt and others of that caliber were going full tilt. Many critics rate Herrera as the hardest hitter that ever graced the lightweight ranks.

The little San José Mexican could really lay them like a rug, all right. Herrera's idea of training, however, was to dance about twelve hours, drink about a gallon of wine and smoke a long black Spanish cigar.

He was a charter member of the "night-club trainers." His



Joe Rivers, one of the greatest of the Mexican fighters.

abhorrence of training rules and the A No. 1 class of the opposition united to keep Herrera off the throne. Aurelio died in Bakersfield, California, a few years back, completely "down and out" both physically and financially, he being another of the thousands of fighters who tossed their money to the winds as fast as they made it.

* * *

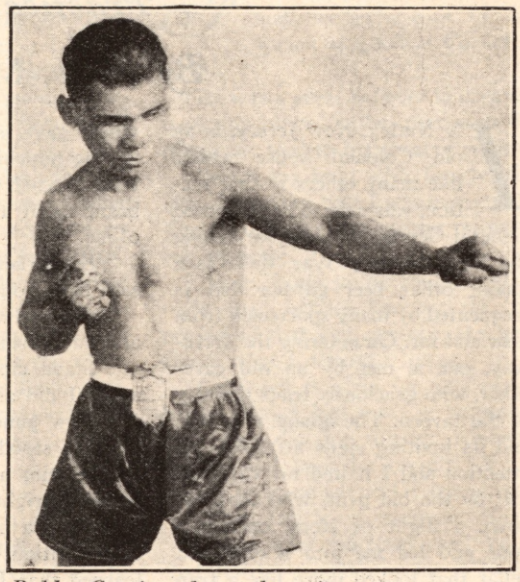
THE next Mexican to come to the fore was Mexican Joe Rivers. Joe was a sterling little lightweight, who came within the proverbial "gnat's whisker" of winning the crown.

His battle with Ad Wolgast, July 4, 1912, will always be the source of an argument. In the thirteenth round of a savagely fought and bitterly contested battle, both Wolgast and Rivers connected with solid shots at the same time. Both went down, and apparently out.

Thousands of unbiased fans will still swear that Wolgast would have been unable to have beaten the "count" had not the referee pulled him to his feet. Though I never saw the battle, I have a photograph that appears to support the contention that Wolgast was aided to his feet. Rivers was unable to continue, and Wolgast was credited with a thirteen-round knockout.

It is not my intention to go into the merits or demerits of this battle. It's history now. I just wanted to show how close Rivers came to his goal. This battle marked the turning point in Joe's career.

True, he fought a number of creditable battles after that, but the path from there on led downward and, eventually, to oblivion. Today, Rivers, who was an accomplished musician, runs a tavern in sunny California, while poor Wolgast, his reason shattered by dozens of slambang battles, is confined in an insane asylum in California.



Bobby Garcia, who, only a few years ago, was one of the leading featherweights in America.

* * *

SINCE the palmy days of Rivers, we've had a whole flock of Mexican pugs in circulation—some good, some indifferent, and some downright "palookas."

Some years back, an Arizona heavyweight, Tony Fuente, was billed as a coming champion. He did bowl over several fair-to-middlin' men, among them Fred Fulton, the gangling Minnesota plasterer. However, Tony faded from the picture when tossed in against the top-notchers. The last I heard of him, he was trying to eke out an existence around the various California fight arenas.

Bert Colima was another Mexican lad who cut a wide swath along the Pacific Coast a decade ago. Colima was a dazzling prospect for a while, but, like many of his brethren, failed to make much headway after an auspicious start.

Several annums ago, Colorado fans were singing the praises of a young Mexican lad answering to the name of Eddie Mack. "He can't miss the lightweight title," they chortled in glee. After cleaning up everything in the Rocky Mountain region, Eddie was induced to go East after fame, fortune and that elusive title. East he went, and one of his first opponents was a fairly well known young man by the name of Tony Canzoneri. Tony not only flattened the pride of the Rockies, but busted his ankle as well.

Back in his native haunts, Eddie mended the bum dog, and announced he was ready again to go after the title. Back East again, Eddie found himself paired against Benny Bass, whose dynamite-laden right flattened the Señor for keeps. Mack came out of this fray with a jaw bone broken in a couple of places, and the germ of doubt firmly planted in his mind.

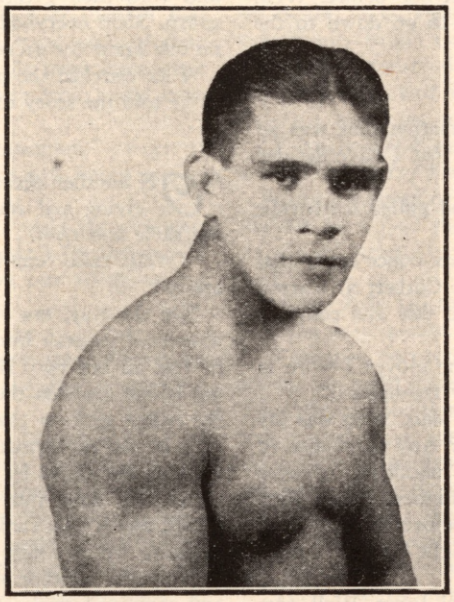
Eddie, whose real name was Pedro Quintana, fought indifferently a while longer, but his days as a title threat were decidedly over.

* * *

RIGHT now, columns of space are being devoted to singing the praises of "Baby" Arizmendi, the California featherweight. Though Arizmendi has shown flashes of fistic greatness, one has to stretch the imagination a bit to vision him taking the measure of Freddie Miller in a title bout.

Lightweight champion Barney Ross ran into a tartar on his trip to the Pacific Coast last year, in the person of Bobby Pacho, a slambang California Mexican. However, Pacho has shown nothing since to cause Barney any undue alarm.

The latest *(Continued on page 41)*

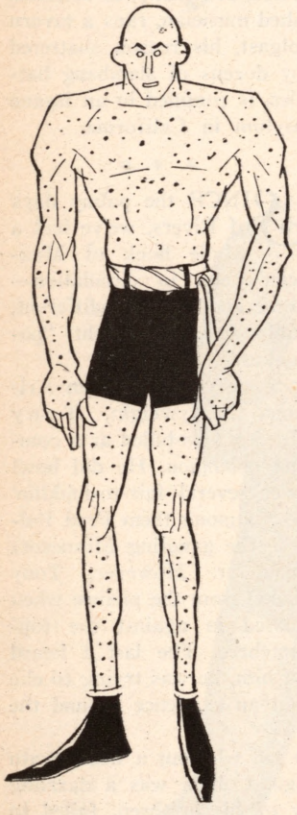


Carlo Garcia, another good little Mexican fighter, the first fighter to get a decision over Barney Ross.

FITZ *the* PLAYBOY

Pertaining to the Adventures of Fistiana's Most Practical Joker

By J. W. McELIGOT



IN Nutley, New Jersey, in an old Colonial house which, like many others in that section, was said to have housed General George Washington during the Revolutionary War, there is a quaint cellar beer garden that is frequented by many sportsmen from near and far. On entering the driveway, one is met by an old caretaker, who graciously leads the way to the tavern. The quaint structure and its inviting signs attracted my attention and I halted my car, was met by the old gent, who took me down a flight of steps, opened a door and led me into a darkened cellar that looked more like a trap than a barroom.

"Over here," a cheery voice bellowed out.

I turned, walked towards the rear, where I cracked my head against a pillar which I couldn't see, and there I was up against the cutest bar before which I had ever stood. An athletically built fellow with a pleasant smile greeted me.

"What'll you have, friend?"

"Beer and a sandwich," I replied.

"Quite a place you've got here," I continued. Relics of the good old days of pugilism, eh?"

"Yes, every picture here, the gloves, the bag, the horse shoes and whatnot, has its little history—and a mighty interesting one, too," he replied. Even this homestead, has its history. You guessed it, it was the stopping place of George Washington at one time, but no doubt you'll tell me you've heard that one before. Well, friend, all you have to do to verify that, is to go down to the Historical Society and investigate."

* * *

WITH that, we were started on a conversation that was so intensely interesting for me, a fight fan, that I have decided to repeat it for RING readers.

In between our drinks, the new-found friend pulled forth relic after relic and told its history.

"See these gloves?" he asked. "They are six-ounce mitts that Bob Fitzsimmons wore in his fight with Jim Corbett at Carson City in 1898. Think I'm spoofing? Well, read this and convince yourself."

I read, and on the gloves was written—"The gloves I wore in my fight with Corbett at Carson City—Bob Fitzsimmons."

"Following the fight, Bob gave these to my dad. Who was my dad? Ever heard of Diamond Dan McGinnity? Any sportsman of Fitz's day will tell you who he was. Sort of unofficial manager of Bob, his best friend and a sport of the highest order. Fitz, after his retirement and until a few months before he died, lived in this house with Dad, mother and myself, right here in Nutley, N. J.

"You've probably heard of Fitz, the Practical Joker. Well, son, there's many a tale I could tell about his jokes, some of which he practiced on me when he had nothing else to do, and one of which gave me this busted nose. You know Fitz was a marvel at bag-punching—yessiree, none better than Freckled Bob. He tried to teach me how to box. I was pretty good at almost all other branches of athletics and he thought he could make a fighter out of me.

"'Stand here and I'll teach you how to punch the bag,'" he said to me one morning.

"I did and was progressing nicely when suddenly he halted me and admonished me for standing too far away from the bag.

"'Stand closer, like this,'" he said, as he demonstrated, and again I did as I was told.

"'Now punch away,' he commanded, and I went to it.

"Fitz stood on the opposite side and just as the bag came toward him and I was awaiting its return, bang, shot out his powerful right and the bag hit me full force against the nose.

"I took a back flip, and landed on my head, and remained in that position for more than ten minutes. When I came to, I learned that I had a broken nose, which as you will see, I still carry as a badge of Fitz's practical joking.

"That was one he played on me, but, boy, there were hundreds he played on others and all took it in a jovial spirit because they knew that Fitz meant no harm.

* * *

"WHEN my father opened a saloon at 64 Market Street in Newark, N. J., he took Fitz in as his partner, because he realized what the name meant to his business. Bob was installed as the contact man and thousands of persons visited the place, some for the curiosity of seeing the famed fistic hero in the flesh and shaking his hand, and others because of the general sporting atmosphere.

"Day after day Fitz spent hours in that place greeting prospective customers, until he got tired of handshaking.

"'I'll fool 'em,' he said to dad one day.

"He sent me out for some cow itch, placed some on his hand, and with each greeting, he gave his new-found friend a tight grasp. Soon everybody in the place was scratching his hand and no one knew the secret of the sudden itch.

"Fitz watched the proceedings and then let out a mighty laugh as he told the story of the cow itch.

* * *

"ON another occasion, father raffled some ducks for Thanksgiving and found that there were seven ducks left after the raffle was over.

"'Well, take 'em home,' said dad to Fitz, and home they started.

"On the way, one of the ducks got loose from Fitz and as he attempted to grab him, he lost the rest. Father tried to help and he lost all but two. Between them they chased the ducks behind the house towards the pond, and then the fun began. One after the other took to the pond and sailed majestically away. Fitz, riled by the performance, made a flying tackle for the duck nearest him, but failed by an eyelash to get the bird, who flapped his wings and dove into the pond. Fitz did likewise, but without wings, and it was a mighty sorrowful Freckled Bob who emerged, dripping wet, shaking his fist in anger at the harmless creatures.

"On still another occasion out here Fitz became a little lit and commandeered a trolley car. Dad tried to stop him, but Bob would hear none of that. Fitz took over the motorman's job and father acted as conductor and together they made the trip from

Nutley to the end of the line, where the car was left stranded while Fitz and dad started the long hike home. The abandoned car was located and the police were hot on Fitz's trail. When they found him, he was fast asleep in our home and all hands decided to treat the matter as just one more of Fitz's many 'practical' jokes.

* * *

"SEE this silk hat?" continued my friend.

"That was Bob's. Also that walking stick. Many a freak picture was taken of Ruby Robert with those.

"The stick was presented to Fitz by the King of England, a great admirer of his, and later came into our possession. These two gilded horseshoes were Bob's expression of true friendship—one for mother, the other for dad.

"So you see, there is a bit of history in this house, isn't there?"

The intimate tale of the tavern owner brought on several other stories of the popular Fitzsimmons, all of which were told by Dad McGinnity to his son, "Bus." Going behind the bar, "Bus" brought forth a handful of clippings in an envelope marked "Stories of Bob Fitzsimmons," and as I told "Bus" that I would write this story for THE RING, he consented to permit me to use some of the clippings. Knowing the keen interest that the dyed-in-the-wool fistic fan takes in sidelights of great pugilistic characters, I have selected a few of the best stories to complete this life picture of Fitzsimmons. Here goes!

* * *

A STORY of his early career in America which Fitz often told to prove that popularity and fame usually made a man a sucker for the bunco steerer, was that of an experience he had had in Denver, Col. He often told it on the stage.

Fitz was a good-natured soul but his greatest fault was that he was of too confiding a nature. He trusted too many strangers, especially those who would slap him on the back and greet him with a mighty hand-shake. A few weeks after he had landed in California from Australia, Fitz started across the continent on his way to New York and stopped off at Denver. He was walking on Larimer Street when a stranger accosted him and introduced himself as Mr. Huntington, son of the owner of the Southern Pacific Railroad. Of course Fitz was tickled pink to meet such a fellow and, in his delight, he invited the stranger to have a drink with him.

They started out, with "Mr. Huntington" leading the way. He set a trap for Fitz by guiding him to one of the many notorious joints then in Denver, and there stories were swapped. They drank to each other's health and then played a game of cards "just to pass the time."

As is usual in such cases, "Mr. Huntington" suddenly found that he hadn't enough change to pay the bill. Fitz insisted that he would pay, but "Mr. Huntington" would have none of that. He simply wouldn't think of it. At any rate, he must have some change, and he would try to locate some one who could cash a check for him. Of course Fitz obliged.

The check was for $750, which "Dad Huntington," owner of America's famous railroad, had just sent to his son, hence was as good as gold.

"Wait a moment until I see the proprietor," said the stranger, "I want some drinks sent out to my private car." By the way, I understand you're going East. Why not join our party on my car," he continued.

* * *

FITZ was elated. Not only would he have some friends to accompany him on his journey eastward, but it wouldn't cost him a cent.

In a few minutes, back came the stranger, and told Fitz he would meet him at the station at three o'clock, as he had to attend to some urgent business for "his dad" before continuing the journey. They parted, and within a few hours, Fitz, grip in hand, started for the private car. For almost three hours he waited and searched, and had the officials at the depot all hunting for young Mr. Huntington, until it dawned upon the superintendent to investigate by wire. This was the answer he received from California:

"Mr. Huntington and son are here. No special car left for Denver or the East!"

Fitz dug into his pocket, looked at the phony check, counted his bills, and left for Chicago with a fiery expression and $750 less cash on his person than when he arrived that morning.

* * *

IN a stage monologue Ruby Robert always kept his audience in a roar of laughter with his stories. He wasn't as good as Corbett, but he was a success, nevertheless.

Fitz was a great believer in dreams. He indulged in more dreams than any other fighter that ever lived. And here is his version of one he told to his theatre audience:

"Before my fight with Jim Jeffries, when I lost the championship, I dreamed that I was going to be whipped in so many rounds. The thought was so strong on my mind that I said to my wife one morning:

"'Rose, I am going to lose this fight. I felt in my sleep last night that Jeffries knocked me out. The fight was so vividly portrayed that you cannot make me believe that I will not experience what I dreamt.'

"I refused to strip for any person while in training for that battle until I had made a horseshoe on that day. I turned out one every day for thirteen consecutive days and the thirteenth horseshoe I kept for myself for luck, while each of the others I gave to some particular friend, usually a newspaper man.

"When Jeffries stopped me, I said to my wife:

"'Rose, what did I tell you? You know I dreamt several times that Jeffries would stop me in twelve rounds, and here he licked me in only one less! When you have a strong dream, and it repeats on you, just bet your last shirt that that dream will come true.'"

* * *

AND here is another one Fitz often told in his monologue: "I was asked so often by people in all parts of the world how I licked Jim Corbett, that I decided to give public demonstrations to better illustrate the point. When I was on the road, in every burg I'd go to, a flock of local scribes would come to pester me with the question:

"'Can you tell us how you beat Corbett? Can you give us a description of the solar plexus punch?'

"Well, one day Percey Williams, who was then my theatrical manager and later became a theatre magnate, asked me to show a number of friends just how Corbett was annihilated. I was in great shape just then and I decided to comply by requesting Reggie Williams, brother of Percy, to stand up and be the victim. Percy had gone through the experience once before and he had no desire to go through it again, but he decided here was an opportunity to get even with Fitz for what he had done the last time the demonstration was publicly made, and Reggie replied:

"'Sure, Fitz. But how about giving me a chance to get a bracer before I test your wallop again!'

"I laughed and consented. 'All right, Reggie,' I replied with a grin, 'but hurry back.'

"Reggie stepped over to the bar, ostensibly to get his drink, but instead, he bribed the bartender to give him a flat board which he slipped under his vest and then, getting back to the gathering, said:

"'O.K. Bob. Go to it, but for the love of Mike, have a heart. Not too deep, please.'

"I grinned, stepped back, then came forward with a lunge and let go my right with a thud into what I thought was Reggie's solar plexus. The thud could be heard all over the room. Williams was tossed clear across the floor, but was unhurt, and getting up quickly, with a laugh that shook his sides, he stood and mocked me, while I was dancing about. I had an intense look of pain on my face and was shaking my hand up and down.

"'What's the matter, Bob?' asked Percy Williams as he eyed my pained expression.

"Percy was in on the trick but wouldn't let on.

"'What's the matter?' I roared in anger. 'Why, that bloomin' idiot of a brother of yours 'as a sheet *(Continued on page 41)*

SAGA of Old K.O.

By THE SPORTSMAN

IT was at a time when Jack Dempsey was deep in the task of preparing for his first fight with Gene Tunney in Philadelphia—along in the early part of 1926, to be more or less exact. It was a task, too, for Jack realized better than anybody that there was a tremendous lot of work just ahead. He had been out of the racket, as he expressed it himself, for a long time—too long for his own safety, in a physical sense.

Gus Wilson had charge of the training camp. There were others who had something to say, but Jack had the greatest confidence in the old-timer who had handled so many great fighting men of another day.

Because the pay was tops, there was no dearth of sparring partners—plenty of them even though it was widely known that to hold such a job meant having one's nose bashed and ears pinned back firmly every day.

When Dempsey trained, he believed every bout should be a *fight*. There was nothing sloppy or slipshod in his method—excepting for the hapless spar-mates. It was tacitly understood that they were to catch. If they could pitch, all the better. Dempsey expected to get a few jolts and invited them.

* * *

SO when there came a big chap who looked decidedly unlike what he claimed to be, and didn't talk or act like he knew much about the business of exchanging hefty ones, Gus Wilson merely smiled tolerantly. Gus has that continental manner about him. He is a diplomat, a disciplinarian always but every inch the gracious gentleman. I doubt if Gus ever offended anyone, certainly not intentionally.

"Come tomorrow and have your equipment with you," he told the big man who didn't look the part. There was a suspicion of baldness about the chap that bespoke a gathering of the years. Gus didn't like that. But he didn't offend the man by telling him.

There was a next day and sure enough, the bald one showed up with a tiny valise. Wilson tried hard to hide his disappointment. He feared the worst. And the worst is exactly what happened. You simply take a chance on your life going into the ring with a man-eater like Dempsey—at least he was such at that time, a tremendous saber-toothed tiger, who thirsted for the gore of his fellow man, a fine chap in repose but, when the repose was over and the training time came, he was a guerrilla of fiendish tendencies, a merciless murderer.

"Be a little easy on this stranger!" Wilson tried to admonish the Dempsey feller. Jack glanced across the ring with that widely publicized leer of his and, grinding away at his teeth, murmured something about—

"Who in hell is he and where did you get him?"

THE sudden bell and the hurry-scurry of a couple of hatter-scatter rounds and the stranger came out with a badly cut eye and a mouth full of loosened and bleeding teeth. Wilson gave him first-aid in deep sympathy and, well, that was all there was to do. The stranger did not seem at all distressed and, to Wilson's big surprise, said he would be back the next afternoon to collect another ten-case note.

That was his undoing. Gus tried to dissuade him from another romp with the champion, but the big bald-headed chap, disregarding his swollen lips and otherwise bruised face, insisted upon going on again. Dempsey was annoyed that his usual one-day treatment hadn't settled the stranger. So he gave him a thorough going-over this time.

The newcomer looked like something the threshing machine had tossed to one side when he left the ring. Again Wilson was full of condolences but again the stranger said he was all right and that he would return the following day.

"Don't do it," Wilson said. "We won't need any more men from now on."

That was a nice way of dismissing the subject—and the stranger. Gus paid him off and wished him well.

"You will hear from me before long," he told Gus.

And with the secret wish of "I hope I never do," Gus heaved a big sigh of relief and returned to his duties around the camp.

* * *

JUST a little over a year later, Gus was handling one of his numerous fighters in the Garden and, as he was leaving the ring, he was confronted by a battler just going through the ropes. Gus got a resounding thump on the back, looked up sharply to hear a cry in his ear:

"Never thought I'd get here, didja?" And the long-since-forgotten bald-head was popping up right there in front of him.

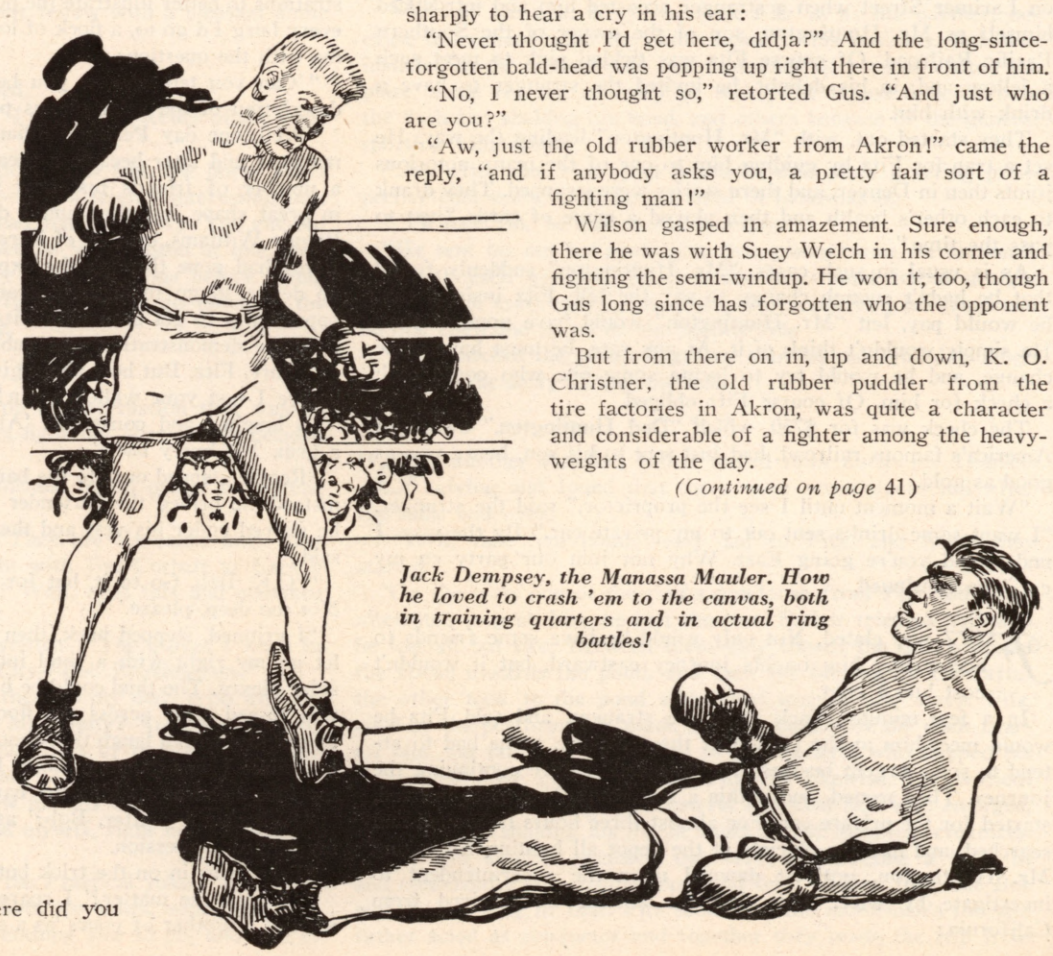
"No, I never thought so," retorted Gus. "And just who are you?"

"Aw, just the old rubber worker from Akron!" came the reply, "and if anybody asks you, a pretty fair sort of a fighting man!"

Wilson gasped in amazement. Sure enough, there he was with Suey Welch in his corner and fighting the semi-windup. He won it, too, though Gus long since has forgotten who the opponent was.

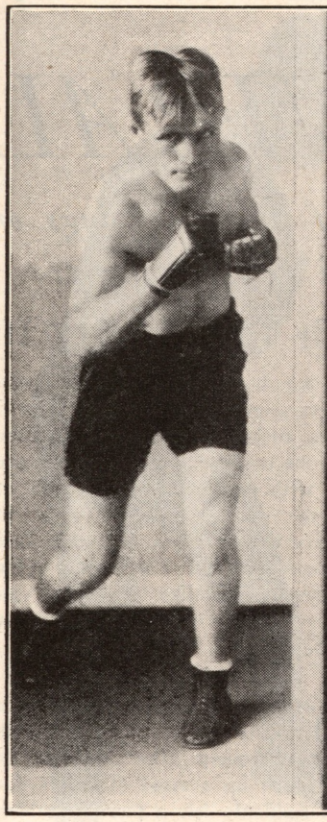
But from there on in, up and down, K. O. Christner, the old rubber puddler from the tire factories in Akron, was quite a character and considerable of a fighter among the heavyweights of the day.

(Continued on page 41)

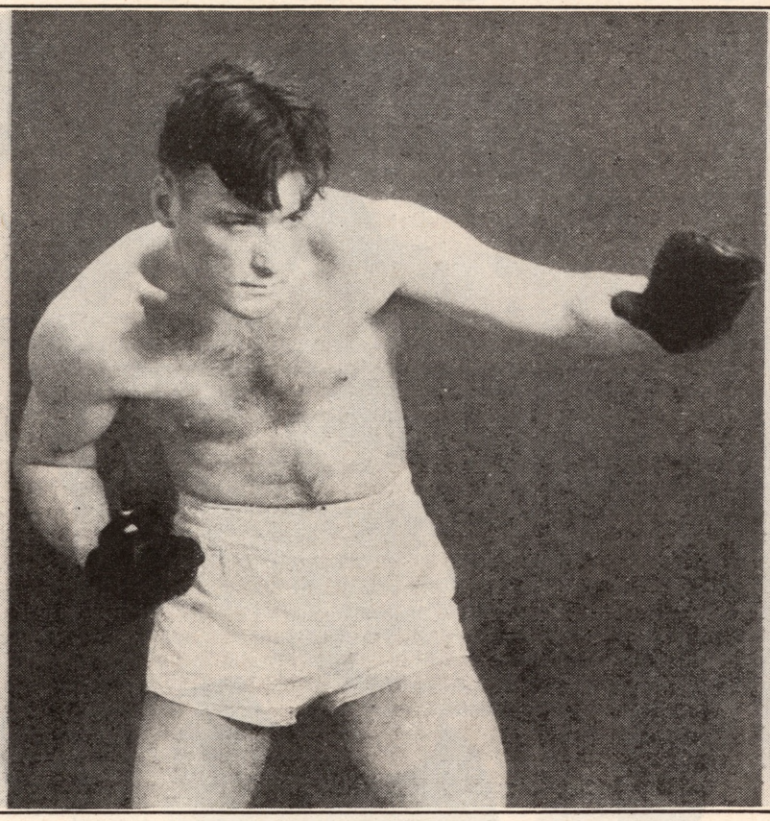


Jack Dempsey, the Manassa Mauler. How he loved to crash 'em to the canvas, both in training quarters and in actual ring battles!

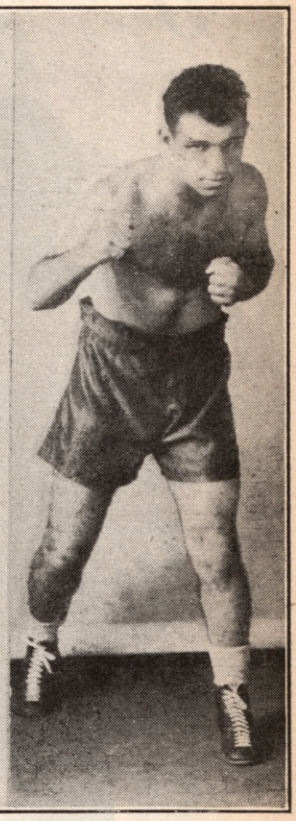
Newcomers Showing Promise



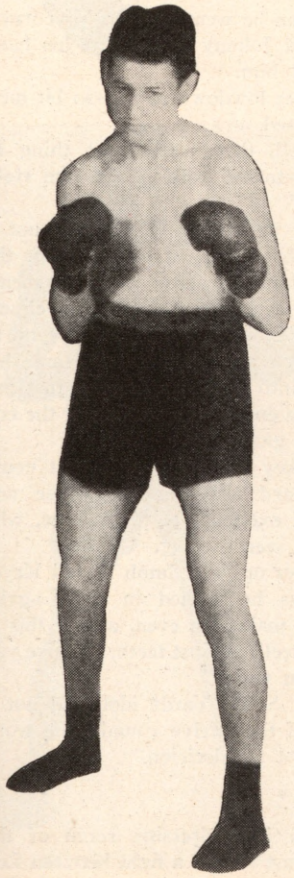
Tommy Bashara, rugged 140-pounder from Norfolk, Virginia.



Big Boy Brackey, heavyweight attraction from Buffalo.



Billy Landers, Norfolk, Va., bantamweight crack.



Eddie Carroll, Toronto's promising lightweight.

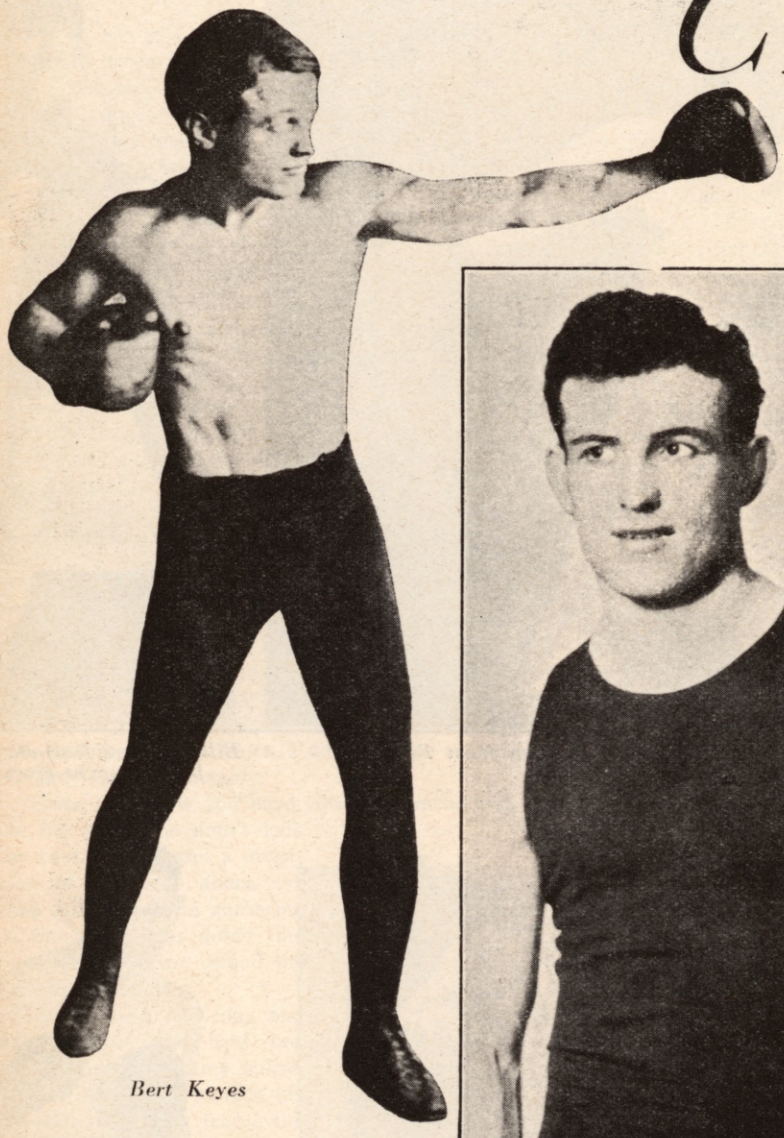
Johnny Bonito, classy New York lightweight prospect.

Andy Miritello, Long Island's junior-welterweight.

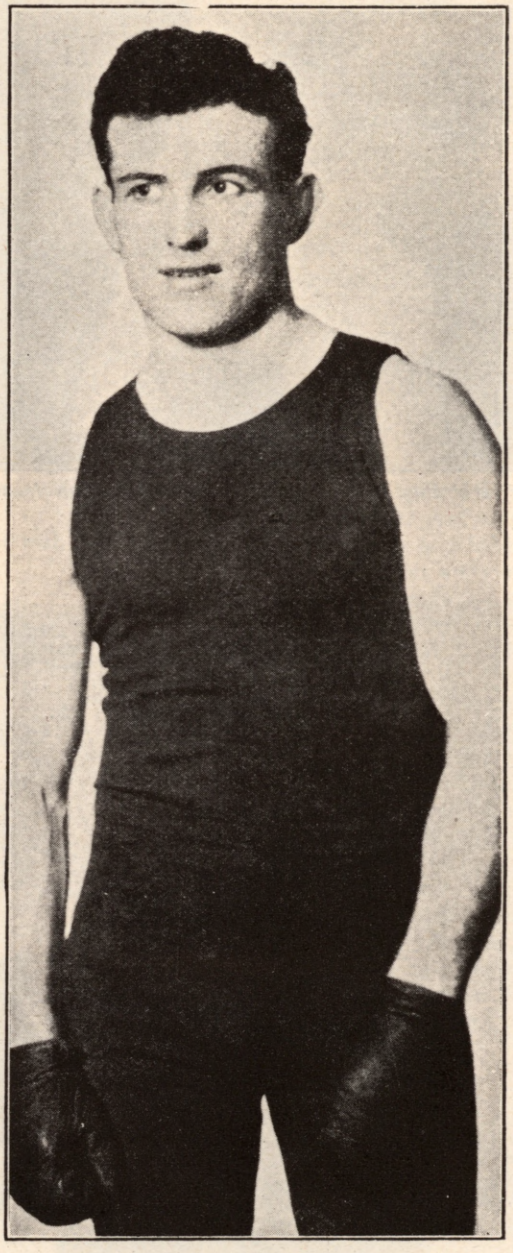
Glove Stars Turn CANNIBAL

Heat of Battle Brings on Fiji Island Tactics

By ED W. SMITH



Bert Keyes



Packey McFarland

WHEN two star boxing men cordially dislike each other and suddenly find themselves in the center of a squared circle, surrounded by a howling mob of well-heated partisans, they are apt to try anything to down each other.

That was the exact situation in Boston one night back in 1908, when Bert Keyes was matched to fight twelve rounds with Packey McFarland. Both were then at the peak of their brilliant careers. Keyes came from that hotbed of great fighting men, Philadelphia, and Packey was the favorite athletic son of that desperately earnest fighting center known as the Stock Yards of Chicago.

Each had fought the very best of his division and each was an avowed candidate for the lightweight title and the match was great in that day. There were plenty of stellar 135-pounders parked all around the country and New England had its full quota. Hence Boston fans were agog to see how this pair of outlanders might do with some of their own pets.

Now, be it known, there are stored away in the back—and not too far back, either—of the heads of every great fighting man a lot of mean little, dirty, petty tricks that may be used with great nonchalance but with considerable effect. If the referee doesn't happen to be attentive to his duties, this sang-froid is most baffling. The fighter's face expresses childlike innocence and butter wouldn't melt in his mouth as he executes his little coup.

* * *

SO, in that first round at Boston, during a hot mix-up and the subsequent clinch, Keyes got his glove up around Packey's face and suddenly felt a terrific stabbing pain through his fingers. He jerked his hand away and muttered a few well-selected cuss words under his breath.

When he went back to his corner, he told Johnny Loftis that his hand pained him.

"That lowdown so-and-so bit me," he hissed.

"Well, there's only one thing to do," retorted Loftis, "bite him right back!"

The aggrieved Keyes said not a word but went out stealthily for the second round. After a few moments of hot action, they came to a clinch. Keyes grabbed Packey's glove up to his face and deliberately sank his teeth into Packey's fingers, just under the end of the stuffing at the end of the glove.

Packey let out a yell that could be heard all over the house and waved excitedly to the referee, who hadn't seen a thing.

"Shut up, you dumb head," Keyes said as he rushed in close again. "That makes us even, and if this is to be teeth against teeth, I'll give you all you want!"

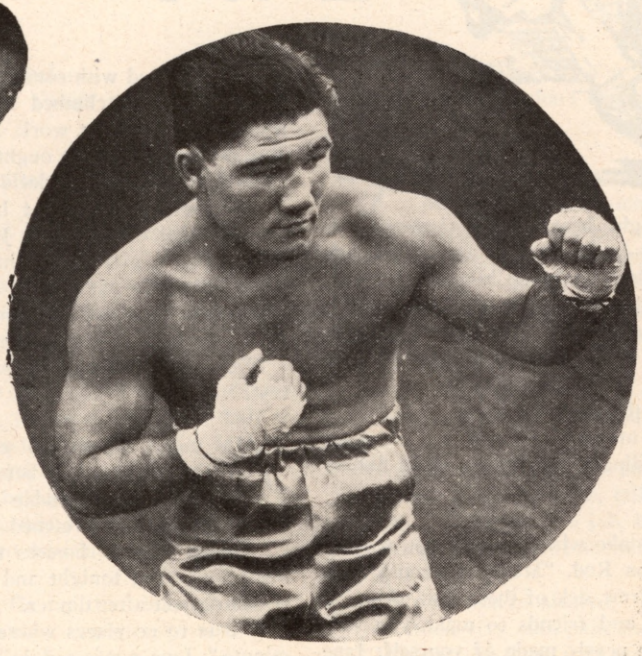
The Stock Yards idol said not a word, and during the remainder of the twelve rounds, the work was clean and toothless. Packey got the decision.

* * *

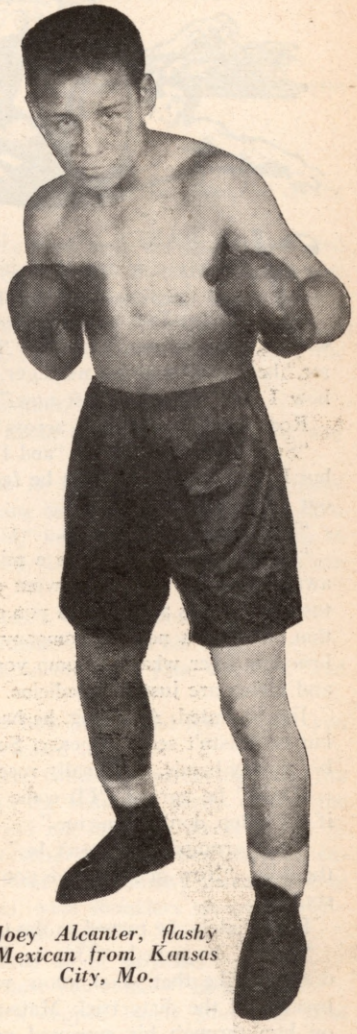
THIS yarn was told recently in a dressing room of the Hollywood Legion Stadium just before a fight between Leo Rodak of Chicago and Georgie Hansford of Los Angeles. Pat Kenneally, who once was a spar-mate of *(Continued on page 42)*

GOOD CLUB FIGHTERS

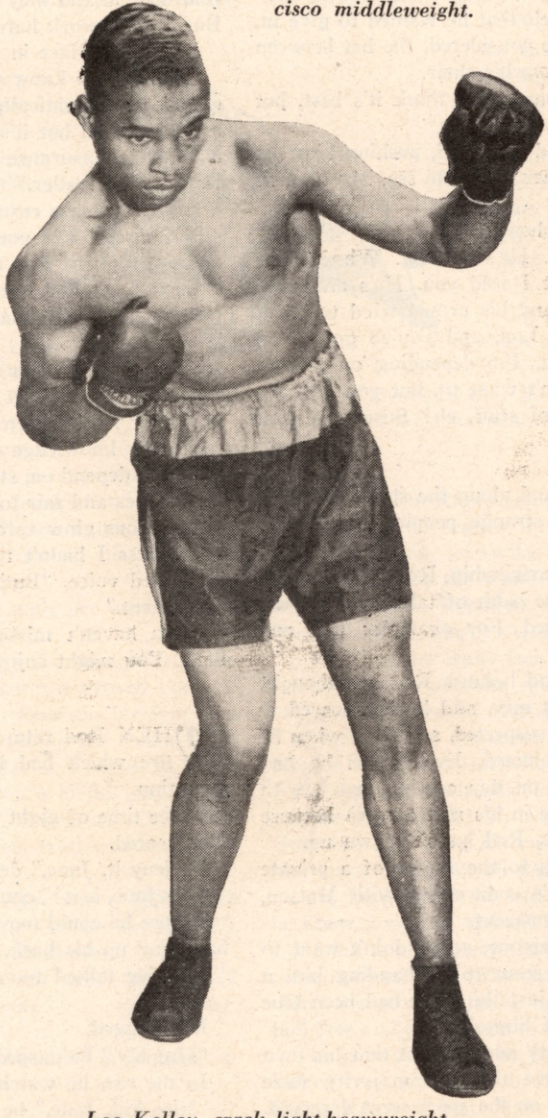
Alabama Kid, hard-hitting middleweight from Dover, Ohio.



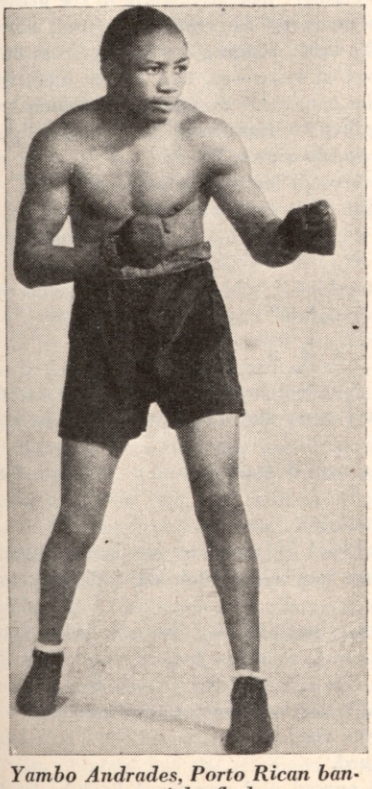
Babe Marino, rugged San Francisco middleweight.



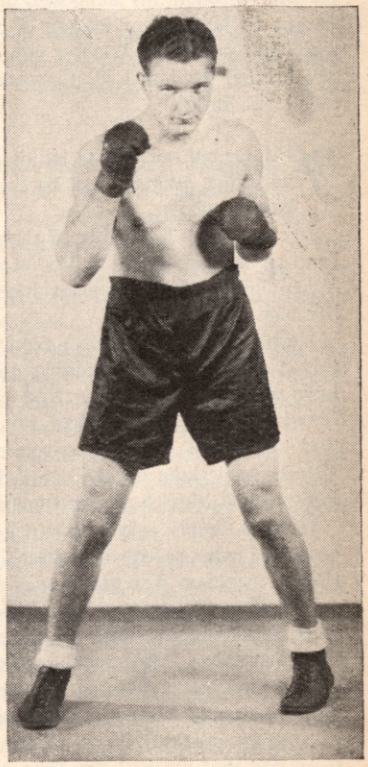
Joey Alcanter, flashy Mexican from Kansas City, Mo.



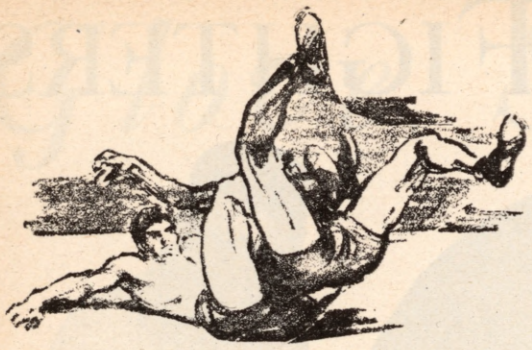
Leo Kelley, crack light-heavyweight from San Francisco.



Yambo Andrades, Porto Rican bantamweight flash.



Pat Kessinger, rugged Kansas City lightweight.



The WAY

JIM RANES, coming light heavyweight champion—so the press notices had it—hardened his jaw in order to hide the fact that he couldn't make up his mind.

"But I've told you, Rod, that I don't want to meet any more dames after the 'boob' that Lou nearly made of me," he argued with his manager, Rod Cook. "You ought to know how I feel, especially just now."

Rod leaned toward him across the desk.

"Sure I know," he said, "and I may not be much of a manager, but I realize that you must be feeling pretty broken up at finding out about Lou."

"Then why?" Jim began.

"Because I think I made a mistake when I asked you to stay away from the fair sex," went on Rod. "Maybe I should have tossed admirers at you until you grew sick of them. But, skipping that, what you need is company and friends to make you stop brooding over what a chump you nearly made of yourself. Jane and Helen are just the medicine. You'll go with me, won't you?"

Jim hesitated. All along, he had felt that he wanted to give in, but he mustn't seem too easy. So he considered, the hat between his sinewy hands, and finally rose from his chair.

"O K," he agreed. "I'll come because you think it's best, but if it's a flop, don't blame me."

"Stop grumping, it won't be," Rod predicted, pushing him out the door. "Now get out. I've got other people to see. Meet me at six."

Immediately, he turned to the telephone.

"Jane?" he asked. "This is Rod. He's coming. Who? Now don't be like that. You know what I told you. He's all down because of the dirty trick Matson and his crowd tried to work on him through his supposed girl, Lou, and you've got to be decent to him. As a matter of fact, I'm depending on you to snap him out of it. I know you don't want to, but you will for old brother Rod and all that sort of stuff, eh? Sure! See you about six-thirty."

* * *

JIM lagged out of the building and along the street. Blast it, he didn't want to go, to meet strange people, to talk and laugh and eat.

But, from the beginning of their partnership, Rod had so often been right that he had fallen into the habit of taking his advice. When he didn't, look what happened. For example: Lou and her plot.

He had kept her a secret from Rod because Rod had thought that a good time and training didn't mix, and he had feared to have trouble over her. But Rod had suspected, and then, when he found out, surprisingly had not objected. Even when he had told him of his decision to run out on this coming match with Clems (something he had never done in his mat career) because Lou wanted him to get into business, Rod hadn't blown up.

He had simply asked him to listen to the report of a private operative who revealed to him Lou's connections with Matson, Clems' manager. The plot was too apparent.

But after that, he couldn't trust anyone, so he didn't want to meet these people. They would all seem to be handing him a "line." Besides, Lou's arguments against the sport had been true enough and had made him unsure of himself.

As well as he knew his own honesty and the fact that his own matches were straight, he knew also that the majority were fixed and that most of the slurs cast on the sport were deserved. So even if he was all right himself, how should he feel about being associated with something that was not all it seemed.

Perplexed, he climbed the steps to the gym and in a few minutes was hard at work. He wished that, after all, he had let Rod down. Perhaps he ought to even yet; but the minutes slipped by and he remained undecided.

And he was glad that he had not decided, when, after an elegant meal, he sat with Jane Smith in the comfortable living room. Jane's girl friend had been called away and Rod had taken her in the car.

Jane curled herself informally in a chair before the coal fire and Jim sat in a corner of the long couch.

"You look drowsy," she said. "Why don't you stretch out and rest?"

* * *

JIM pulled himself up self-consciously.

"Don't," she said before he had a chance to speak. "You look so uncomfortable that you make me feel the same."

Obediently, Jim stretched out his powerful frame with a sigh.

"You're a better hostess than I am a guest," he said, "but I *am* pretty tired tonight and habit's a great thing. You see, I'm used to a rest after dinner."

"I hate to go places where I feel uncomfortable from the first minute," Jane confessed in her quiet voice. "Make your guests comfortable and they'll have their own good time, I always say. But do you work hard every day?"

Jim hid his face in the shadow.

"Not as you know work," he answered in a diffident voice. "I exercise systematically every day and do road work. It makes my body tired but it's not like the work of a banker or a salesman or an insurance man. There's not much dignity about the work of a wrestler."

A short silence ensued.

"Of course I'm not an authority," Jane Smith admitted, "because you're the first of the profession that I've met. But I have witnessed a good many bouts with Rod and I worked in my father's office while he made a million and lost half of it. Dignity? Which would you say was dignity: men struggling in the greatest secrecy to beat their opponents by fair means or foul, mostly foul, striking at them in the dark, begging for mercy from creditors, for further extensions of loans—or, two strong men, with only their knowledge of the game and the strength of their own bodies to depend on, struggling for supremacy under bright lights, foul tactics and fair to be openly viewed?"

A curious glow spread through big Jim at her words.

"I guess I hadn't thought of it that way," he admitted in an interested voice. "But, of course, I've never been in business to any extent."

"You haven't missed anything," said Jane. "Or maybe you have. You might enjoy it. I didn't."

* * *

WHEN Rod returned, Jim had moved to a chair beside the fire which had burned low, and they were deep in conversation.

"Nice time of night for a man in training and a woman hater," Rod jeered.

"I deny it, Jane," declared Jim.

"It's Jane, is it?" chuckled Rod. "My, what a few hours will do."

Before he could move, Jim was behind him, had pulled his arm half way up his back.

"You've talked too much, young fellow," he growled. "Apologize."

Rod sagged.

"Humbly," he gasped and stood free, massaging his arm.

In the car, he watched the road.

"Nice kid, Jane," he opined.

"Better than that," Jim agreed and wondered how he could

of a MAN

By GEORGE W. GROOM

say it, feeling as he had a few hours before.

"I didn't tell you today, but the Clems match is cinched," said Rod after a pause.

Jim was silent.

"For a chap who's practically attained his goal, you sound awfully happy about it."

"I'm not sure that I want it," Jim replied to his astonishment.

Rod began to argue desperately.

"You know the champ is demanding that you meet Clems first, just because Clems always acts as his policeman and if he can upset you, Rollins won't have to do it himself; or else he'll know what to expect from you," Rod went on.

"And Rollins knows that while he's one of the best in the game, he's not popular and you are. Why, you're the champ to half the fans now. Surely you're not going to toss all that aside.

Jim sat hunched stolidly in his corner.

"It's a shock to you, I know," he said in his stubborn tone, "but I'm going to decide finally in a day or two."

They left the matter there but, two days later, Rod came to the gym with a proposition.

"What do you say we pay the girls for that dinner tonight?" he proposed. "You'll not have another opportunity until after the match and I know a nice place."

"I'll manage it," Jim agreed, shyly experiencing a thrill at the chance to see Jane Smith again.

* * *

THEY dined, and afterwards, Jane's friend found that she must again leave at once and Rod went with her.

Pretty obvious, thought Jim, but as long as it left him with Jane, he could ignore the rest.

She liked his choice of a movie. Afterwards, she agreed that they might enjoy refreshing themselves, and it was in the booth at the confectionery that she took notice of his preoccupation.

"Is there something worrying you, Jim, that I could help you with?" she asked. "You've seemed upset tonight."

Jim shook his head.

"It's only the Clems match—whether to go on with it, or not," he said. "And I guess I'm the only one to decide that."

"But why shouldn't you go on with it?" she wanted to know.

And so big Jim found himself spilling out all his perplexity and uneasiness.

When he had finished, Jane gave to her reply her usual careful consideration.

"There's just one thing I don't believe you've thought of," she said at last, "and that is that you have not yet proved yourself in this game. You have proved that you could go straight and refuse to throw matches and still remain among the leaders. But it seems to me that I would rather go as far as I could, so that I could say: there isn't any use of my going on in this any longer because I've done the best I can in it. Therefore I'll turn to something else. And you can't say that, Jim, until you've at least met Clems and, perhaps, the champion."

As she finished, her eyes gleamed and there was a little catch in her voice. The glow that had spread over Jim on the first night, filled him again and a lump rose in his throat.

"I wish someone had told me that a week ago," he said. "I wouldn't have wasted so much time worrying."

Jane gathered up her bag and gloves.

"I've kept you out too late now," she said. "We'll go home at once."

Jim objected but she remained firm.

"But I'll see you again?" he demanded.

"Of course," she told him over her shoulder. "Whenever you like, provided you don't break training."

* * *

"YOU look in fine shape, fellow," Rod complimented on the morning of the match.

Jim, indulging in a light exercise, bent his thickly muscled back and, charging unexpectedly, crotched Rod and dumped him onto the bed. Then he straightened up, regarding him seriously.

"Jane did it, old man," he reminded him. "She simply reasoned the 'boob' out of it. Of course, you started it. You're quite the master mind, I'll admit."

He slipped quickly into his clothes.

"Going for a walk. See you about two," he called on the way out.

Returning a little later than he had promised, he hesitated in the hall as Rod's voice, talking to someone, came to his ears.

"You did a peach of a job, kid," he was saying. "He's ready to tear Clems apart and I'm literally betting all I have that he can do it."

"I'm glad you're pleased," Jane's voice replied.

Jim stood very still, pain and amazement on his face.

"This sort of thing isn't quite in my line," Jane went on, "and for anyone else—well—"

"Wonder how Jim would feel to hear you say that?" asked Rod.

They were coming towards the hall. Jim tiptoed into the bedroom, partly closing the door and did not hear her answer.

A minute after he heard her leave, he entered the front room, sinewy hands working at his sides, wide shoulders stooped menacingly, eyes blazing.

Rod looked up in surprise.

"Didn't hear you come—" he began.

Big Jim's cupped hands shut like steel about his throat.

"You scheming rascal, playing me for the 'boob' yourself, eh?" he snarled and, hauling him to his knees, choked him for a moment, then flung him aside and ran from the house.

* * *

WHEN Jim Ranes came from the dressing rooms that night, he had no replies for any of his well-wishers and, as he neared the ring, he spoke to one of his handlers and the man firmly put aside the white-faced girl who tried to speak to him at the ringside. Rebuffed, she went to her front row seat, her face a study in misery. After a few preliminaries, the bell clanged.

Jane lifted her white face and gazed at the action.

The muscles of their splendid bodies rippling and coiling, the two wrestlers tugged cautiously at each other for twenty minutes. The crowd grew impatient, but Clems was fighting his usual defensive match and Jim followed his example involuntarily.

He found himself absolutely indifferent to the outcome. Why was he there at all? He could not remember making a decision. Only one idea filled his mind. They, his best friends, had played him for a "sap," like all the rest had used him.

And Jane, whom he had trusted above all, whom he loved, as he knew now, had treated him as she had, only because of Rod.

He felt a momentary slackening of Clems' defense and, through mere instinct, seized the chance to slip on a headlock. But Clems didn't come over, and he lunged several times, only to have him pull free and drop down to fasten his famous toe hold.

The pain awakened in Jim a fiery resentment and he violently kicked free and leaped to his feet to slip on another headlock as Clems followed him. Make him suffer just because he had contracted to appear, would they, ran the *(Continued on page 44)*

From MILO to LONDOS

CHAPTER XXX

By A. D. PHILLIPS *(World's oldest active sports writer)*

ABOUT one month after Stecher had successfully defended his title against Renato Gardini, another match was arranged for him by Jack Curley, this time Wladek Zbyszko being his opponent. Stecher was a popular wrestler with the New York fans, and when he faced Zbyszko in the Seventy-first Regiment Armory, fire laws had to be put into operation to prevent possible danger to the spectators, for more than 8,000 spectators were jammed into the armory and several thousand more couldn't gain admittance because of police regulations.

Zbyszko, it will be remembered, was a claimant to the throne over which Stecher ruled, and the Nebraska farmer didn't like the attitude taken by Wladek. It took considerable effort on the part of Monsieur Curley to arrange the match, because of the enmity between the camps, but Stecher was anxious to prove his sole right to the title and after considerable bickering the match was made, with the result that Wladek was eliminated from the field of championship claimants, thus leaving only Stecher as rightful heir.

The Titans of the mat sport battled in thrilling style, and thunderous applause that greeted almost every move, showed with what vim the boys were trying to toss each other. It was a contest of thrills from start to finish. Each was on the alert at all times and never a moment during the entire affair was there any stalling. It was a shooting match such as seldom had been seen in New York since the days of Frank Gotch.

They put up a hard fight, neither giving ground without making his opponent battle every inch of the way for the advantage. The facial expressions on each indicated keen suffering as headlocks, toe holds, body scissors, armlocks, half and full nelsons and the hammerlock were applied, one right after the other. Probably no match in recent years saw so many holds used as in that contest.

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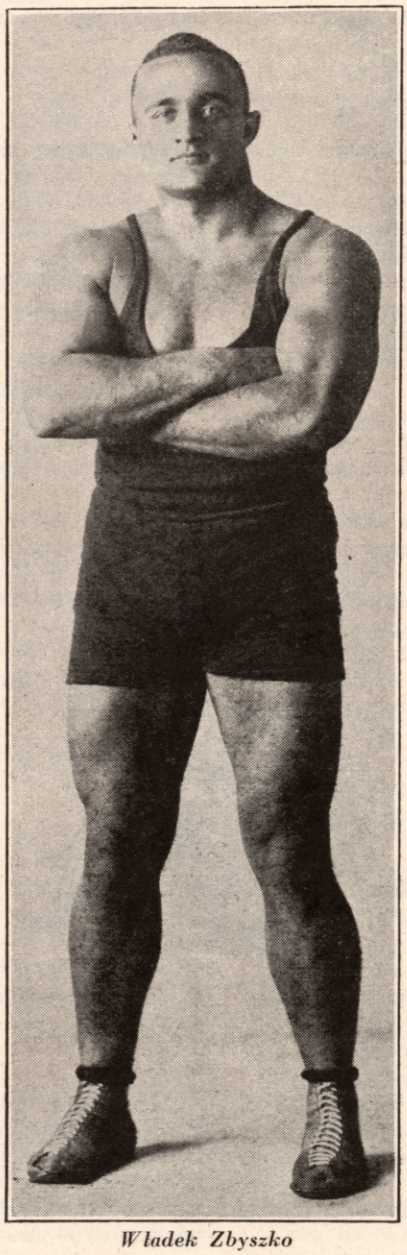


Wladek Zbyszko

THREE successive flying mares executed by the giant Pole spelled his own doom. They seemed to get on the great Nebraskan's nerves and he went after Wladek with a vengeance. First Joe got a half nelson on Zbyszko and as Wladek was attempting to get out of it, Joe caught the wrist of the left arm and twisted the arm far behind the back for a hammerlock. As Zbyszko fell to the ground, in a jiffy, Joe flung himself on top of the Pole and got a toe hold that caused Wladek excruciating pain.

That was the start of a series of painful holds that eventually wound up with Stecher retaining his title. Joe followed that with a body scissors and when Wladek got out of that, a head scissors and a straight arm hold followed, and then came a leg split. After holding that on Wladek for two minutes, Zbyszko kicked loose, but as he attempted to get off the floor, Stecher obtained a body scissors and squeezed so hard that Wladek was pinned.

The crowd cheered both matmen as seldom wrestlers had been cheered by New York fans. They appreciated the efforts of each and knew that they had just seen one of the best, most scientific, and hardest fought matches witnessed in New York in many moons. The time of the match was 44 minutes and 57 seconds.

* * *

IT will be remembered that when Stecher went on his barnstorming trip around the country, he clashed several times with "The Masked Marvel" in exhibitions. That masked one was none other than Peter Sauer, who was just coming up in the wrestling world after having conquered all the amateurs and collegians in the Middle West in A.A.U. championship tournaments.

He and Stecher appeared in what was advertised as a special match in Atlanta, Georgia, on January 18, and the Masked Marvel went down in two falls in 27 minutes and 18 seconds and 6 minutes and 16 seconds respectively, after which they traveled down to Texas and later out in the Middle West, and on each occasion Sauer was readily defeated.

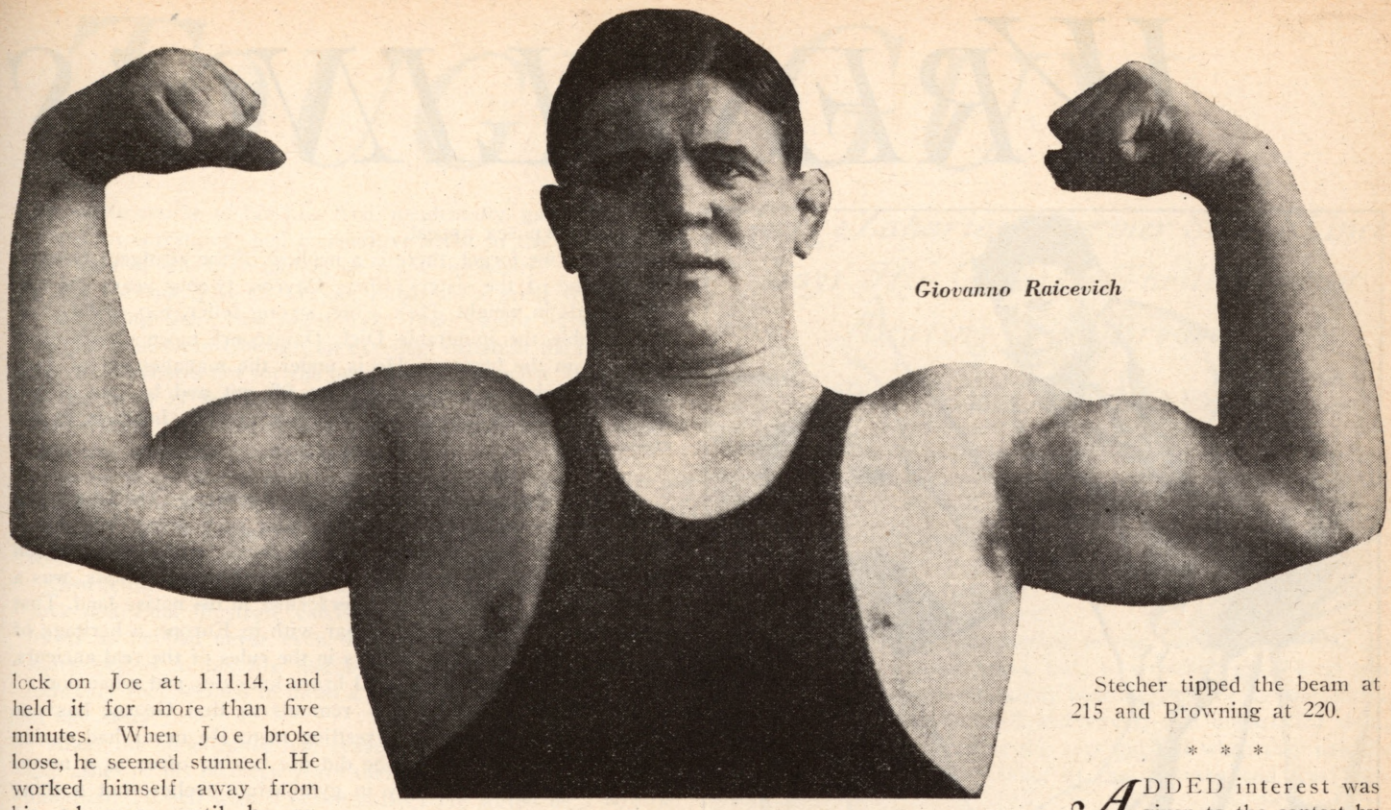
Then they both came East, and Sauer, in recognition of his services, was given a prominent place on the various cards that were topped by the champion. But in New York, Sauer, or the Masked Marvel, as he was known throughout the South, was billed by the name under which he now wrestles —none other than Ray Steele of California. It was on the Stecher-Zbyszko card that Steele was pitted against the up-and-coming Jim Londos, and their bout was almost as spectacular a struggle as was the headliner. The Mighty Greek played undertaker to Steele by topping the Western collegian out in 36 minutes and 41 seconds by a series of five successive flying mares that took the house by storm.

Following his victory over Zbyszko, Stecher again went out on the road and gathered in plenty of shekels. He was most popular wherever he went and his pleasing performances gained him an army of friends throughout the country. On May 20, he again made his appearance in the East, a championship match, with Dick Daviscourt as his challenger. The place was Philadelphia and Dick, like all other challengers to date, was tossed in an hour, 36 minutes and 36 seconds. Daviscourt gave Joe the surprise of his career by the opposition he handed the champion.

Several times he had Joe in a bad state. On one occasion, after the match had gone 47 minutes, Dick suddenly got a body scissors on Joe, the master at this style of wrestling, and came within a fraction of an inch of pinning the champion's shoulders. When Stecher finally got out of the hold, he went after Dick and punished him severely with body scissors and toe holds. He got three scissors and seven toe holds on Dick within twenty minutes.

* * *

WHEN the hour had been passed, both were on the verge of exhaustion but Stecher was in better trim and could stand the punishment better than could Daviscourt. Dick got a head-



Giovanno Raicevich

Joe Stecher's Successful Campaign Against All Challengers in 1927— His Defeats of Wladek Zbyszko, Jim Browning, Dick Daviscourt, Ganson and Raicevich, Reviewed

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lock on Joe at 1.11.14, and held it for more than five minutes. When Joe broke loose, he seemed stunned. He worked himself away from his adversary until he regained his senses and then began an attack that didn't let up until victory was assured.

A leg scissors was converted into a body scissors that Stecher pressed against his opponent for almost ten minutes to get Daviscourt to the point of collapsing. When the hold was finally released, the champion had no difficulty forcing Daviscourt into a head scissors grip which proved his downfall. He couldn't break clear and Joe wouldn't release the hold until the referee called the fall.

Like all his previous Eastern contests, Stecher's performance was well received. The huge crowd cheered him wildly. On the same card appeared Jim Browning, who later was to win the crown. Jim was pitted against George Calza, whom he threw in 38 minutes and 39 seconds, with a body scissors following two flying mares.

The fine performance of Browning gained for him several lucrative matches around the country and finally resulted in his challenge to Stecher being accepted for a championship match in the Seventy-first Regiment Armory to inaugurate the fall wrestling season for Jack Curley. October 12 was the date and another overflow crowd made its appearance.

As in the previous two contests in New York in which the Nebraska scissors king had defended his laurels, the crowd again was treated to a thrilling tilt. In fact, the Gotham devotees of the sport were of the opinion that it was one of the greatest matches staged in the metropolitan district in years. Thrill after thrill kept the gathering on edge. Stecher with his body scissors had his match in Browning, with his equally effective scissors hold, which, although practiced at the time by Browning, was not yet known by its present-day name, the airplane body scissors.

It took the champion 52 minutes and 11 seconds to down his antagonist, but when he did, the end came with such suddenness that it almost knocked the fans breathless. Excitement was at high pitch so far as the main event was concerned, almost from the start. The fans were on their feet virtually throughout the fifty-two minutes of wrestling, cheering one and then the other of the struggling men as they alternately got punishing holds on each other.

Stecher tipped the beam at 215 and Browning at 220.

* * *

ADDED interest was given to the contest by reason of that fact that they had met once before, in Atlanta, Georgia, the previous spring and Stecher had emerged the victor. In that contest, they were to have wrestled best two out of three falls. Browning gained the first, but while trying for the second, he sprained his ankle and had to withdraw.

In their New York engagement, they battled along evenly for the first half hour, both being on the mat most of the time, each wrapped about the other in tangled confusion of arms and legs. The wily Stecher was constantly maneuvering to get his opponent into a position where Joe could put those powerful legs of his into play for that deadly body scissors. Browning succeeded in thwarting the Nebraskan during the early part of the match, and they then took to exchanging headlocks, bar- and wristlocks and toe holds without either gaining the advantage.

Then Browning got trapped into a Japanese scissors, a hold that pinned his left arm into the viselike crook of Stecher's left leg with punishing effect, and further secured it by an arm bar. Browning had a hard time of it and went through a period of intense suffering and struggling to free himself. When he did, he sent Stecher to the mat with a bar- and wristlock taken from a standing position. Stecher had hardly gotten out of that, than Browning leaped upon him and caught his head in a scissors lock that sent Joe down foremost to the mat. Twice again the Kansan turned that trick and Joe broke free only to fall into the clutch of another grip.

For the fourth time Browning tried a similar hold and succeeded, but following that Stecher's luck changed. Joe, as before, broke away, but instead of falling into another trap, this time he whirled around, wrapped his legs about Browning's waist and pinioned him. Then, using an armlock, he forced the cowboy's shoulders to the mat.

Thus ended another thrilling wrestling bout that kept adding to the interest in the sport in New York.

* * *

A FEW months previously, Stanislaus Zbyszko had returned from abroad, where he had gone for a rest, following the loss of his title. He then took up *(Continued on page 45)*

WRESTLING'S

George Zaharias

THERE may be greater wrestling families on this earth of ours than the group headed by Theodore Vetragonis, but if so, they haven't as yet come under that wonderful thing known as the public's eye.

You've never heard of the Vetragonis family, you say?

Well, perhaps not, but you *have* heard of George Zaharias, who tops the bunch.

These Greeks out of Tripoli, near ancient Athens, and later of Pueblo and Leadville, Colo., have a word for it. And that word is *rassle!*

It's not a really extensive family, but my word, are those Greek boys good!

Besides George Zaharias, there are two other boys and three girls. The Zaharias part of the title comes from the paternal grandfather and the George portion of it is a mere pick-up. His right name is Theodore.

George is twenty-five years old and the oldest of the brothers. Chris Zaharias, only twenty-one now, is a middleweight wrestler from around St. Louis. He's so good, they say, that he can't help being champion of his class. Chris is a dead ringer for Jim Londos, fellow countryman and a real champion.

Tom is a mere slip of a lad of 185 pounds, nineteen years old, and a fullback on the football squad of Pueblo Central High. Inasmuch as football generally is a stepping stone, no less, to wrestling greatness, listen to Tom. Note the cases of Sammy Stein and Jack Donovan and Cy Williams and Jim McMillen and Gus Sonnenberg. There's no end to the list. Powerful lads, every one of them, and fine characters.

Tom, we might add, is a tremendously capable swimmer and looks for all the world like the record-holding and Tarzanlike Johnny Weissmuller, so you see, the whole brood, even the famous head of them all, has some claim to pulchritude and the widely known sex appeal.

And lest we forget, there is a nephew of the effulgent George, son of one of the sisters, Chris Davros, twenty years old and 220 pounds in weight. He's a big, strong feller, too, and is said to resemble the inimitable Dick Daviscourt more closely than any man in the business. He is under the management of Jack Curley and has a great chance to fill out and be one of the greats. He has a tremendous ambition and his heart is in the right place.

* * *

ALL of them were born in this country—Colorado, to be exact—but the daddy, who isn't such a big fellow and doesn't in any way measure up to the heroic size of George and his six feet one inch and two hundred and thirty pounds, was a widely known Graeco-Roman performer in his native land. That is the only style they are familiar with in Europe, a heritage of the ages with but slight changes in the rules of the real ancients, days of the cestus and original brass knuckles and what not.

And mention of the cestus reminds us that George has one claim to fame among the wrestling men. He never had a ring fight with the gloves! But he did use boxing often as a means of conditioning, but merely in gymnasium frolics—not a thing serious about that part of it.

Further, it may be mentioned that some folks, jealous ol' cats, undoubtedly, were unkind enough to say that when they made a wrestler out of George, they spoiled a prospective shoe-shining and hat-cleaning king. George had a fine establishment of that character in Pueblo, preferring that to being a restauranteur, that other typical Greek calling.

George's dad is an estimable citizen and living now in great peace and comfort with his amiable wife on a twelve-acre truck farm just outside the home town of Pueblo in an excellent dwelling provided by the proud George, whose only regret now is that he cannot spend more time with the old folks. But wrestling is a most exacting profession and George is on the hop most of the time.

* * *

WHEN George was only a mere infant of three, his father took him to see Frank Gotch and Bill Demetral wrestle one night in the home town. Gotch, mightiest of them all, made no impression on the infant mind at all, but that infant mind was visibly and deeply struck by the Greek Demetral. Thus, even at that tender age, was shown that tremendous loyalty to the blood that most Europeans display!

And later on in life, after George had all the schooling that could be afforded, limited to good grammar school fundamentals, he was enjoying the fruits and advantages of a commercial life, lolling at ease in a prosperous cleaning establishment in his native town. Business was great, for folks liked George, whose ready smile and easy flow of lighter conversational nothings made customers feel at home.

When we say "lolling at ease," we don't mean to infer that George loafed on the job. He didn't. He worked as much as any of the help. Yes, folks liked him and business was great. George was well on his way to financial opulence and, being well fed and of easy conscience, was fast becoming like the figures used to represent the God of Plenty.

Lo and behold, the youngster of nineteen had sprouted out and up into a disgraceful 252 pounds of corporate Grecian blubber. Yes, you have guessed it. George was a big fat slob of a kid of nineteen! But not fat from the neck up; no, indeed. He was a good business man. He was doing great.

* * *

WAS it, or was it not, an unlucky night that George, smug and comfortable in his business affairs, went to see a wrestling match? George says he's often wondered, for it changed

TOUGH GUY

George Zaharias, Former Shoe-Shiner, Says His Greatest Thrill Was in Beating Jim Browning

By THE OLD MAESTRO

the entire course of his life. And, incidentally, gave to the sport world an entertainer and competitive artist in the wrestling line, the likes of which is seldom on show anywhere.

The incident gave us George Zaharias, a great wrestler!

Wrestling there that night were Jack Taylor of Omaha and Paul Martinson of Chicago, an excellent match at the time. Which one won, matters not for the purposes of this yarn. What is vital to the story is the fact that Theodore Vetragonis, prospective shoe-shining and hat-cleaning king, sat spellbound. Our youthful hero was suffering a complete transfixion.

As he watched the gymnastic gyrations unfolded on the mat that night, the blood of his ancestors, running right down through the ages and transported to him immediately by his father's wrestling skill of another day, boiled within.

George didn't know what was happening to him as he watched Jack and Paul illustrate catch-as-catch-can's industrious movements as he had never even dreamed possible. But he knew a sharp period in his life had been reached, a little dot in his mentality that seemed to mean a full stop, just as a period means in any story.

Alas! the shoe-shiner had ceased to be. Out of the Phoenix-like ashes of his nineteen years there came a new and compelling ambition. To hell with a business life! He would be a wrestler!

Again, alas, George had eaten of the lotus leaves!

* * *

IN a beautiful mental fog and delightfully inoculated with the wonders of it all, George sought an audience with Paul Martinson. He was the one of the pair who struck him as being a kid's friend, as against the rather austere Taylor, who probably had won the match. But that winning point is immaterial to this yarn.

So George found Paul at his hotel an hour after the last drop of the sweat of honest toil had been dried away and men were themselves again. All but the fatly excited Theodore of the shoe-shining parlor. Paul gazed at him in mild amazement as the Greek lad unfolded his newly found ambition, emblazoned with a full exposition of his status in the commercial world of Pueblo, nestled there in the vast Rockies.

Whether Paul lied politely, or lied sincerely, never will be known. "I like your looks, and if you ever come to Chicago, I'll train you," were his fatal words. "It is just possible that some day you might be a champion."

Fatal words, indeed! It was the touch of a torch to a parched meadow. It started a conflagration in the already excited mind of our hero.

Almost to the day, a year later, our hero had quite a time finding Paul Martinson, a motorman on the Cottage Grove Avenue line in Chicago. You see, our hero's hero wasn't such a great man in the vast confines of Chicago that every red cap in the railroad station knew him. Paul was buried in the swirl of metropolitan life.

"Don't tell me you sold that nice business to take a chance in the wrestling game!" roared Paul after the old acquaintance had been established. And doubtless there passed in the Martinson mind a thought like: "What a damn fool."

* * *

TRUE to his word, Paul took him to the motormen's gymnasium down on Cottage Grove Avenue and gave him his first lesson. It was almost like what Jimmy Connolly used to describe as "the last lesson first." Our hero got such a going-over that the second day found him almost a corpse, so stiff was he from head to heels.

Paul must finally have tired of the big Greek, for he told him he couldn't show him any more and advised that he go down to Al Haft at Columbus, where he could get a lot of experience. Still bubbling with ambition, our hero went there and found open arms. You see, he had some money left from the sale of his business. He asked no favors other than favorable mat consideration.

He got that. He was given a chance to wrestle with every prominent man in the game—Eustace, Steinke, Pesek, the Duseks, all but Lewis. He went down in weight almost unbelievably, from 252 to 192, an even sixty pounds, but became city champion in a hotbed of great wrestlers.

There were still thrills coming to our Grecian hero. One day they sent him to South Bend, Ind., to wrestle a great local star, Leo Alexander. George not only beat him but got the tremendous recompense of one hundred and twenty-five dollars for doing it. "I thought I was raising the very old hell when they paid me off!" George says in speaking of the contest, "and was I encouraged!"

And a little later, when Joe Coffey gave George a match with Karl Pojello, who was considered great, George again made a hit—with himself, at least—by sticking twenty-eight minutes. He would have wrestled anybody that night. [Note to young aspirants in this game: Confidence is a tremendous asset.]

* * *

THEN George headed into Pittsburgh and got on with Gino Garibaldi because they wanted a Greek wrestler who could speak the language. Roy Fabiaina decided Zaharias would do and told "Toots" Mondt to take him. But "Toots" had Dick Shikat, so passed our hero along to Jack Curley. Jack liked him and gave him a tremendous campaign in the South, where he got a lot of experience.

Then George got into St. Louis, where he was under the promotional efforts of Tom Packs, a fellow Greek, and George remained there for a whole year, wrestling as the star in exactly thirty out of thirty-two featured shows.

It was Charley Rentrop of Memphis, promoter and referee, who got George to change his style completely. George was working straight stuff with Rudy Dusek one night and got an awful licking. After the show Rentrop told George he was silly for being beaten up that way.

"Get tough yourself and stand 'em off, at least," he advised.

Hence, today, you see George Zaharias as a real tough guy.

George is ambitious to see Europe, and will some day. He is a constant exponent of airplane travel, although he says a night's ride makes him dopey for a full next day. His folks wouldn't speak to him after he sold his Pueblo business and went into wrestling. They thought he was plumb daffy. George says he thinks sometimes they were right. He's had broken bones but doesn't fear any man. He's one of the few that ever gained falls on Jim Londos, he and Ray Steele and Ed Lewis and Joe Savoldi.

His greatest thrill was in beating Jim Browning.

* * *

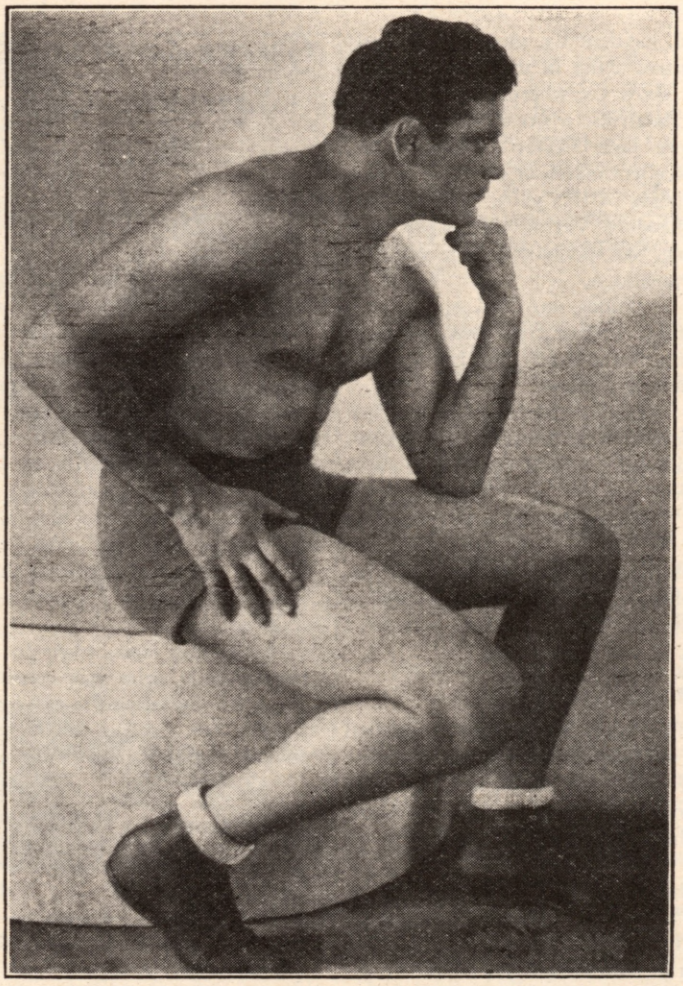
ZAHARIAS is one of the few wrestlers who ever went into open revolt against a multiplicity of offers and against the importunities of promoters who were begging him to come to their arenas and show his wares, of which he has more than plenty.

And in declining these offers, George simply used the words of an old popular song: "Please go 'way and let me sleep!"

"For exactly four years I've been at it like a bulldog," speaks the amiable George in telling of his *(Continued on page 43)*

From BOXER *to* WRESTLER

Sammy Stein Tells How One Licking Cured Him — Found Pugilism too Rough



Sammy Stein.

By
ED W. SMITH

IT was along about the period that Sammy Stein was finishing a post graduate course in time tables.

Far to the South and out of the University of Florida came striding a powerful young chap named Cy Williams, diploma tucked under one brawny arm and a conquering glint in his large, determined blue eyes.

For those who may not know, Sammy Stein was a great prospect as a leading heavyweight wrestler, professional football player and such. Sammy could do most everything and do it quite well —in an athletic way, that is.

But for those who may not know, let us say here and now that a study of time tables and an understanding of their intricacies is one of the absolute necessities of a wrestler's education. The wrestler is called upon so frequently, and often so suddenly, to make the most unheard-of jumps from town to city and back to town again, that this knowledge is quite essential.

During the past few years this situation has been further complicated by the addition to the transportation field of the passenger airplane. As if the railroads, steamship lines and bus routes were not enough to addle the poor wrestler's already addled brain!

Cy Williams came out of Tallahassee, Fla., with a tremendous reputation as a college football player. A star tackle at Florida University for four years, he had received the highest type of coaching possible. He was an All-Southeastern and his fame had spread to the North.

Also, in between times, Cy had won himself a few heavyweight boxing titles. The boy was good!

Other football stars were swarming out upon the world at large, too, all of them looking for something to do. In that period there also came Cy's great pal, "Goldy" Goldstein, and from Georgia Tech one of the finest examples of them all, Doug Wyckoff, a fullback of 220 pounds, then considered without a peer in his chosen line.

All of these big fellows became strong allies, the stronger because of their college backgrounds, but especially attached were Sammy Stein and Cy Williams through reason of their pro football relations. Sammy was an end and Cy a tackle and if you know your football these are the two birds of any front line that do the mighty deeds, the dirty work, and are largely responsible for some of the great reputations that are made behind them in the back field.

Sammy came from around 133rd Street and Amsterdam Avenue in New York City. His father was Jewish but his mother was French. In fact a brother and sister were born in Paris before the family moved to this country, where Sammy first peeped the light of day some twenty-nine years ago. Sammy played amateur football with a Young Men's Hebrew club out of Closter, N. J., in his first athletic endeavors, then got into the pro end of it quite by accident.

Later he played with Stapleton and Brooklyn and the New York Giants—seven years in all. For three of these short but desperately hard seasons he was unanimously voted an All-American pro end. This in itself is considerable of an honor, taking into account the fact that pro teams are picked from the very *crème de la crème* of the graduated college stars.

Sammy was quite so good that Ernie Nevers, big hero of the Pacific Coast, got a large eyeful of him while on an Eastern tour and signed him for a trip beyond the Rockies. Sammy had been playing for and against Benny Friedman along in 1929 and 1930 and together they afterwards went to Brooklyn. Anyway Stein was with Nevers on the Coast at various times in '27 and '29, played in San Francisco and Los Angeles and always did well. Sammy regards Nevers as not only a great chap personally but one of the finest coaches of all after his amazing college career on the Coast.

* * *

FOOTBALL always was Sammy's first, his strongest love, even after he got into the wrestling game. But he played in a charity game in San Francisco one year as a special favor to some of his old pals. He came out of it with a couple of badly cracked ribs and had to call off a lot of well-paying wrestling matches.

He decided then and there that would be all the football activity that he cared for, for the remainder of his life, no matter how long that might be.

Cy Williams meantime had been doing well around the East with football engagements and he and Sammy were hitting it off beautifully in a palship way. But the football season is short and the money returns, while good, don't last young fellows a long time, especially if those young fellows be of callow, undefined, and perhaps not unrefined, but certainly undeveloped tastes.

So the season ended, and with no more steady incomes the pals began to cast about for something to do during the winter months.

Different friends suggested they take up fighting, Jack Dempsey then being in a state of partial eclipse, Tunney out of it, and nothing much in the path of a young tough blade just making a name for himself. One pal—or was he a pal?—took them to a millionaire friend, one Fried, who agreed *(Continued on page 43)*

The Old-Timers' *Choice*

By
BERNICE SANDBOE

WHEN the old-timers, men who have followed the grappling game for years and have watched every new-title prospect with an eagle-eyed scrutiny, point out a wrestler as possible championship material, you can be sure that that wrestler has something.

When Ed Lewis, one of the greatest wrestlers in the world and veteran of many ring wars, makes the statement, "He is the most adept pupil I have ever had anything to do with and has the power, leverage and makings of a champ," it's a safe bet that the man about whom he is talking is far from mediocre.

Pete Schuh, strong and sturdy wrestler from Chicago, is the grappler for whom the veterans have prophesied the purple mantle of the mat king, and whose fine wrestling skill has brought such praise from mighty Ed Lewis.

* * *

DESPITE the fact that he is already bald-headed, Pete is just twenty-seven. He was born in Chicago in 1906 and attended school there. For several years before he entered professional grappling Pete starred in and around Chicago as an amateur wrestler, and his success encouraged him so that he decided to become a professional.

It was at this time, when Pete ventured into the professional field, that Ed "Strangler" Lewis, who is distantly related to Pete and had kept an eye on him for some time, offered the boy his own personal coaching. Of course, Pete wasted no time hesitating and was soon one of Lewis' most ardent pupils.

He spent three years on the West Coast under the strict supervision of the "Strangler," gathering experience and valuable pointers from his teacher. During those three years Pete lived with Lewis at his home in Glendale, and was literally "one of the family."

What greater foundation could an up-and-coming young mat-man ask than to be in constant contact with so great a wrestler as Ed Lewis? To quote Pete, "Ed helped me in every way he could. He always watched me wrestle and after every match would tell me what wrong moves I had made and how to correct them!"

* * *

WITH such an advantage Pete has met all the topnotchers, including Karl Sarpolis, Steele, Stein, Savoldi, Zaharias, O'Shocker, George Hagen, McMillen, Browning, Sonnenberg, Man Mountain Dean, etc., and has proven to them all that he is a formidable foe. Not long ago, when Browning was still champion, Pete wrestled him in Houston, Texas. For thirty-four minutes Pete gave the former champion a stiff battle, succumbing only to Browning's spectacular spinning scissors. After the match Browning announced that Pete was the strongest man he had ever tried to throw!

Since 1929, Pete has trained Ed Lewis for all his championship matches. He accompanied the "Strangler" when he went to "Idylwild," a camp nine thousand feet high in the California mountains, to train for his match about a year ago with Jim Browning in Los Angeles. Too, Pete was with Ed at Lewis' own camp on Boot Lake, Wisconsin, where the "Strangler" trained for his recent match with Londos in Chicago. Lewis always plays rough with Pete when they are training. Pete says, "When I work out with Ed he always gives me all the punishment he can dish out, to toughen me and see if I 'can take it.' Once I was laid up for two days because of the roughing Lewis had given me, but it has helped me a lot in getting accustomed to rough stuff."

* * *

EVERYONE has heard of the "wooden head" that Lewis has used in training to perfect his famed headlock. It is a wooden device, the shape of a human head, with a spring in the center, and proves a great help in strengthening the headlock. Lewis keeps this valuable training help at his camp and Pete has practiced diligently on it until he has developed a headlock second only to "the master's." Pete, however, gets his crushing hold at a slightly different angle than the "Strangler" and, as a result, to the average fan the hold looks like a strangle. However, no experienced referee would disqualify Pete for the use of it.

Pete's build is very much similar to Lewis'. He is of medium height, barrel-chested and weighs 235 pounds. From a moral standpoint he is one of the most admirable men in the game. He believes in being in good condition mentally, physically and morally. He is in earnest about getting the championship.

* * *

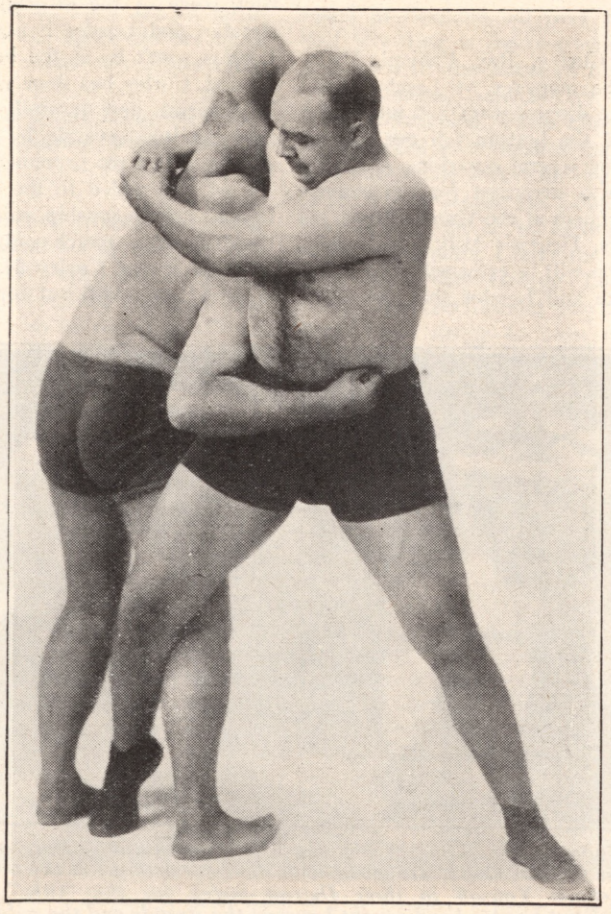
PETE deserves plenty of credit for the seriousness with which he pursues his career. He is, perhaps, one of the most sincere grapplers in the game. His only goal is the championship, and everything he does is a step towards it.

Inside the ring Pete is always the aggressor. His technique forbids retreat. And he can mix plenty of rough-stuff with his wrestling skill when his opponent shows the inclination to play that way. Out of the squared circle he is a quiet, good-natured fellow who is really admired by every one who knows him.

Besides becoming a ring monarch, his ambition is to have a lovely home in California and spend every summer there. And, if the old masters of the game know their stuff, chances are pretty good that Pete will realize his ambitions. To quote Barney Meyers, veteran referee, grappler and discoverer of innumerable mat celebrities, "Give Pete three more years and no man in the wrestling game will be able to touch him!"

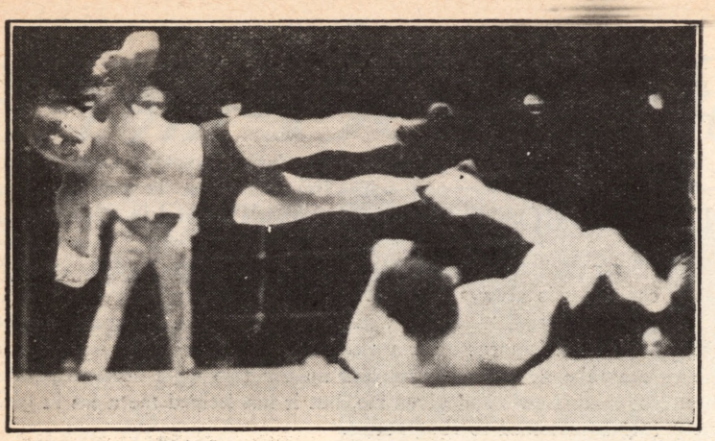
There aren't many popular wrestlers below the Mason and Dixon line, but of the few, Schuh has the best following. For one thing, the fans like his style, and then again, they know that every time he wrestles they are certain to see a real, thrilling tussle.

Pete doesn't seem to know the meaning of the word stall. He is continually in action and always puts his best into the game.



Pete Schuh

NEWS



Rudy Dusek, member of the famous Dusek family, spent more time in the air than he did on the canvas in his recent wrestling bout with Gino Garibaldi in the Garden of New York.

WRESTLING in this country is rapidly hitting the low-water mark, regardless of statements to the contrary made by the leading promoters. The arrow is pointing that way. Too much greed, too many fixed matches, the sameness of cards and sameness of styles, topped by the blackballing of high-class talent that refuses to play ball with certain topnotchers and insists on wrestling on the level, has brought the sport down with a bang.

Considering that less than three years ago the mat game was topping boxing all over the land and was drawing thousands into the gates for record attendances and record gates, the small turnout of fans at recent matches, even when the champion was billed as the headliner, has caused the members of America's wrestling combine no end of worry. Only a few weeks ago, after Jim Londos and Dr. Harry Fields had wrestled before the smallest gathering ever seen at a grappling show in Madison Square Garden, a hurry call was sent out by Jack Curley for a conference of the leading promoters, the objective being to plan some change that would bring the sport back to popularity.

* * *

THE promoters, among them Curley, Ray Fabiani, Paul Bowser, Ed White, who is the manager of Londos, and Toots Mondt, gathered in a huddle to discuss ways and means to bolster the game in the East before the bottom fell out of the sport. As THE RING has announced on several occasions, a match between Londos and Don George was arranged for the championship, the bout to be staged to a finish at the Garden Bowl in New York City next June for Mrs. Hearst's Milk Fund, and, when the bout is over, a new champion will be crowned in George. The promoters informed Mr. White and Londos that the time had arrived when the Greek Adonis must abdicate in the interests of the wrestling gates throughout the East, as Londos had outlived his usefulness as a drawing magnet and both the champion and his mentor agreed to the match, which should be one of the best attractions staged in the Metropolitan district in years.

The pair have already wrestled to a draw twice but in June—quite a long time off, mates—the affair will be to a finish and therefore it is certain that a new crown wearer will emerge. As I pointed out in the last two issues, whereas wrestling was holding the upper hand last year, in the last four months the sport has taken an awful shellacking and pugilism has topped it in receipts by almost two to one, except in Boston, Chicago, and in California. Why? The answer is simple.

* * *

HERE is the solution—the fans must see some new faces, not of mere set-ups but of high-class wrestlers who will earn the respect of those who pay the freight and they must be given honest matches in which the better man will win and not outclass his rival for all but the final thirty seconds when he suddenly succumbs and is tossed. When they see Londos tossed around like a rubber ball for almost an hour and then find Dick Shikat (likewise, in other bouts, Browning, Marshall and others) suddenly go screwy and lose for no apparent reason, other than because he must obey the mandate of the promoters who have agreed to protect the Greek, something is radically wrong and you cannot expect the fans to fall indefinitely for that kind of boloney.

THE RING has received many letters complaining about our treatment of Londos and our desire to injure wrestling, but, on the contrary, we should receive those letters praising our stand against the injury that is being done to this great sport; one that can thrive and bring heaps of pleasure to the fans if the wrestlers will give their best, and not work according to a fixed schedule. Wrestling has no greater friend than Nat Fleischer, the editor of this publication, and those in the game know it. When he permits statements such as are being printed time and again in THE RING against the outstanding figures in the sport, he is doing it for the protection of wrestling, not to injure it.

* * *

BY announcing at this stage that a championship bout had been arranged for next June, the promoters hope to bring back some of the disgruntled fans with whom George is very popular, and Londos is not. They hope to show those fans that Londos won't be at the head much longer and thus regain lost ground. Curley has done more for wrestling than any other man in America, and naturally he hates to see his former lucrative field cut into severely by an unpopular title-holder, and that is why he called the promoters' session to arrange for the new deal.

Fuel was added to the flames which will eventually consume Londos' championship raiment because of the fact that at the Fields-Londos match only $3,400 was taken in at the gate, whereas it cost Curley $4,500 for the rental of the Garden and about $1,000 additional for publicity, posters, and his card. Thus Curley, notwithstanding the fact that the world champion was on the card, again dropped a huge sum and he is getting tired of it.

A new deal had to be arranged and it finally was. As we remarked previously, Don George will be crowned the champion and Londos will be deposed when they meet next summer. Wrestling is a great, thrilling sport, and the sooner things are straightened out, the better for the mat game. George will make a popular champion.

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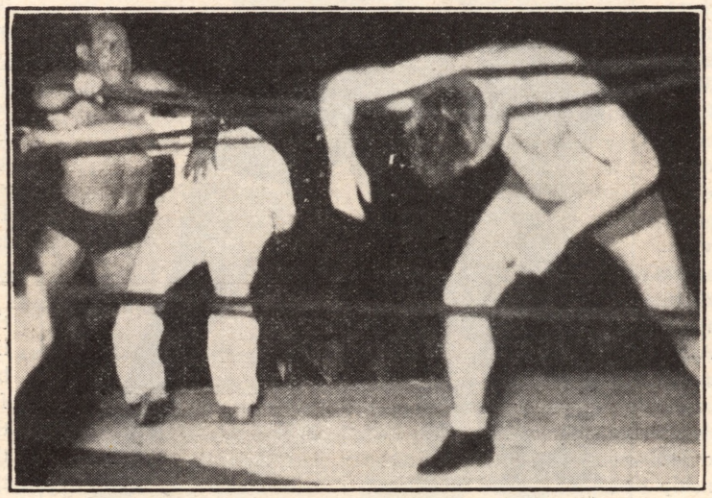
IT is a pleasure to sit at the ringside and watch the movements of America's cleverest wrestler, Carl Pojello. He is



Is wrestling a show? Well, take a peep at this one. Here we see Jim Londos (left), struggling with the referee to get at the helpless Mehmet Yousoff in their Detroit match for the "title." Poor Mehmet has his head caught between the strands and the wild eyed Jemmy is eager to help the strangulation.

of the MAT WORLD

By EDWARD MERRILL

a wrestler if ever there was one. He knows more holds—and can execute them—than any man in the sport.

On every card on which he has appeared in New York, the crowd has given this highly polished grappler rounds of applause and well does he deserve it. If the wrestlers were to adopt the style employed by Pojello, there would be no lack of interest on the part of the fans. They would come in droves to see several such performers on one card, but, unfortunately, there aren't many Pojellos in captivity.

Then there is Sandor Szabo. Whenever he is on the card, the fans are treated to a high-class brand of wrestling. They enjoy it immensely, as indicated by their applause. And Jack Sherry is another popular grappler.

It isn't necessary to employ only the rough-house tactics to gain the fans' interest. They want to see good wrestling and also want to get their excitement, and, naturally, they won't get either when an old-fashioned style of bout, a tugging, head-to-head and shoulder-to-shoulder match, takes place, but they will when the type of fast-moving, thrilling wrestling, such as Pojello can give, is on tap.

* * *

UP in Boston, where the Irish champion, O'Mahoney, is making a hit by his aggressive tactics, they think that he is the answer to the promoters' prayers. O'Mahoney has been packing 'em in the Hub, and it is safe to predict that he will be one of the headliners in the spring and summer campaign in New England and New York.

Out in Lansing, Michigan, a state legislator issued an attack on wrestling and asked that the sport be banned as a nuisance. Stanley J. Romanski sponsored a bill which read:

"The so-called wrestlers travel from city to city during the week and put on exhibitions," he declared. "They are all members of the same troupe. In many cities the sport has become a nuisance. Fights between patrons or wrestlers themselves often result."

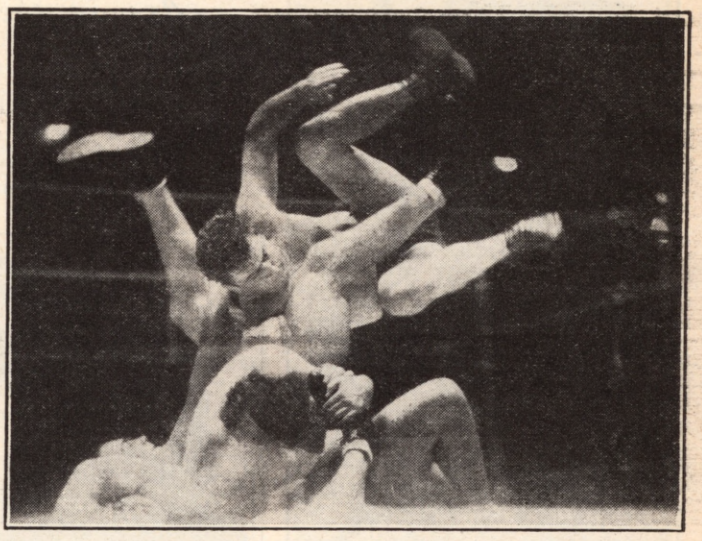
As was expected, the bill got nowhere. There is no more reason for abolishing wrestling than for putting boxing out of business.

* * *

JACK SHERRY, who has just returned from a successful tour of Europe and South Africa, is all het up over the fine treatment he received abroad. Sherry, upon his return to America, came to THE RING office to inform the editor of the splendid reception he had received, and also to reveal that THE RING is the magazine by which all of the wrestling fans in foreign countries swear.

"Do you know," said Sherry to Nat Fleischer, "if a wrestler's name does not appear in your magazine, he is shunned by promoters and fans? They all ask, 'if you are so good, why doesn't THE RING mention you?'"

In England, Sherry defeated the cream of the British talent. He wrestled about forty times and made a hit. He displayed several cables asking him to return. According to one clipping which Sherry displayed, the sports editor says that Hackenschmidt, in discussing Sherry, said he was the best wrestler seen in Europe in many moons and that he by far outclassed any of the talent that had come to England since Hack was in his prime.



This is an unusual action picture of a wrestling bout. It is a double exposure on the same negative, showing Jim Browning applying his airplane spin on Ed Don George in Madison Square Garden of New York. George tossed Jim in 27 minutes.

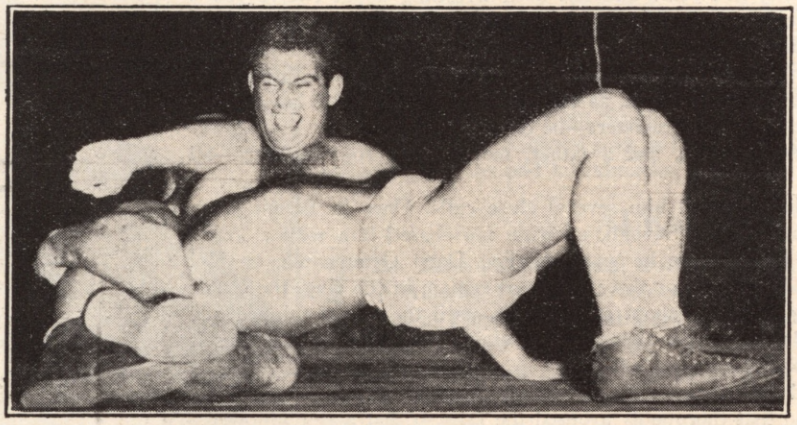
In South Africa Sherry pinned Ernie Dusek and Frank Judson. He brought back the report that THE RING is in great demand in England, all over Europe, and in South Africa, and that wrestling is the one sport that keeps on going great guns regardless of the status of boxing.

"In London," said Sherry, "I was billed at all times as the world's champion. These clippings and posters will prove that," he remarked as he flashed the papers.

"I have come back with one object in view," continued Sherry. "I see where George and Londos are matched for a championship bout. There can be no championship decided unless I am one of the contestants. I have the best record of any man now wrestling and I defy George, Londos, or any of the stars of the groups now performing for the Curley-Mondt-Bowser-Fabiani-Packs-Daro group to meet me in a finish bout, winner take everything. I'm prepared at any time to furnish a forfeit of five thousand dollars to prove my superiority.

"I can obtain such matches, if I will agree to play ball with the men I meet, but that is not my way of doing business. That is why I received such wonderful publicity abroad. In England the fans and promoters knew that every time I went into the ring my match was on the level, and that also is why I am wanted back again in that country and South Africa. The championship, as owned by Londos, is a fraud on the public, and if George wins it from Londos, as he will, that also will be an empty title.

(Continued on page 37)



Dr. Harry Fields is having a swell time at Jim Londos' expense. Here the Pennsylvania medico is shown with a head scissors on the Greek Idol while Jemmy is trying to extricate himself by means of a bridge.

GETTING

Short Biographical Sketches of the Wrestlers Who Are in the Spotlight in the Various Divisions

Joe Parelli, who is campaigning in New York

Abe Kashey

STARTING off his pro mat career as a clean grappler, Abe Kashey, the Syrian, found that style didn't suit him or pay him, so he went West, turned villain and now he is not only one of the biggest drawing cards, especially in the Middle West, but he has managed to save a good-sized sum of money. When Abe first appeared in the twin cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul the sport was comparatively dead, but he so aroused interest by his sensational matwork, that he has changed them into two of the best paying wrestling cities in the country.

It was only recently when he met Jim Londos that he catapulted through the ropes and right into the lap of Gov. Floyd Olson of Minnesota. They drew ten thousand fans at the Auditorium of St. Paul and several thousand were turned away.

Abe stands five feet eleven and a half inches and weighs around 205 pounds. He was born in Syria, but his parents brought him to this country when he was five years old. He has been here now twenty-five years and has been wrestling about twelve years. He makes his home in Paterson, N. J. He was the light-heavyweight champion of the amateurs of his state reigning from 1926 to 1929, and in 1930 he was the Metropolitan champion. He then turned pro but, despite his science, he failed to click with the fans or promoters, so decided to go West. Here, as related above, he changed his style to that of a villain and now he more than registers—he cleans up.

Abe has a wife and three children, and a father, mother, and four brothers—all living in Paterson.

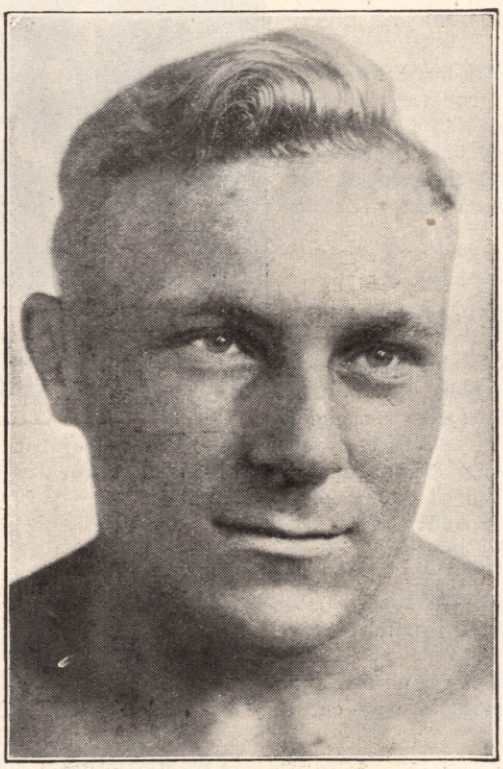
Abe's villainous tactics have caused him several close calls. Once in Birmingham, Ala., after he had rough-housed Joe Savoldi, an irate fan chased him with a knife. Another time at Wichita, Kan., where he was wrestling Dano Ostapovitch, an idol there, he was forced to knock out two or three fans, and remain in the ring, the center of a small army of jeering fans, for about a half hour, until the crowd thinned and then he hurled the ropes, dashed up the aisle to his dressing room and locked himself in until the police came to escort him to his hotel.

Kashey has been arrested several times for disturbing the peace as a result of bouts in which he participated and that thoroughly aroused the fans so that a riot followed.

Yes, sir! Abe found clean wrestling didn't pay, so now he is a dyed-in-the-wool villain and is cleaning up.

Henry Graber

HENRY GRABER is a young German who arrived in this country only three years ago and settled in Los Angeles, California. As a seaman in Germany, he held the wrestling championship and also was recognized as one of the nation's strong men. He was an all-round athlete and naturally, when he saw his first wrestling bout on the Coast, Graber applied to Lou Daro for a job. So well did he do in his debut in this country that he has been rated high ever since. Jack Curley is among those who predict a bright future for Graber.



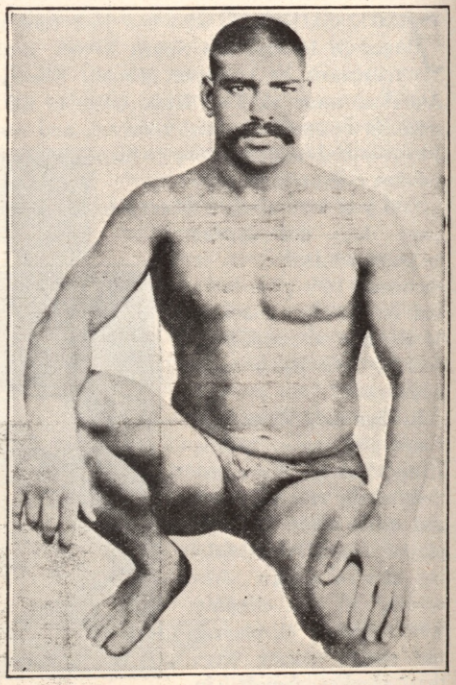
Henry Graber, young German who is making good.

Inman Bux

INDIA has produced many stars in the wrestling field; in fact, the greatest in recent years have come from the land of Gandhi. The latest to receive international recognition is Inman Bux, who is campaigning with success in British Columbia and other northwestern parts. He is six feet two inches tall, and scales 248 pounds. He is much faster than most of the Hindus who have come here in the past few years.

Inman is a brother of the great Gama, the champion who tossed Stanislaus Zbyszko in one minute a few years ago. Gama retired only two years ago. The man who is sponsoring Bux is none other than Emil Klank, than whom there is no greater judge of a wrestler.

Klank is not Bux's manager, but has seen him in action on several occasions



Inman Bux, considered by Emil Klank, Gotch's manager, as best wrestler in the world today.

ACQUAINTED

By EMERY CLARKE

and has been singing the praises of the Hindu to the editor of THE RING. Says Klank: "Bux, in my opinion, is the greatest wrestler in the world today!" Klank, it will be remembered, was the manager of Gotch when he defeated Hackenschmidt, and later took Zbyszko to India. Emil knows his stuff.

Klank also praises Jack McLaughlin, who, Emil says, has the makings of a great wrestler. McLaughlin recently left for South Africa, where he is doing well. Watch these boys, says Klank.

Everette Kibbons

BETTE HARDEMAN, our Texas correspondent, sends the following on a classy Southern wrestler:

Everette Kibbons, classy Tulsa (Oklahoma) youngster, fresh from a successful invasion of South America, has just returned to take up where he left off in his own country.

Six feet two inches tall, tipping the scales at 216, Kibbons carries one of these movie-hero faces into his mat engagements. With seven years' wrestling experience behind him, three amateur and four professional, he has already attracted plenty of notice. Ordinarily, he is one of the cleanest wrestlers in the game, but those who try their assault-and-battery tactics, find it to their own sorrow. His pet holds are the flying tackle and the flying scissors.

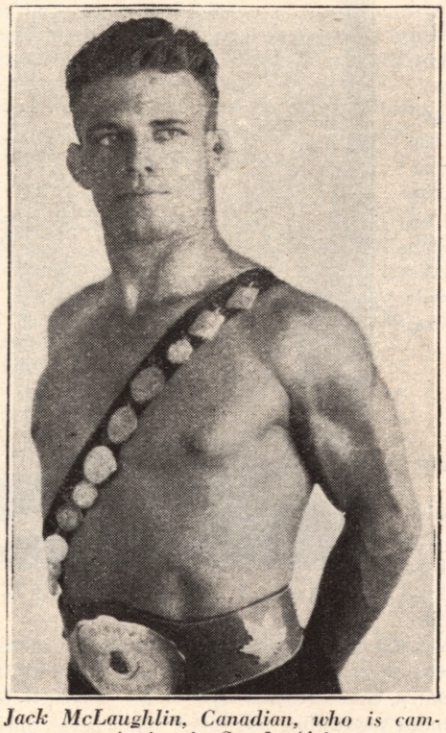
A baker by choice, Everette entered the bone crushing business just to prove his football coach was wrong. Art Griffith, football and wrestling coach at Tulsa High, saw possibilities in his star gridster and offered to make a champion out of him in two seasons.

"Bet you can't," was Kibbons' comeback.

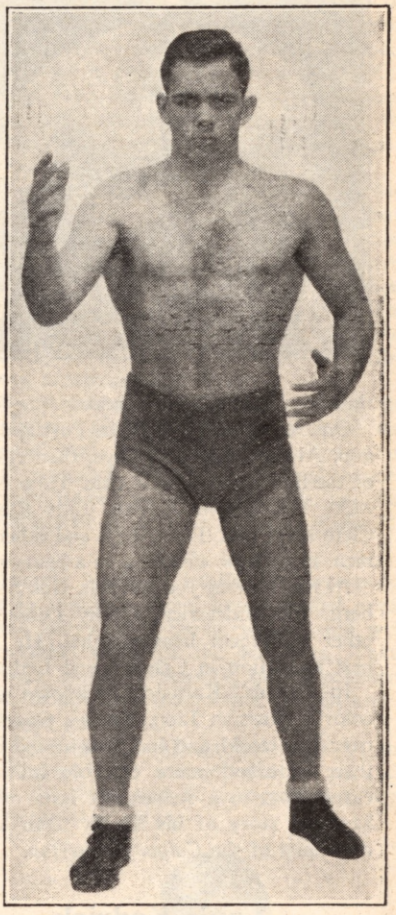
"It's a bet," snapped the coach. "Be at the gym this afternoon for a workout."

By way of proving Griffith's error, Everette took him up on the proposition. Two years later he won the national interscholastic light-heavyweight title, and the following season he copped the heavyweight diadem. Whereupon he stepped into the professional field with a fistful of medals.

This handsome lad's accomplishments are by no means limited to the grunt-and-groan business. His vacations spent on an Oklahoma ranch have turned him out a finished cowpuncher; he played three years of professional football; has several movies to his credit; and before taking up wrestling professionally he was a specialty baker in his dad's bakery.



Jack McLaughlin, Canadian, who is campaigning in South Africa.

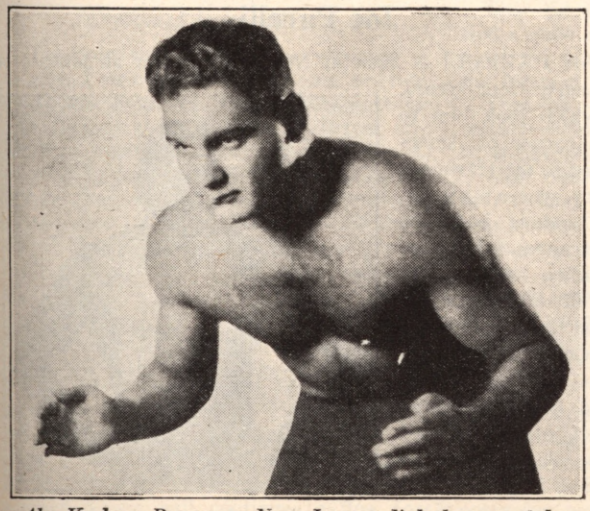


Paddy Mack, Irish matman.

Most of the Oklahoma grunter's three years as a professional have been spent in Canada, Mexico, South and Central America, and the Hawaiian Islands. In Hawaii and on his recent barnstorming tour of South America he was undefeated. He was ranked second only to the champion, who refused to give him a match.

Since returning to the United States early in November, he has wrestled mostly in the western and southern parts of the country, where he has made a big hit—especially among the soprano fans. He covers on the average of eight states a week for his matches, and has yet to lose a bout since his return from South America.

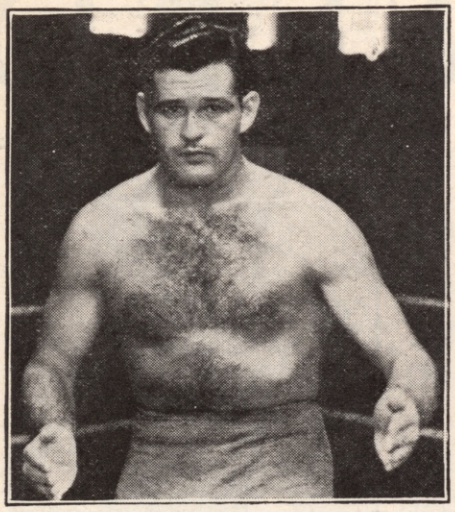
For relaxation, Kibbons goes in for hunting and fishing, and is a rabid collector of coins and knickknacks.



Abe Kashey, Paterson, New Jersey, light-heavyweight.

Al Karasick

THE Mussolini of the mat world. That's what they call Al Karasick of Alberta, Canada, former strong man and one of the foremost wrestlers in Canada. A facial study of Al and the leader of the Italian government shows a remarkable resemblance, and that's why the mat fans of Canada call Al the Mussolini among wrestlers. Karasick was one of the first of the foreign wrestlers to make his appearance in Australian rings, and he also was one of the most popular. On his last invasion of New Zealand he defeated George Walker, that country's champion. He has been made an offer to appear there again, and is



Everette Kibbons, classy Oklahoma wrestler.

thinking seriously of making the trip.

On December 27, 1925, in Portland, Oregon, Al defeated Ted Thye, then claimant of the light-heavyweight title. Then Al beat Mike Yokel, John Kilonis, Billy Edwards, Clete Kaufman, Tom Alley, and other good men. He is now wrestling as a heavyweight.

Al has tackled Joe Savoldi, Gus Sonnenberg, Joe Malcewicz, Jimmy Londos, and other prominent heavyweights. He is the best attraction in Calgary and Lethbridge.

In Canada, Karasick is known as the colorful Russian Lion. He has traveled all over the world and has fought more than three thousand bouts. So colorful is Al's career that in a subsequent issue we will have the story of his life by Tom Moore, columnist of the *Calgary Albertan*.

Louis Kodrick

FROM Ross Williams, Texas promoter, comes the following:

Louis Kodrick was born in Salsburg, Austria, twenty-six years ago. Like all boys in that country he was forced to take military training while attending school, and naturally took part in all athletic games, but his natural calling was wrestling, in which he became a topnotcher. When he was eighteen years of age, he held the welterweight championship of his country, Greco-Roman style. An uncle of his, living in Wisconsin, attended a wrestling bout one night in Milwaukee and saw Jack Reynolds retain his welterweight crown. Knowing the prowess of his nephew as a wrestler in Austria, he wrote Louis all about the match and urged him to come at once to this country and win Jack's crown.

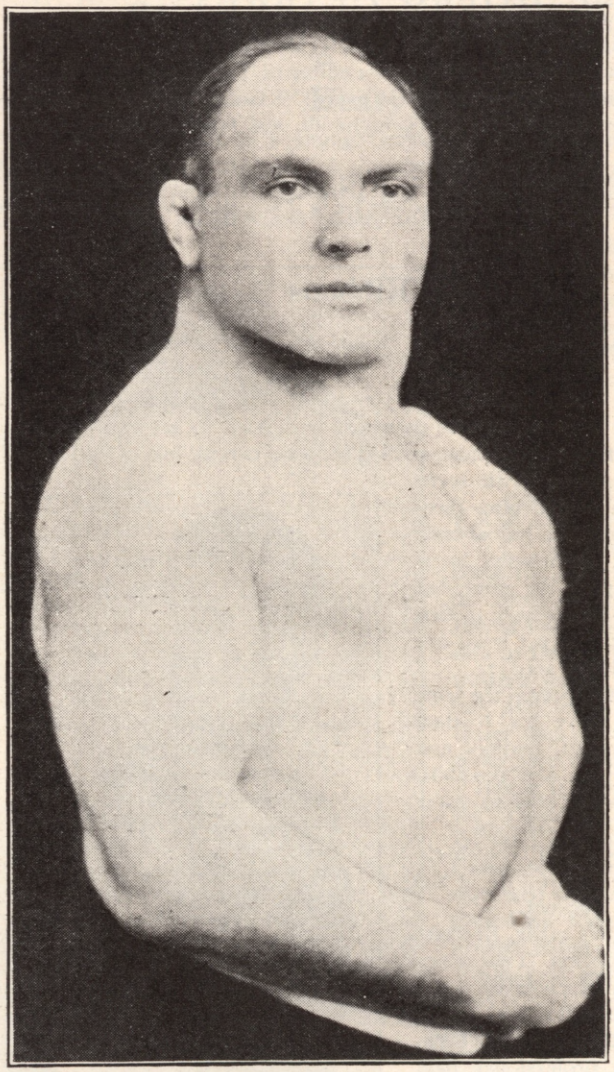
Now Louis Kodrick is here, has wrestled in this country almost two years, and is becoming very proficient in the catch-as-catch-can style. He is a sensation in Texas, where he wrestles almost nightly. With his wonderful physique, great strength, and natural ability, he has become a threat to the welterweight king. He has lately defeated such leading welter and middle weights as Doug Henderson, Charley Heard, Speedy Franks, Eddie O'Shea and Cyclone Mackey.

He weighs 146 pounds in his best condition.

Paddy Mack

PADDY MACK, Irish matman, is no stranger to New York. He was wrestling in Metropolitan arenas about four years ago with considerable success, but at that time he had not reached the physical proportions he enjoys today. For four years he has been traveling from coast to coast, wrestling all comers, so that today he stands out as a finished product. He is making a strong bid for championship honors and intends to stay in these parts until he has accomplished his ambitious plan.

Mack comes from an athletic family. His brothers, like himself, incline toward the more strenuous life, and one of them is an amateur wrestler, while the other is a semi-professional football player. Mack graduated to wrestling, like many others, from the football field. For a number of years he played semi-professional football with the Albany Knickerbockers and the Columbus Collegians. Because of his great strength, it was only natural that his position on both these teams should have been that of full-back.



Al Karasick, who is a big card in western Canada.

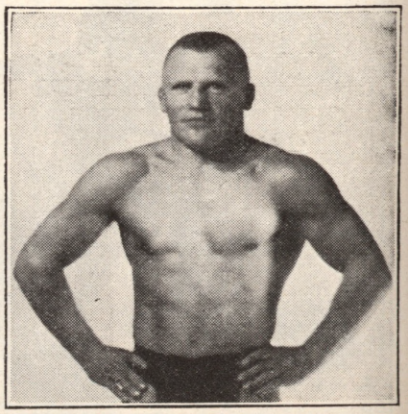
For a time Paddy also boxed professionally. He was a middleweight of no mean ability, but the young Irishman was still seeking his real vocation in the field of sports and had not yet found it. It was while boxing that the call for wrestling became more insistent. He trained constantly with wrestlers and liked the game. It was only a step then for him to graduate from professional boxing to professional wrestling.

Mack figured in one unique sporting event last summer in Boston. He was booked to box at Braves Field, with Jack Dempsey refereeing, and he also had an engagement to wrestle in some near-by town that same night. Mack knocked out his opponent in the ring in two minutes, jumped in an automobile, and drove to the town where he was scheduled to wrestle, pinning his opponent to the mat in eleven minutes, a double feat probably never duplicated.

Joe Parelli

JOE PARELLI is back in New York, after an absence of nearly four years, which took him to every corner of America, and to the Hawaiian Islands, where his popularity among both the American and Japanese population won him such favor that he remained there for almost six months. It is not to be wondered at that Joe should have endeared himself to the hearts of the people of the Rising Sun, for these con-

(Cont. on page 45)



Louis Kodrick, a fast welterweight.

Joe Marciente, formerly of Brooklyn, who is now boxing out of Montreal, Canada, where he is living. He is a featherweight.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 33)

"The only way to clear the situation is to give Pesek and me, and one or two others who have been banned because they won't permit themselves to be tossed unless their opponent can do it on the level, a chance to prove that we either are superior to those who masquerade as top flight wrestlers, or prove that we are not in their class," concluded the man who is trying to force the issue for a titular match in this country.

* * *

FUNNY how often Jim Londos can toss Strangler Lewis, now that Big Ed has an interest in Londos' earnings. How? Well, Lewis is a partner in the group that handles the affairs of the big shots in the mat sport, and, until after Londos loses his title to Don George next summer, Lewis will continue to flop for Jemmy. Prior to the amicable agreement that enabled Londos to come into the fold and perform for the benefit of one, big, harmonious family, the Strangler had defeated Londos fourteen times in a row, but since Londos became the official champion of the Curley-White group, Jemmy has defeated Lewis four times within five months.

* * *

"From the ridiculous to the sublime!" That would have been a good title for the welterweight championship match between Jack Reynolds of Seattle, Wash., and "Lord" Lansdowne, the be-monocled Britisher, in San Francisco, a few weeks ago. To add to the "attraction," the "Lord" appeared in the ring with top hat, cane, and evening clothes, and then discarded all when the bout was about to begin. Naturally, such clownish tactics will bring on a laugh, and the "Lord" immediately captured the fancy of the women.

Why it is necessary for wrestlers to go to such a limit, is beyond reason, unless the men themselves feel that the public has lost interest in the sport as a sport, and something in the way of a novelty must be furnished to draw them in. Reynolds, who is generally acknowledged as the title-holder, lost his crown to the British mat man in two out of three falls. Reynolds has held the title since 1920.

* * *

JACK SHERRY is on the warpath again. Jack is one of the outstanding grapplers of the world, a credit to the sport, and a wrestler who knows his onions. He has just returned from a successful tour of Europe and has issued a defi to Londos, Browning, Lewis, and the rest of the mat stars, but none has taken him up. Sherry feels he is the master of Londos, George, or any of the American topnotchers, but declares that, because he refuses to engage in any but a real shooting match, he is banned from competition.

Doc Morris, former boxer, wrestler, and scribe, is handling the affairs of Sherry and is making a game battle for recognition.

* * *

Bette Hardeman of Texas sends in the following:

DIDJANO—That Doc Sarpolis has a trick knee that has a bad habit of popping out of joint in the pinches?

That Ed (Strangler) Lewis once wrestled a mule and squeezed the animal's head until the beast became unconscious from the force of the headlock?

That Joe Stecher once applied his famous scissors hold on an automobile spring until it snapped from the pressure?

That Everette Marshall wrestles with a bear to keep in shape for his matches? The bear's claws are padded, but it's still a bear, nevertheless.

That Jack League, popular referee in southern mat circles, is suffering from a severe case of trachoma?

That Dick Lever, formerly of the University of Tennessee, plays a mean game of football?

That Wong Buck Chung, China's gift to wrestling, is a graduate of the Chicago University of Dentistry?

That Nick Lutze, popular California youngster, usta wuz a life guard?

Dixie Doin's, as reported by Bernice Sandboe, follow:

Wrestling down yonder has gone polite. For many moons the muscle-massagers have found Houston a haven for unrestricted unruliness. But, somehow, the fad seems to have died down. Chief Chewchki, the monarch of mat meanies, has decided to pursue a cinema career, no less. Karl Davis, Pete Schuh, and many other rough boys have drifted to other parts of the country and only a few "roughies" are left to carry on.

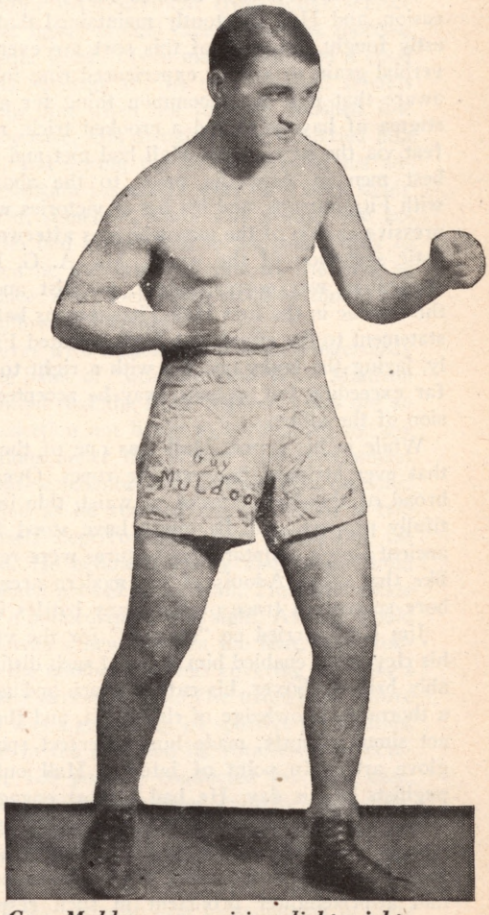
Now we find a season of science underway. To start it off, Everette Marshall, who, incidentally, rates fifth in the game according to THE RING rating, was introduced to local mat fans in an engagement with dignified Karl Sarpolis. Both gentlemen are well versed in the etiquette of drawing-room wrestling and put on a fine show of science and speed.

So pleased were the local fans with the deviation from the usual rough-house rasslin' that Promoter Sigel followed up with a match between two local heroes, Orville Brown and Karl Sarpolis, and this promises to be another scientific scuffle.

* * *

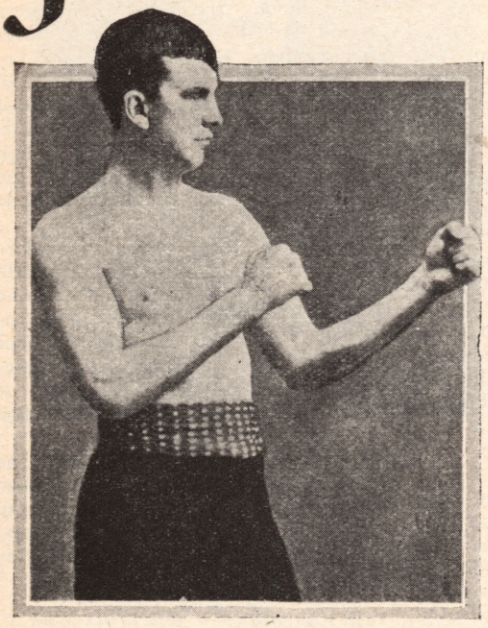
Jimmie Amann, THE RING'S correspondent in southern Ohio, has compiled a national heavy, light-heavy, middle, and welterweight rating of the wrestlers. These ratings, based on activity, can be procured each month for fifteen cents in coin and a stamped envelope.

The divisional ratings include all of the leading and less mentioned stars of each four divisions, and is an accurate system of percentage rating.



Guy Muldoon, promising lightweight from Detroit.

JIM HALL - *Australia's*



Jim Hall

By GEORGE T. TICKELL

PRIZE ring history of the early nineties credits Australia with the development of some great fighting men. It was the era of Peter Jackson, Bob Fitzsimmons, Frank (Paddy) Slavin, Dan Creedon, Young Griffo; and among these notables, the name of Jim Hall is deserving of special mention. Before Bob Fitzsimmons came to this country, Hall was the freckled gladiator's most prominent rival for premier middleweight honors in the Antipodes, and, as the records show, Fitz took the full count before him at Sydney, February 10, 1890.

Fitzsimmons always claimed that he "laid down" on that occasion, and Hall as stoutly maintained that the battle was honestly fought. Excuses of this sort are ever taken with the proverbial grain of salt by experienced ring followers, who are well aware that it is no uncommon thing for a boxer to prefer the stigma of having turned a crooked trick, rather than admit defeat via the kayo route. Hall had met and whipped some of the best men in Australia prior to the above-mentioned contest with Fitzsimmons, and his list of victories was every whit as impressive as that of the man who was afterward to prove the pugilistic sensation of the world. Mr. A. G. Hales, the celebrated Australian war correspondent, novelist and sports writer, was the referee in the first Hall-Fitzsimmons battle, and his published statement to the effect that Hall defeated Fitz squarely and fairly, laying the lanky one out with a right to the jaw for a count far exceeding ten seconds, may be accepted as the correct version of the affair.

While in his prime, Hall was one of the handsomest athletes that ever stripped between the ropes. Over six feet in height, broad of shoulder, tapered of waist, thin in the flank and beautifully proportioned, he might have stood for the model of an ancient Greek sculptor. His features were regular in outline, and, like that other Adonis of the modern arena, James J. Corbett, bore scarcely a trace of the many battles in which he engaged.

Jim Hall carried no "tin ears" for the very good reason that his cleverness enabled him to avoid such disfigurement. A remarkably brilliant boxer, his catlike grace and agility, combined with a thorough knowledge of ring craft, and the ability to think and act simultaneously, made him a perfect specimen of the brainy glove artist. In point of intellect Hall outclassed most of the pugilists of his day. He had a most engaging personality, was a fluent talker, and had read a great deal, the result being that he could converse on literary subjects with a freedom and knowledge that surprised a good many people who little expected to find a prizefighter proficient in such respects. Taken on the whole, Hall may be set down as one of the best informed members of the fistic tribe, past or present. He was, however, erratic in temperament and cursed with a love of conviviality which was destined to ruin him in more ways than one. Like the renowned hero of Thackeray's creation, Mr. Jeanes Yellowplush, his "burth was wropped in mystory." All that is known of Hall's early life is that he was born in Sydney and began boxing when a lad of nineteen. He showed such unusual talent that after he had been fighting a little over two years, his claim to the middleweight championship of Australia was generally recognized.

It was Fitzsimmons' success in this country that impelled Hall to visit America in search of fame and dollars. Bob arrived here in 1890, established himself by easily whipping Billy McCarthy and Arthur Upham, and on January 14, 1891, shocked American sportsmen and crowned himself with glory by knocking out Jack Dempsey, the famous Nonpareil, at New Orleans in a bout for the middleweight championship. In the following month Hall made his appearance in San Francisco, and was given a tryout with Alec Greggains, then a crack Coast middleweight.

He defeated Greggains rather easily and immediately there arose a popular demand for a battle between Fitzsimmons and the man credited with having knocked the former out. But though Fitz was willing enough to accommodate his conqueror, the match hung fire for a long time. Once the men were signed to fight at St. Paul, but the authorities interfered, and the contest did not take place. It was not until "Squire" Abingdon Baird came to this country with Charlie Mitchell, England's heavyweight champion, in tow, and began to take an interest in Hall's affairs that definite progress was made in the matter of bringing the rivals together.

They finally met at New Orleans on March 25, 1893, for what was, up till then, the largest purse ever offered for a fistic combat—$40,000. The bout was fairly even during the first three rounds, Hall showing all the superb skill in attack and defense for which he was noted. It came to a spectacular end in the fourth, when Fitzsimmons landed a terrific right swing full on the point of Hall's jaw, sending him down and out. The punch is said to have been one of the hardest ever struck in a ring, and went far, in addition to Fitz's victory over Dempsey, in making his name dreaded by all aspirants to his title. Squire Abingdon lost a lot of money on Hall, but his misfortunes did not end there. A heavy cold, contracted on the night of the fight, when, with Jack McAuliffe, Mitchell and John Kilne, he figured in Hall's corner as a second, developed into pneumonia, and the famous British sportsman passed away in the Crescent City shortly afterwards.

* * *

THE following year saw Hall campaigning abroad. He met Ted Pritchard, England's middleweight champion, before the Pelican Club in London, and won on a knockout. A few months later he signed to meet his countryman, Frank (Paddy) Slavin, the Australian heavyweight. Although Slavin had a big advantage in weight over Hall, the former respected Jim's prowess to such a degree that for a long while he dodged the issue.

Hall went about forcing Slavin into the ring in a peculiarly characteristic fashion. At that time Slavin was the proprietor of a public house which was much frequented by the young bloods, ring patrons and men-about-town. Hall, wearing a silk hat and dressed in the latest style, would saunter into the place, call for a bottle of wine and toss down a sovereign in payment. But before the barmaid could annex the coin, the elegant visitor's nimble fingers grabbed it and returned it to his pocket. Then, tossing off a bumper of the foaming liquid Hall, solemnly proposed a toast, the gist of which was wishing—"Enough courage to Paddy Slavin to fetch him into the ring with me!"

Although Slavin himself was present on a couple of these occasions he never offered to resent the insult. In a rough-and-tumble contest the odds would have appeared to be all in Slavin's favor and against Hall, when the former's bulk was taken into

Middleweight Phenomenon

consideration. But for reasons best known to himself, the redoubtable Paddy preferred not to force the issue. However, Hall's irritating methods finally had effect. Slavin's friends began to gibe at him, and his business suffered in consequence. He signed articles and went into hard training, vowing to eliminate Hall forever from the fistic schedule. Yet despite Slavin's unwillingness to make the match, the sporting experts backed him heavily to win. The memory of the great fight in which, though defeated, he made the great Peter Jackson extend himself to the limit to win, still lingered with the British ring followers. They could not see how Hall hoped to give away so much weight and be successful.

On the night of battle, the contract between Slavin's huge, hairy frame and the graceful outlines of Hall's slender figure made the betting odds five to one on the bigger man. When the gong rang, Slavin rushed from his corner like a human tornado. Hall deftly sidestepped, and without attempting to strike a blow, fled swiftly around the ring. Twice they made the circuit of the arena, with Slavin in hot pursuit and the crowd booing scornfully at Hall's apparent cowardice. Suddenly, as they neared Slavin's corner, Hall turned abruptly and hooked over a lightning left. The blow caught Slavin coming on, headfirst, connected with the point of his chin, and tumbled him down in a heap.

He was up at the count of eight, but Hall quickly closed in and dropped him again with another left to the jaw. Slavin managed to stay the round out, but the first punch had dazed him badly and robbed him of all chance of winning. He was unable to recuperate, and Hall thereafter pecked him leisurely to pieces, finally sending him down and out.

The victories over Pritchard and Slavin made Hall a sort of pugilistic idol in London sport circles, and the tall, athletic figure of the jaunty Australian was a familiar sight at every place in the big metropolis where men of the turf, ring, and theatrical worlds were wont to congregate. The pace was fast and none went it faster than Hall, to whom money meant nothing except for the pleasure he could get out of it. He made and spent a fortune and burned the candle of life at both ends with royally gorgeous disregard of what the end might be. His conquest of Slavin was destined to be the last triumph for him in the ring.

He did not fight again until January 20, 1896, when he met Joe Choynski at Maspeth, L. I. This battle was a grueling affair in which Choynski was made receiver-general for a terrific amount of punishment at first. Joe, however, played a waiting game and devoted most of his attention to Hall's slim body. Under the constant battering of his mid-section the Australian gradually wilted.

He outboxed Choynski and even outslugged him, but the careless life he had led left him with scant reserves of vitality to draw upon, and in the thirteenth round the Californian was pronounced the victor. In a second match three years later Choynski knocked him out in seven rounds. Hall's day as a fighter was past forever.

It was the recklessness of Hall's nature that made him a heartbreaking proposition for a trainer or manager to handle. Charlie Mitchell, perhaps, exercised more influence over him than any other person, with the possible exception of Charles E. (Parson) Davies. When Mitchell had an interest in seeing that Hall should be in shape for battle, he made it a personal matter to see that he did not neglect hard work. Mitchell, himself one of the world's finest boxers, was also a rough-and-tumble wizard when occasion required, and by no means to be trifled with, a fact of which Hall was well aware. Also, when Davies managed Hall's affairs the fighter did as he was told, or there was trouble in the air. While Davies was never a scrapper, in the professional sense of the word, he could be coldly merciless and extremely dangerous if sharp action became necessary.

Hall and Davies once collided in something more than a war of words, and the fashion in which the soft-spoken, polite Parson asserted himself remained fresh in Hall's memory to his dying day. In Detroit, Davies and the pugilist had a heated argument one morning and Hall retired in a rage and solaced his injured feelings with frequent applications to the flowing bowl. Later he entered a hotel barroom, where Davies was standing with a friend named Harry Glickauf. When under the influence of liquor it sometimes happened that Hall showed a very ugly temper and was apt to vent his spleen on foe or friend alike. Davies, who knew the pugilist like a book, noted a wicked gleam in his eye, and when Hall came to the bar and began to threaten him, the Parson prepared for defense by a rapid offensive, according to the most approved military tactics. The bartender had just been preparing a drink in which lemons played an important rôle and, after slicing the fruit, laid a small but keen knife down on the bar. Davies quietly annexed the knife, and as Hall leaned forward, shaking his clenched fist, and bombarding the Parson with insulting epithets, the blade flashed through the air and was buried in the fighter's neck. Hall staggered back, the blood gushing from his wound, which was located barely a hair's breadth from the jugular vein. Davies smiled icily:

"Next time I'll make a sure job of it, if you don't behave," he said coolly.

Partly sobered by the attack, Hall stared for an instant. Then pulling his shirt open and exposing his breast, he retorted:

"All right, Parson, try again. Stick it in here and see if I'm game!"

The Parson laughed, but did not accept the invitation. Instead, he hurried Hall to a surgeon and had him attended to. The cut was a deep and serious one, but Hall got well quickly, although a white scar a couple of inches in length always remained on his neck as a memento of his one hectic dispute with Davies.

* * *

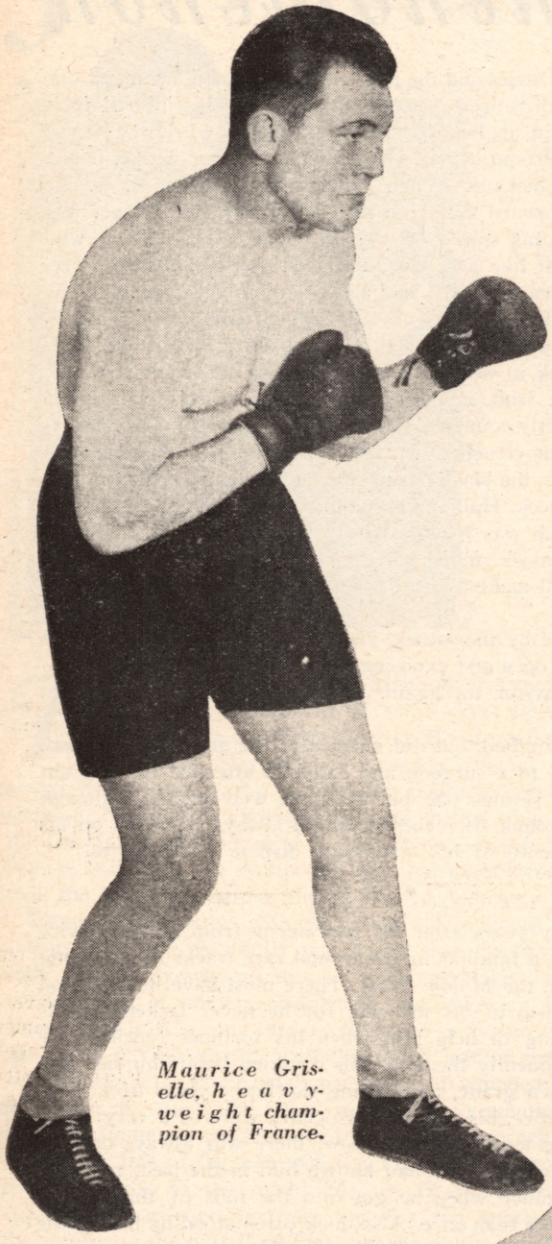
FOR many years after his retirement from active service Hall was a familiar figure around race tracks and sporting resorts in the Middle West. There must have been a good deal of magnetism in his makeup, for he never lacked friends who were willing to help him when his fortunes touched low ebb, as was frequently the case. His drinking habits hurried him fast on the down grade, and during the latter years of his adventurous existence, his constant associates were of a very shady type, to say the least. Yet, somehow, there was always one acquaintance or another who had known him in the past, ready to go to his assistance when he got into the toils of the law, as was the case more than once. Also, luck often stood by him in the hour of need, as in the following instance:

A gang of Chicago thieves with whom Hall was on dangerously intimate terms was in the habit of "working" the West Madison street car line. It was hinted that the light-fingered gents did so "under protection," an assertion not likely to be doubted by any one familiar with conditions under the Windy City government at that time. A little Hebrew pawnbroker, getting off a crowded car one night, was hustled as he reached the ground by a trio of men, and found himself deprived in a brief second of his watch and diamond stud. He bellowed lustily and caught hold of a tall man, who afterward proved to be Hall. The latter made no attempt to escape, and a policeman hove in sight. As luck would have it, this zealous cop was a new man on the beat, and probably not acquainted with the unofficial rulings covering the gang's operations, for he promptly arrested Hall. The magistrate before whom the case was tried was a gentleman of sportive proclivities, who took a deep interest in the ring and its votaries. The complainant, weighing about 120 pounds, conducted his own case, and in the course of his statement asserted vainglorioously that, on being attacked by Hall, he had knocked down his assailant and held him till the officer came. The magistrate turned to the prisoner:

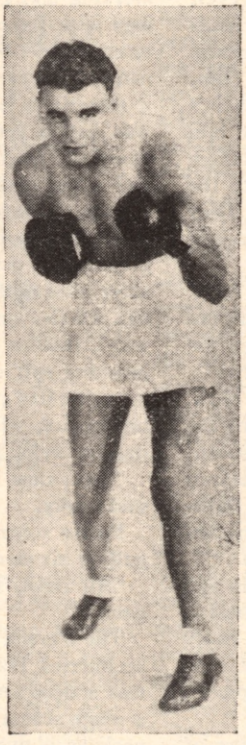
"Are you the Jim Hall who fought Bob Fitzsimmons in New Orleans?" he asked.

(Continued on page 42)

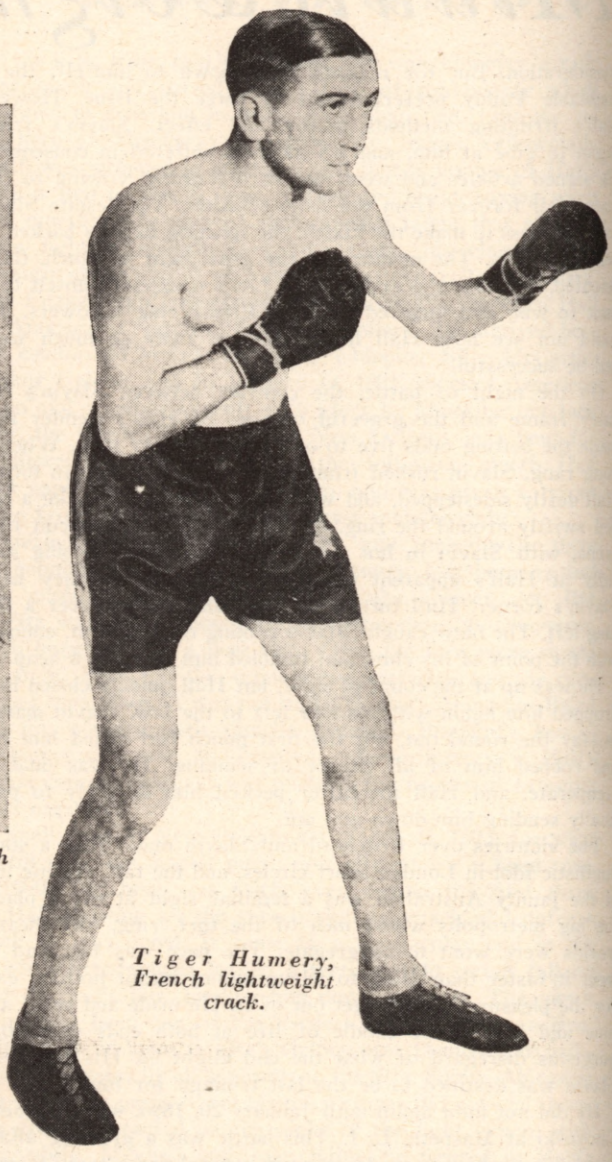
Foreigners in Spotlight



Maurice Griselle, heavyweight champion of France.

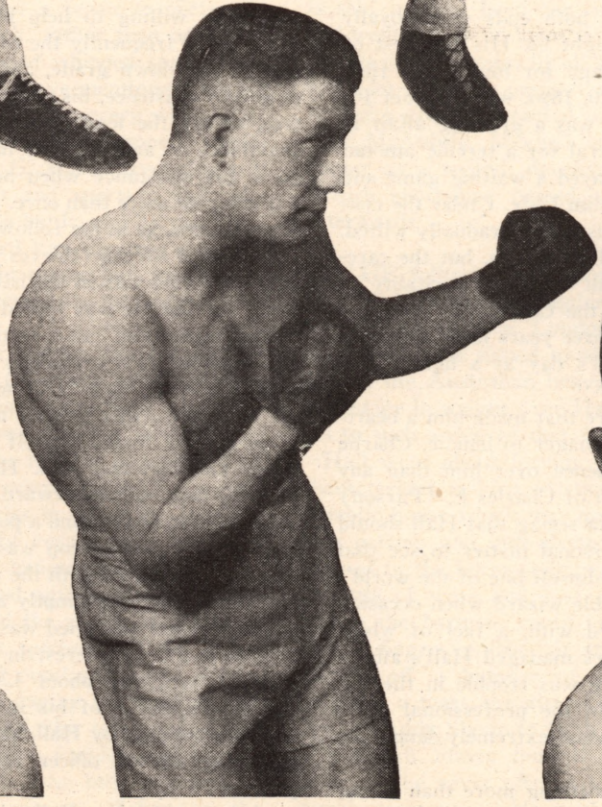


Laurie Stevens, South African lightweight star.

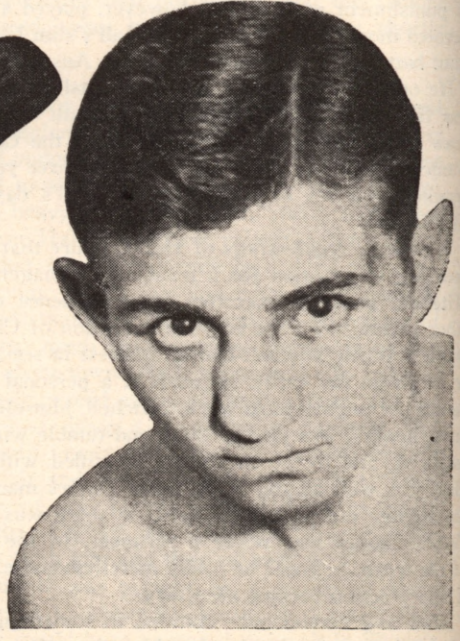


Tiger Humery, French lightweight crack.

Jimmy Walsh, slashing British featherweight.



Jock McAvoy, England's middleweight champion.



Poppy Decico, French bantam champion.

Soldier Bartfield's Great Record

(Continued from page 13)

was like a great many opening frames. We both fiddled around, feeling each other out, and I began to get hold of myself. In the second heat, after a few clinches, I saw an opening for a left hook and let fly with all I had. I never hit anyone a cleaner punch. Leonard was stung, ready to go.

"The crowd was up, roaring for me to finish the job. I started to go in, and then I thought of that pin, of Kilbane, of Ritchie, of Mitchell, of Welsh, and the rest. A lucky punch might nail me. I figured I'd better play safe, and I did, although now I'm positive that it wasn't necessary, that I missed the opportunity of my life. Of course, we both finished on our feet. The knowledge that Benny could punch simply had me buffaloed, just as Petrolle was buffaloed by McLarnin's record. Anyway, I saved the pin."

* * *

JAKE was twenty when he decided to become a professional fighter. At that time he was a welterweight. In his second year of fighting, he staged three ten- and one six-round, no-decision bouts with Kid Graves, who the following year became the welterweight champion of the world—at least was so recognized in some localities.

He made initial attempts at getting the 147-pound title in 1914, but lost to the Kid in ten rounds. Another very promising welterweight whom he fought was Jack Britton, who later was to succeed Kid Graves as the champion 147-pounder.

He won on a foul from "Italian Joe" Gans in 1915, lost to Mike Gibbons and Mike O'Dowd in ten rounds each. Probably 1917 was Jake's best year, although during it he won few decisions, the best of his bouts being in the no-decision field.

However, he battled with Ted (Kid) Lewis, "Italian Joe" Gans, Mike O'Dowd, Frank Carbone, Harry Greb, Marty Cross and Jack Britton. At least, they weren't able to knock him out. He fought three times with Ted (Kid) Lewis, three times with Harry Greb, three times with Jack McCarron and four times with Jack Britton, all no-decision bouts, and this sums up his record for 1918.

The "Soldier" mingled intimately with the high moguls of three divisions in 1919. Aside from beating Billy Papke, he fought a twelve-round draw with Battling Nelson, lost to Battling Ortega, Mike Gibbons, Augie Ratner, Benny Leonard and Mike O'Dowd.

Fitz the Playboy

(Continued from page 19)

of iron under 'is vest. 'E broke me bloomin' thumb.'

"I was a mark for the wisecracks of the gang after that and never again did I attempt to give a public demonstration of the solar plexus punch. I had learned my lesson and it took me almost six weeks to mend the thumb."

The first time that Bob Fitzsimmons ever met Buffalo Bill—the initial acquaintance of the two wonderful fighting men was boisterously ridiculous.

They happened to drop into the lobby of the old Hoffman House in New York, and mutual friends steered them towards each other. Before they could be introduced, however, a sinful sportsman managed to buttonhole Fitzsimmons. "Bob," he whispered, "we want you to meet Col. Cody—Buffalo Bill. But remember one thing, he is stone deaf, and you'll have to talk mighty loud to make him understand you!"

Bob promised to be properly vocal, and the sinner had just time to head off Col. Cody. He explained to the scout that the great fighter was lamentably hard of hearing, and Buffalo Bill promised to speak loud enough for all practical purposes. Then came the introduction. "Mr. Fitzsimmons," bellowed Buffalo Bill, in a voice that shook seven glasses off the bar, "I am glad to meet you! It's a pleasure to know the best fighting man of his weight in all the world."

"And I'm proud to know you, Colonel," roared Fitzsimmons, with so tremendous a tone that people flocked in from the outside and somebody called a cop. "I've blooming well 'eard hof you and your gryte deeds since I was a boy!"

"What's your choice of drinks?" thundered Buffalo Bill, while the barkeeper shrouded his ears in his hands.

"I'll 'ave a little Scotch, Colonel," blared Fitzsimmons. "Might I be so bold as to awsk, Colonel, 'ow you came to be deaf? A wound in one hof your battles, maybe?"

"Me? Deaf?" roared Buffalo Bill. "Why my hearing is perfect. Charlie So-and-So told me you were deaf!"

"And 'e told me you was 'ard of 'earing," whooped Ruby Robert. Then a great light dawned on them both and they turned with murder in their cold blue eyes. But the sinner was already two blocks away and proceeding with the utmost rapidity.

Why No Mexican Champions?

(Continued from page 17)

Mexican to flash over the fistic horizon is Emilio Martinez, a Denver light-heavy. Only two years out of the amateurs, Martinez has shown to advantage in battles with Gorilla Jones, Leroy Brown and George Manley. To all intents and purposes, Martinez is a diamond in the rough, but whether he can be polished to perfection remains to be seen.

However, in light of his predecessors' success, the odds are all against the youngster making the well-known grade. Still, there's an old saying that "it's a long road that never turns," and maybe it will fall to the young Denverite to succeed where so many of his countrymen have flivvered. Time alone will tell.

* * *

A LIST of other Mexicans who gained more or less fame in the mitt game, in addition to the ones mentioned above, include such warriors as: Rosy Rosales, Benny Chavez, Tillie "Kid" Herman, "Battling" Ortego, "Kid" Azteca, Babe Colima, Benny Cordova and Pete Garcia, Carlos Garcia, Bobby Garcia, Kid Azteca, Young Casanova, Chico Cisneros, Joe Conde and several others.

Azteca, today, is ranked as one of the foremost welterweight contenders. He is a tall, lanky youth, and hits with terrific force in either hand. He has fought successfully on the Pacific Coast, where he is an established attraction among the Mexican colony. Young Casanova is another who ranked highly in the bantamweight class but seems to be slowing up with increased weight. Cisneros is a pleasing club fighter, while Carlos Garcia was the first boy to whip Barney Ross in the pro ranks.

Bobby Garcia, about six years ago, was rated the toughest, sturdiest and most dangerous of the current featherweights at that time. Unfortunately for him this was around the time that Louis Kid Kaplan was fighting at the top of his form, otherwise Garcia would surely have been the champion then. When it comes to championship material, Bobby Garcia cannot be overlooked.

As I stated at the beginning of this article, not a single Mexican, unless you consider Shaw's claim to championship honors, has ever sat on one of boxing's golden thrones to date, but it stands to reason that the day is not far distant when one of the swarthy-skinned lads will reach the long-denied goal. And who will dispute that one of these descendants of the haughty Spanish Dons would make a colorful titleholder.

Saga of an Old K.O.

(Continued from page 20)

CHRISTNER was thirty years old when he started on his brave quest of dollars in the prize ring, and a powerful figure he proved to be. Many times beaten, it is true, but hardly ever disgraced in any way. He was thirty-eight just after last Christmas, and how long he will go on nobody can determine, certainly not he himself.

Suey Welch, who saw him first—or was the reverse true?—tells a lot of weird yarns about how he made his first acquaintance with this tremendous man of iron and rawhide. Suey never was impressed with his fistic ability as, indeed, no one else ever was in gymnasium workouts and stuff of that sort.

But when you got the old K.O. into a ring and you had the gloves tied on those tremendous wrists of his, it took a hardy man to lick him.

This old boy's record is liberally spotted with that fatal "L" and there's quite a fair spattering of the "K by," but we'll have to skip those and remember that probably it was Dempsey who softened him up for future opponents.

Hold that not against old K.O. of Akron, whose nickname seems so strangely associated with the spelling of his home town. Don't forget that this selfsame Mr. Dempsey softened many a one of them in just that same manner before he was brought up with a sharp jerk by one Mr. Tunney!

WILL BUY OR EXCHANGE

Old, rare boxing books or books out of print; Colors of famous old time fighters; any relics of old time fistic stars. Address, Nat Fleischer, The Ring, 825-8th Ave., N. Y. City, N. Y.

Glove Stars Turn Cannibal

(Continued from page 22)

Packey McFarland around Chicago and was, as well, a pretty fair sort of a lightweight himself, was handling Rodak in behalf of the Catholic Youth Organization, for which tremendous body Rodak had previously won three Golden Gloves titles among the featherweights.

Pat was making ready for the ring when there came a knock at the door. A smallish man stood there smiling in at Pat.

"Don't know me, eh?" spoke the stranger. "Well, you damn ol' redhead. I'd know you anywhere." Pat stared, puzzled, and admitted he was mystified.

"Last time I saw you was in Piccadilly Circus in London, just twenty-five years ago, and I found a twenty quid note you had just lost. Know me now?"

With a roar of welcome, Pat yelled: "What, Bert Keyes! You little scoundrel!"

And what a reunion that was after twenty-five years of many ups and downs on both sides! And because I was standing near, I heard the story of the acts of cannibalism in that Boston fight, and also a little yarn of how they had happened to meet in London, thousands of miles from home and among thousands of strangers.

* * *

IT was in 1910 and McFarland was on a European tour, incidental to which he was trying to make a match at the National Sporting Club in London with Freddie Welch, then British champion and a great card. Pat Kenneally was traveling with Packey and they decided they needed help. Bert Keyes had knocked a Briton named John Roberts out in a punch a short time before, and was over in Paris, where he had just fought a draw with a pretty tough bird named Darkey Haley.

Knowing that Bert knew the English ropes better than they did, and feeling friendly to him for no particular reason, they wired Keyes to join them in London at their expense. Keyes, having nothing better to do, recrossed the channel and sought the hotel where the Americans were stopping. There he was told that McFarland had gone up into the country but that Kenneally had left word he could be found in a certain "pub" (barroom to you, sir) in Piccadilly Circus.

Thither strolled the nattily dressed Keyes and into the pub. There a strange sight met his eyes. Seated at a table were four men, among them Freddie Welch and Pat Kenneally, in the heat of a noisy discussion.

"Ha, just in time to stop something that may be serious," ruminated Keyes as he drew closer. But he was too late. Pat reached across the table, seized Fred by his cravat and started to choke the British champion in true garroting fashion.

The table tipped over, glasses crashed to the floor and there was a tremendous hubbub. Peace was finally restored, the men separated and a porter dashed over to clean up the mess. Keyes stood silently at one side, but the porter, sweeping the floor, asked him if he wouldn't move a bit.

As he did so, Bert's foot kicked something. He glanced down and then reached for the object. He straightened it out and discovered it was "twenty quid," or an English banknote the equivalent of one hundred dollars in American money.

* * *

"WHAT'S the row?" demanded Keyes of the still infuriated Kenneally, meantime palming the banknote. Welch said nothing, trying to get his haberdashery back into presentable shape.

"Aw, I was buying 'em a lotta drinks and one of the bleeders lifted a twenty quid note off the table and tried to get away with it!" yelled Pat.

You see, true and fine son of Hibernia as Pat was and with inherited hatred of all that was British, Pat had been in London long enough to absorb quite a bit of the slang of the day. Just couldn't help it. And he glared with bitter eye at the famed British star whom he had just tried to choke.

"It's a bloody lie!" retorted Welch to Keyes, whom he didn't know. "He had some money but nobody took any!"

"Well, I'll settle the argument in a hurry," and Keyes grinned mightily. "Is this your dough, Pat? I just picked it up off the floor!"

Pat's good old Irish neck took on the color of the Burgundy he had been ordering and, without a word, he tossed the bill on the bar and ordered a round for the house!

And just twenty-five years later, out in Hollywood, at their first meeting since that exciting incident in London, Pat laid down a considerable smaller note and ordered another and much cheaper round in celebration of the reunion.

And it was a happy reunion, too, participated in by Jimmy Murphy, a one-time widely known pitcher at Notre Dame and Pat Kenneally's battery-mate, Pat being the catcher. Jimmy Murphy is manager now of the Los Angeles Soap Company and, up to the night in question, hadn't set eyes on Pat in over thirty years. It is worthy of note that both played on the same teams that had Bernard Sheil as a member, the latter now being a Catholic bishop in Chicago and most highly revered by his people—the man who instituted and pushed to tremendous success the wonderful Catholic Youth Organization.

Bert Keyes has done well at times around Hollywood, but never took on an ounce of weight after his fighting days were over. Quite to the contrary of his old opponent, Packey McFarland, whose portly 190 pounds makes him look more like an English landowner in Ireland than an ex-boxer of merit.

Bert will be forty-nine in March, two years older than Packey.

Jim Hall

(Continued from page 39)

Hall replied in the affirmative.

"Case dismissed," quoth the magistrate, frowning severely on the little pawnbroker. "You have proved yourself a liar, utterly unreliable and may be thankful that I don't have you committed on a charge of perjury!"

Shortly after this event Hall went to Colorado in an endeavor to regain his health, which was speedily breaking up. But the seeds of consumption had been too well sown in his constitution to allow of recuperation. He returned to Chicago early in 1912, a mere shadow of his once physically splendid self. He entered the County Hospital as a patient in the public ward.

While there, the late Larry Coffee, then sports editor of the Chicago *American*, who was also prominent in municipal politics, learned of his distress. Through Coffee's influence, Hall was provided with a private room and every comfort that he needed. He became a great favorite with the hospital force, for not even the shadow of approaching death could quell his high spirits, and his tales of wanderings and adventures in this and other lands made him a welcome companion. Hall was wont to assert that he cared nothing whether he lived or died, and maintained his reckless attitude to the last.

The Cook County morgue was located directly behind the hospital, and from that weird spot, Hall and a couple of attendants were in the habit of obtaining certain little perquisites, which helped largely in contributing to their personal pleasures. Whenever an unknown corpse was unclaimed, its clothing and general effects, if any, were hastily gathered together and turned over to Jim. The latter was allowed to go over town whenever he wished to do so, and to him fell the task of disposing of whatever trinkets and garments were thus obtained. At times the business was quite a thriving one, and Hall, haggard and worn, but ever jovial, yet managed to pursue his old course of "having a good time," regardless of what the future might hold.

* * *

HE drove a grisly bargain with a certain Dr. Rahde, a veteran surgeon, with whom he had scraped up an acquaintance. Rahde offered the expugilist the sum of $150 on the condition that Jim's skeleton should become the physician's property after the former's death. Jim cheerfully agreed, signed a contract to that effect and pocketed the money, which went the way of all funds that came into his possession. But Rahde got into the habit of visiting Jim too often and Hall objected. Hall nursed a very probable suspicion that the surgeon was playing a sort of vulture rôle and wanted to hurry along his demise. Therefore, he plotted against Rahde's peace of mind. He told the doctor he had made a bet with a friend who would not believe that he had sold his bones in advance. If the doc would fetch along the contract and let the friend see it, Jim would divide the winnings with him. Rahde did as requested, produced the paper, and handed the document to Hall. The latter calmly tore the paper into fragments, and tossed the pieces out of a window! The defrauded doctor protested vigorously, received a scientific punch in the eye for consolation, and was roughly ejected from the barroom, where the scene took place, by Jim's faithful attendants.

To Patsy Callahan of baseball fame is due the credit of saving Hall from burial in the Potter's Field. Callahan took Jim to Steven's Point, Wisconsin, where the expugilist passed the last few months of his life amid pleasant surroundings. There Australia's former middleweight champion passed away, care-free and debonair to the end, and was interred at Neenah, Wis., March, 1913.

From Boxer to Wrestler

(Continued from page 30)

to finance the young chaps. He sent them down to train with the late Jimmy De Forest, who had an extensive physical establishment at Long Branch.

Jimmy—a veteran at the game, who had achieved the peak through having conditioned Dempsey, at Toledo, for his great victory over Jess Willard for the title—liked these two strapping, slashing young sprouts, one a college graduate, both thoroughly seasoned and hardened pro football players.

Now, be it known, there was mischief in that deceptive De Forest complex. He liked his kid boxers and showed them much about this thing that some one once facetiously called the art of self-suspense. So one Sunday there came a considerable throng of loafers and other Sunday tourists out to the De Forest ménage to see what they might, drink what they found or carried, and eat of the generous if not elaborate De Forest provender.

And who was he, ruminated Jimmy De Forest, that he should be at all uppish and not provide, in return for their generous attendance and patronage, some sort of entertainment, a real special for his guests, many of whom had come from a considerable distance? Just the simple matter of a few gymnasium training bouts was stale stuff, Jimmy bethought himself, so why not try something out of the ordinary, something unusual, that would send the boys and girls back to the city babbling and buzzing and telling all their friends the next day what a dam-fine place was De Forest's wherein to spend a Sunday afternoon?

Ah, ha! thought Jimmy, continuing his mischievous trend, why not put 'em on in the ring and see whether Sammy Stein could whip Cy Williams, or the other way about, or what might happen if and when they hooked up together? This was something that had not been done so far in the training and coaching stage. Ah, why not, indeed, before this large and enthusiastic gathering? It had to be done some time and delays might be dangerous and—awful thought—they might try it some afternoon in private and with no one to witness it. Horrors! that would never do.

So Jimmy, with a few well-chosen and soft-spoken words, asked Sammy on one side of the training quarters, if he would oblige with about three rounds of fancy boxing. Then to the other side of the quarters, where Cy was lolling in the shade, with the same request. Both boys liked Jimmy and were quite willing to accommodate him, neither having any idea what an eventful moment that was going to be in their intimately interwoven lives.

"Sure thing!" both said eagerly.

* * *

IT was a bit surprising to each, after they had stripped and donned the ring habiliments, to step out there and note that they were to box together. This eventuality neither had actually dodged, yet neither had ever sought, perhaps had never thought of such a thing. But what more natural, each probably figured. They had played football for and against, had scuffled and tugged around in many a playful wrestling test, had eaten and slept together, knew the same girls, had the same tastes in general. So why not a little tilt with the gloves?

But let's have Sammy tell us the brief story of what happened (as he heard it afterwards) out there in that sunny ring by the babbling waves of the Sound and amid the excited shouts of astonished excitement from the throng at that impromptu arena:

"Last thing I remember was putting up my hands in a rather nonchalant way, thinking of course it was to be merely a mild, friendly bout. But Cy seemed suddenly possessed of the very devil. He tore into me and then I had a hazy remembrance of hearing a bell. Then they were fanning me and sousing water over my head in the corner.

"They tell me we went out again for a second round, Cy being warned not to be so rough. But the same thing happened again, with Cy knocking me hither and yon, punching me unmercifully, and finally he flattened me and stood over me like a maniac! Can you fancy that, and we the best of pals?"

That was all the boxing that Sammy wanted.

"Let Cy have it if he wants it," he told De Forest the next day. "He's got some killer in him and I haven't. I ain't mad at nobody. I'll stick to football."

Cy's fondness for Sammy overcame him soon as he had cooled off.

"If Sammy's through with boxing then so am I," and together they packed their belongings and went back to New York.

Sammy had some previous experience. He had helped train Phil Scott, English boxer, for some of his American battles and liked him immensely. He had six actual ring battles, all of six rounds, in and around New York—winning them all. But he disliked the game. Football was his original love. Now it's wrestling—when his infected eyes get better.

Sammy's only mark of ring or field is a flattened nose. Tiny Roebuck, huge Indian wrestler, gave him that in a wrestling bout—just a playful little right-hander full on the beezer!

Sammy's dad once told him he'd disown him if he ever took up that terrible wrestling game as a profession. That's all forgotten now.

One night Sammy was sleeping calmly at two a. m. and the phone rang. It was Cy Williams, who had been in Florida for four months looking for a job.

"Why couldn't you wait till morning before ringing me?" asked Sammy angrily.

"Just wanted to tell you that Jack Curley has sent for me," was the reply.

"That's funny," retorted Sammy, "I've got an engagement with him at two this afternoon."

Together they went to Curley's office. No need to tell what happened. They've both been wrestlers ever since.

Wrestling's Tough Guy

(Continued from page 29)

stand, or rather of his flop. "All wrestlers must get plenty of sleep and, when I got into Los Angeles, the place suited me exactly for a fine snooze. And did I get it! Boy, oh, boy! Twelve, fourteen hours at a stretch and nobody to disturb me! For four years I seldom was in a town for more than twenty-four hours at a stretch. Now I sometimes stay in bed that long. What a vacation I've had! It may be a long time before I can afford another one, so run along, pal, I'm going back to the hay right now!"

George isn't the huge eater one would expect after taking a look at that huge engine of his, which certainly must require a lot of fueling. But while George never takes on a big cargo at any one sitting, he's always ready for knife, fork and napkin, hour in and hour out. It's a snack with George, more than a full meal. He likes to distribute his patronage from one joint to another.

And his toughest experience in the game was the time he almost went mad with that eye trouble at one time quite common—in fact, it was an epidemic—among the stars of the day. It came from infected mats and nearly put a lot of them out of business completely. George figured at one time that death could be the only relief he ever would get. All over it now and tremendously cheerful—just ain't mad at nobody.

* * *

THOUGH he never saw Frank Gotch, Zaharias has an idea, from what the old-timers who wrestled him have explained, that Jim Londos is just as good an all-round man as was the famous Iowa farmer. "There are so many great wrestlers today that it doesn't seem fair always to hold one man up as the greatest of them all," opines the pleasant-faced Colorado product.

"And that's another of the wonderfully interesting things about this game," he continued. "There are always new men coming up that I haven't seen and that gives a man a zest and an appetite for the contests that nothing else could. How would I rate them, the good ones, you mean? Oh, I couldn't do that. Londos, of course, is champion, and Ed Lewis was simply tremendous. Jim Browning is very, very good. So are Everett Marshall and Don George and Ernie Dusek and Jim McMillen and Dick Shikat and a dozen others. Really a wonderful game, don't you think?

George doesn't smoke; likes a schoppen ot good wine now and then, but that's about the extent of his dissipation. Many years ago—it wasn't so long, at that, because George is only twenty-five now—his father exploited the horrors of smoking and threatened the son with all sorts of punishment if he ever caught him indulging. So one day, out of sheer curiosity—it's the same the world over—George went and got himself a big five-center and proceeded to try it out.

He was so sick for five days that he nearly died. That was quite enough.

WANTED . . .

Have you any old-time fight or other sports pictures which were given away years ago with cigarettes? If so, get in touch with

NAT FLEISCHER, The "Ring" Editor
Madison Square Garden Arcade, N. Y. City

The Way of a Man

(Continued from page 25)

thought in his mind as he squeezed.

This time they went to the mat, but he was careless and Clems slipped on a body scissors and pulled his head free. Clems' scissors was high and Jim quickly tied up his foot. Wrapping his great hand about the toes, he twisted until his foe writhed in real pain and finally rolled to the ropes as he always did when in desperate trouble.

* * *

JIM got to his feet and went to ring center, but Clems stayed by the ropes, pacing up and down like a caged animal. Jim's attitude seemed to bother him. At one moment, his attention seemed miles away and at the next, he was wrestling like a demon.

Suddenly Clems darted in and locked arms, only to rock Jim's head with elbow blows and scamper back to the ropes.

Again Jim snapped out of his lethargy. Enraged, blood flowing, he charged, and narrowly missed being hoisted from the ring as his foe bent, shooting an arm for his crotch.

The referee broke them and they returned to tugging until Jim saw his chance and returned Clems' forearm blows, only to have his arm trapped between his opponent's legs in a torturous scissors.

Sickening pain filled him as he tried to roll into the ropes, only to be slammed back again and again. Nearly exhausted, he slid outside and, as the referee broke the hold, he looked into the faces below. A girl's face, Jane's face, bloodless, streaked with tears, stood out from the rest.

The referee was counting, had reached five.

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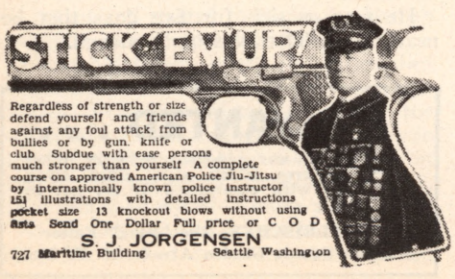
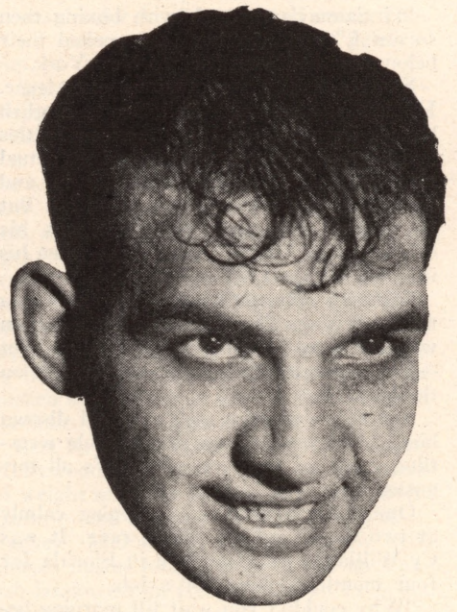


Walter Neusel, German fighter whose defeat of Jack Peterson of England places him back in the heavyweight picture.

"SOMETHING'S wrong. She's not acting," Jim reasoned. "Have I slipped again?"

His arm felt numb as he got to his feet and saw Clems motioning him to come in. He took a step forward, then hesitated.



Ray Impellitiere, whose status as a fit opponent for Primo Carnera caused the fireworks to fly between the New York Boxing Commission and the Garden.

Let Clems see someone else try his pacing game. He, Jim, had something to figure out.

When he began to pace, the crowd laughed. After waiting in vain, Clems, his vanity smarting, leaped on Jim and pulled him off the ropes with a reverse headlock and tossed him to the mat.

Across the ring, Jim scrambled to his feet and, as Clems came in, Jim slipped a sinewy arm into his crotch and set a booming reverse of his, following it up by catching Clems' arm between his powerful legs in a figure-four scissors. He set it violently and slammed his foe mercilessly back each time he attempted to rise. A strange savagery possessed him as he twisted his own arm for greater leverage and tightened his legs. Clems squirmed for the ropes but Jim pulled him back and turned on more pressure. There was reason for this business now.

When they were against the ropes, Jim broke quickly, and leaping in again, set the same hold on the same right arm. After they broke, Jim flipped Clems over with a crashing flying mare.

He landed near the ropes and Jim overeagerly plunged in. Clems, gathering his giant strength, lifted Jim and threw him clear across the ring. Then, standing over him as he rose, he cracked blows to the head and flipped Jim over again.

Jim reeled into the ropes nearly done, but Clems, forgetting the example he had set, dashed in for the kill.

Collecting his wits, Jim ducked Clems' broad back and, as Clems missed, his mighty body went through the ropes and out of the ring. He fell to the floor on his weakened right arm.

* * *

THE referee pushed Jim aside and began counting. Clems climbed slowly through the ropes and backed away, holding his weakened arm, as big Jim moved in on him like a crouching panther.

Jim caught him, but Clems jerked aside as Jim reached for the arm, and started back. Deftly, Jim tripped him, and when they fell, trapped the arm and crushed his head and chest beneath the weight of his heaving mid-section, as Clems twisted fiercely.

"Make a boob of me, will you?" he gritted.

Clems writhed in pain.

"Stop him," he gasped. "Give him the match."

Three minutes later, big Jim Ranes, still panting, sprang down beside Jane Smith.

"Clear away, please," he begged of his handlers and, with an arm about Jane Smith, hurried up the aisle.

In the comparative quiet of the dressing room, he took her face between his strong, trembling hands.

"Lord, Jane, I'm not worth crying over," he choked. "I guess I don't get the whole thing even yet, but I hope I've squared myself for this afternoon."

"If you'll promise me safety, I'd like to protect my sister," said Rod's voice behind him.

"Sister—Smith?" Jim gasped and had to join in their laugh.

"Name assumed because I thought it would have a better effect," chuckled Rod. "And it almost wrecked things."

Jim dropped a sinewy arm about his shoulders.

"You've every right to demand an apology," he said. "You haven't, but I give it. Humbly."

"I believe I observed you apologizing as I came in, Woman Hater," Rod observed.

Jim drew Jane firmly within his arms.

"I did my hating at the wrong time," he admitted. "But I could learn better, Jane, if you'd agree to come into the partnership. Do you?"

"I do," she replied as best she could.

From Milo to Londos

(Continued from page 27)

business, but like most athletes, the lure of the sport was too great and he returned to America to attempt to regain his lost laurels. For a time Stanislaus engaged strictly in training and then when he thought he had properly conditioned himself to meet the new, youthful, powerfully built fellows who had been taking up the sport, he placed himself in the hands of Emil Klank, who had handled Frank Gotch, and challenged for the title.

On the night of the Browning-Stecher bout, Stan accepted Hans Steinke as an opponent to prove his right to a titular shot, and the bout, a twenty-minute limit affair, ended in a draw. It lacked the action that was expected from two such contenders and, as a result, Zbyszko lost considerable ground in his claim for a mill with Stecher.

It was then, when Zbyszko found himself unable to get a match for the crown, that he decided to embark on a trip to India to tackle the greatest wrestler since the days of Gotch and Hackenschmidt, Gama, the Tiger of the Punjab. With the consent of the Maharajah, the match was arranged for January 31, to be staged at Paddulo, that being the first time that permission was granted to an Indian star to meet a European star on native territory. Zbyszko and Klank sailed on the *Bankhead* for Marseilles, and from there they embarked again for India. Zbyszko received $8,000 and round-trip tickets for himself and Klank and, as was told in the story of Zbyszko's career, he met with defeat in one minute. It was the shortest bout between topnotchers ever recorded.

During the latter part of the year, Stecher found that worthy opponents for a championship contest were few, and as a result he engaged in a number of matches that were billed as titular affairs, but in which the competition was exceedingly weak. On December 2 he tackled Giovanni Raicevich of Italy at the Arena of Philadelphia and pinned the Italian's shoulders with a body and scissors hold in 29 minutes and 57 seconds and three days later, at the St. Nicholas Club of New York City, he tossed Jack Ganson, the Lithuanian grappler of San Francisco, in 42 minutes and 25 seconds. The champion retained his crown by pinning his adversary's shoulders to the mat with a full body scissors and body hold after 42 minutes and 24 seconds of struggling.

Ganson had made such a good showing in the two mat bouts in which he had appeared, following his unheralded arrival in New York City after which he had defeated Calza and Charley Hanson, that the fans had expected a hard tussle when he clashed with Stecher. Few, however, were prepared to see the West Coast contender go for nearly three-quarters of an hour with the Nebraska Giant and they were accordingly surprised and pleased with the entertainment. It was a good exhibition of skill and strength on the part of both men.

Stecher's crown could not be said, at any time in the bout, to have been seriously threatened, but the Scissors King was hard pressed. His Coast adversary was fast and showed a knowledge of the finer points of the game. In particular, he displayed a headlock that would have done justice to Strangler Lewis.

Thus Stecher, the only wrestler whose claim to championship honors gained general official recognition, wound up the year with a perfect slate and the retention of his crown.

[*Next installment: How Lewis Regained the World Title.*]

Lasky Answers Baer

(Continued from page 7)

he knows that such leaders have earned the right to meet him in a bout of championship duration with the title at stake, and not a clowning match? Such contests, not the four-rounders, are going to bring boxing back where it belongs.

There are some critics who insist that Max Baer is a second John L. Sullivan and a Jack Dempsey combined. They also assert that he is the hardest puncher who has appeared on the horizon since the great Jack Johnson and Jim Jeffries were in the limelight. If that is the case, then why didn't he keep Carnera on the floor with so many free shots at his command? That bout with Carnera proved to me that Baer is an overrated puncher. He is game to the core, cannot be easily hurt, but a good, scientific boxer who also carries any kind of a punch can beat him. I figure myself in that class.

* * *

BAER is not of the rushing type, nor is he a clever boxer. He is what one would term a "fighter in spurts." That type is a mark for any clever boxer. Max Schmeling proved that, even though he was stopped by what I call a lucky punch. He had all the better of the milling up to the time he was defeated, and in the Carnera fight, those who attended that affair, and those who witnessed the pictures, know full well that the Italian outboxed Max and had a safe margin in points up to the time the referee stopped the fight.

That again proves that a good, scientific boxer like myself can whip Baer. He wouldn't be able to get to my chin or body as he did to Carnera. Baer knows that, also, and so does Hamas, and that is why both are stalling and refusing to pit their boxing skill and punching ability against mine.

If Baer, as the champion, refuses to meet me in a fifteen- or twenty-round titular bout, what is the answer? Surely half a million fight fans cannot be wrong, and I have at least that number in my favor when it comes to discussing the legitimate challenger. I'll meet all other challengers if they will agree, and the survivor would be the logical opponent for Max. Why do the others hesitate?

I hope and wish that, in the near future, I shall be able to prove what I can do in a championship fight. My goal is set. I'm going after the title and I'll win it when I get my chance. Baer is a man of many words, a fistic clown who is not doing the sport any good. Action speaks louder than words. The fans want action—I want action. Will Baer give it to us? Will Hamas or Carnera give it to me? I'll promise that, if I get the chance at Max, and win the title you'll find me an active and real champion.

Getting Acquainted

(Continued from page 36)

noisseurs of wrestling know the art as no other nation does.

For centuries it has been the People of Mikado's favorite sport; so much so, in fact, that our modern gladiators have copied their methods and added them to their repertoire. No better representative of the art could have been chosen than Joe Parelli. He is a virtual jack-in-the-box of the mat. He is a comedian-extraordinary when comedy is needed, a villain when his opponents wish to play rough, or a finished past master of the art of the ancients. Joe claimed the light-heavyweight championship of the world on two different occasions.

* * *

PARELLI is a character. On the mat he seems to be able to literally pick up his body and throw it wherever he chooses. No other matman quite gives this impression; it isn't a rough-and-tumble exhibition of the acrobat at work, but something difficult to describe unless you have seen the Italian champion in action. It is as if he picked up his own body, as one might a ball, and threw it at his opponent.

Joe found it somewhat difficult to tear himself away from the pleasant surroundings of Hawaii, where the genial people of the Dream Islands of the Pacific claimed him as one of their own. But the irresistible call to the championship, a call which no real athlete can fail to answer, brought him back to the wars of grueling competition. His long stay in the Islands, constant outdoor exercise, riding the surf at Waikiki Beach, a sport in which Joe has become an expert, has conditioned him as no gymnasium work could have done.

Like some of his predecessors, notably Dr. Roller and Stanislaus Zbyszko, Joe likes to wrestle barefooted.

* * *

OF all the light-heavyweight wrestlers, Joe Parelli stands in a class by himself. He loves the game and his heart is wrapped up in it. He dreams and thinks wrestling, and is ever devising new tricks and means of defeating an opponent. A real son of Italy, he is always gay and happy. He has a ready smile for everybody he meets, but at heart he is the born villain of the mat. It is strange that so pleasant a personality could develop into a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde within a few moments, for once Joe is on the mat, even his best friend would fail to recognize in the lithe, wiry Italian, raring to tear and rip, the genial personality that is his outside of his professional work.

Yet despite his born desire to inflict punishment on his foes, Joe is a fair wrestler in every sense of the word. He doesn't believe in foul tactics, but does believe in, and is ready to grab, every opportunity which presents itself to his quick mind, and which may give him victory.

Nat Fleischer Says

(Continued from page 6)

championship against the man from whom he won it—Tony Canzoneri. That is the one fight which stands out as the leader in the lightweight division and should be a sure financial success.

Ross will undoubtedly get another chance at McLarnin's crown this summer in New York, where another big gate will enrich him. Both he and McLarnin are popular and have a huge following.

In his fight with Klick, who previously had received a severe shellacking from Canzoneri, Ross proved the master, but not by the margin it had been expected. Klick was game to the core, and gave Barney far more than he had bargained for. Ross had the better of the timing and of the hitting, although he failed to show up nearly as well as he did against Canzoneri in the two bouts he had with Tony.

Barney kept up a rapid fire of lefts and rights to the body, and a smashing right to the jaw in the second round sent Klick to the canvas. He took the count of nine, and thereafter made a good fight of it. Klick hurt Barney in the ninth when he connected with a right to the champ's jaw after Barney had missed a straight left. It shook Barney badly.

As for the exhibition between Max Baer and Jimmy Maloney, the less said about it the better. The heavyweight king, as in most of his previous affairs, made a burlesque out of it, and the crowd didn't take any too kindly to his work.

* * *

BUDDY BAER continues to bowl 'em over. The big brother of the world's champion, during the last month, disposed of three opponents, all in a jiffy. First, he took Jack O'Dowd into camp in Detroit in the second round, then at Tampa he stopped Marty Hogan in thirty-one seconds of the first round, and on the Ross-Klick card, he knocked out Tommy Davenport after flooring him four times in the first round. Buddy had a weight advantage of forty pounds on Tommy.

While Buddy is rolling up a record of knockouts, he isn't doing himself much good because he is being brought along only on set-ups and push-overs. He is going through the same procedure as did Carnera for the first two years of his American campaign, so that, until he faces his first real test, there will be no way of judging his real ability. Buddy looks like a comer.

* * *

FROM the sublime to the ridiculous—that tells the story of the most recent action of the New York State Boxing Commission in re its rules pertaining to overweight matches. The board, in its eagerness to aid the sport, adopted the following:

"All boxing championships must be at fifteen rounds. It will be permitted, however, that a heavyweight champion may engage in a lesser number of rounds than fifteen, when his championship will not be at stake, provided that he conforms to the rules of Section 7 of the New York State Commission."

This rule stipulates that the champion must defend his title at least once every six months, provided there is an outstanding, suitable opponent.

By adopting the new rule, the commission opened itself to ridicule by giving to a heavyweight champion the same privileges it will give to the title-holder in the lower class who enters into an agreement for an over-the-weight match, in that a heavyweight champion is at the top of the highest division in boxing and therefore every time he fights to a decision, he must automatically risk his crown. Thus, under the new ruling, as stipulated by the commission, if Baer is granted permission to appear in a bout of less than fifteen rounds in New York, that bout will be listed as a non-championship affair and therefore, if Baer is knocked out, is so badly injured that he finds it necessary to quit before the end of the fight, or loses the decision, he would still be the champion!

That may be the case so far as New York is concerned, but I'll wager everything I possess against a toothpick that, if Baer were knocked out in New York in such a bout, or lost the decision, or lost on a foul, he would automatically lose his status as a title-holder. Not a state in the Union where boxing is staged, not a country where the sport flourishes, would recognize that most silly ruling of the New York Board.

I repeat here what I said in the past issue: Every time a heavyweight title-holder enters the ring in a bout which is not an exhibition, he risks his crown. Especially so, when he appears in a state where exhibitions are banned and where decisions must be rendered.

Less rules, Messrs. Commissioners. Let's have more common sense—the kind that has been abandoned by our honorable gentlemen since the resignation of Jim Farley and the death of that noblest Roman of all—William Muldoon. The New York Commission could have aided boxing by granting permission to Baer to engage in four-rounders against ordinary fighters to a decision, as he had consented to do, in which case Baer's title would have been far better protected than in a ten-round bout listed as a non-championship, in which Max stands a far greater chance of being stopped or being outpointed and, if that occurs, we will let the commission LAUGH THAT ONE OFF.

The LAST LAUGH will be on Baer for being the sucker in permitting himself to be inveigled into accepting such a match. The International Federation of Boxing, the British Board of Boxing Control and every authorized agency of boxing would stamp Baer's conqueror as the Heavyweight Champion of the World, notwithstanding the edict of the New York Commission.

Think that over, Mr. Baer, before you play the part of a sap in accepting such a match against capable talent.

* * *

BILL BROWN, New York State Boxing Commissioner, has asked me to inform our readers that he had not at any time called Kingfish Levinsky "a round-heeled bum" when referring to his knockout at the hands of Max Baer. It will be recalled that in my editorial I said:

"If the statement attributed to Commissioner Brown by Jack Miley of the New York *Daily News* is correct, then Bill Brown refers in rather harsh words to Levinsky."

I am extremely glad to note that Bill Brown takes issue with the person who so quoted him. The Commissioner, in a statement to me, said:

"That statement of Miley's is a slap at my intelligence. I never said it and have more sense than so to designate any fighter. I am 100 per cent for boxing and have always and still continue to help the sport, and such a statement attributed to me holds me up to ridicule."

ONTARIO, CANADA, NEWS

By G. A. M. TUTTY

EDDIE CARROLL, Ottawa lightweight, was kayoed by LeRoy Williams in the second round in a bout in Chicago, Ill.

Charles G. Macdonald, who is mentor for Lou Keiswetter, Moose Jaw heavy, is the American representative of the writer's string of boys: "Irish" Jimmie Boyne, "Butcher Boy" Macdonald, Young Eddie Williams.

The Elm Grove A.A.C. bouts last month were good, but the crowd seems to be dropping off at amateur shows. "Spider" Armstrong took the American A. U. fly champion, Tom Berry, easily. The Yack brothers, Luftspring, G. Bland, Greb, Canzano and M. Glionna all won their set-to's.

Canadian titles vacant at present include welter, middle and heavy classes. Elimination tournaments in Toronto and Vancouver are being staged to determine a welter king.

The bouts staged by the Victoria A. C. are not drawing the crowds and are staged weeks apart. Fans lose interest thereby, and some of the boys are far from being drawing cards. Boxing fans today like action and K.O.'s, and clever, light-hitting boxers are not crowd-pleasers today.

All mailed letters carrying stamped, addressed envelopes are answered immediately; if your letter is not answered, you have forgotten the stamp.

In the main go of the Victoria A. C.'s star card at Massey Hall, Toronto, Frankie Genovese won a hard-fought battle over Tommy Bland, Canadian lightweight champion, in the elimination welterweight title series, and next meets "Irish" Jimmie Boyne, Maritime and state of Maine welter titlist.

"Irish" Jimmie Boyne won his sixteenth victory and twelfth K.O. over Al Traino, Rochester welter star, in the fifth round. Max Kadin was T.K.O.'d in the fourth round by Mickey Regan, Rochester, N. Y.; Vince Glionna took the nod over John Pelino, Rochester; George Platt won over Tony Orlando, Rochester.

The Classic A. C. held its amateur show at Massey Hall but was not so well patronized by the fans. Poor decisions marred a good card. Bill Hadfield easily beat Dave Yack, but Yack received the decision. Elliott Young, Scanlon, Parasini, Greb, Glionna, Bellback, Armstrong, D. Yack and Hutchinson were declared winners in an all-Ontario card. Boxing loses patronage because of the raw decisions in Toronto on the cards presented of late.

Frankie Wolfram lost to "Young" Rightmire, although he's without doubt the leading Canadian bantam and should be rated so.

Rumor has it that Ray Cook, Canadian feather champion, has about retired owing to managerial trouble. Too bad. Ray was a mighty likely looking boy, showed real class and could have been near the top.

THE RING is on sale at most bookstores throughout Ontario, so read the world's greatest and cleanest magazine every month.

"Butcher Boy" Macdonald, Maritime feather and bantam champion, has joined the writer's stable and will shine against any Upper Canadian at his weight.

Ben Stockley's Premier A. C. picked a very cold night for their show, drawing a poor crowd, but Stockley's shows are always good. He knows the game from A to Z and is the original maestro of amateur shows in Toronto.

IN THE POST BAG: *C. Glenn, Minto, N. B.*—I am sorry but am too far away from your section to help you now. *"Young" E. E. Williams*—Doing all I can for you; wait. *Phil Kelly, New York*—Tournament postponed again. Returning clippings. *A. Bundy, Oakland, Cal.*—Will keep you in mind. Nothing at present to offer.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Jack Douglas, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Can a referee in wrestling disqualify a wrestler without first gaining the consent of the judges? Where can I obtain the wrestling rules?

A.—Yes—Under the rules the referee is the sole judge when disqualification is concerned, either in boxing or in wrestling. The rules are in the back of my book, "How to Referee and to Judge a Fight and Wrestling."

Freddie Miller, Los Angeles, Cal.

Q.—Who was the first middleweight champion after Ketchel's death. The record books list Al McCoy as the first, but if Chip wasn't the title-holder, how come that McCoy won the title? Did Papke's losses to Cyclone Thompson, Bob Moha and Frank Mantell, have any effect on the title? How about Darcy's claim?

A.—When Ketchel was shot, Papke claimed the title and was recognized as champion because of his fine record. Then Papke was defeated by Thompson in twenty rounds at Sydney, Australia, and, as Thompson was at the weight and Papke was not, the title changed hands. This was one of the few fights on record where an over-the-weight bout was arranged in which the challenger came in below the weight limit and carried off the title. Papke protested, but without avail.

Then Thompson and Papke outgrew the class in 1912 and the title again was in abeyance. It was at that time that Jimmy Clabby (who recently died in poverty), Frank Klaus, Eddie McGoorty, Jack Dillon and George Chip, went after the crown. Of the lot, only Clabby and Chip seemed to have the best chance. Chip twice knocked out Klaus and as a result was recognized as the champion, and McCoy stopped Chip in one round and gained his claim by that. Darcy was only the Australian champion.

Q.—Do you believe that by studying your book, "How to Second and Manage a Fighter," and by watching those in charge of fighters at the various gymnasiums, I could absorb enough knowledge of the game to handle a boxer?

A.—Yes. That's the way to do the trick.

Dan Tucker, New York City

Q.—I am five feet 2½ inches and 13 years old. I love boxing and want to learn. What books can I get to help me?

A.—Get Nat Fleischer's "Universal Boxing Course." That is the best on the market. You can also get "Training for Boxers and How to Box" from his office in Madison Square Garden, but the course is the best.

Tom Allington, Belleville, N. J.

Q.—Would you recommend the Atlas and Jowett courses? How are the home gym exercisers of the Hercules and Hendrickson concerns?

A.—Yes. Both are excellent. The home exercisers are fine. Get them.

Edward T. Lyons, Lewistown, Pa.

Q.—Where can I obtain old-time and present-day fight photos?

A.—From the Ring Book Shop. We have 16,000 for your choice.

George Hull, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

Q.—I am only thirteen years old and am not interested in boxing but am very much interested in wrestling. I have read much of the bar-bell courses and would like to know from you if you would advise me to take it. Everyone tells me than when one is wrestling, he should train with the bar-bells.

A.—Yes, if you are training for wrestling, bar-bell work is good for you, but not at your age. You are too young and will ruin your health through a severe strain. Wait until you are sixteen.

Ed Lecore, Lakewood, Minn.

Q.—Where can I locate Benny Ross?

A.—Write to his manager, Hugh Shannon, 163 Norfolk Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

Q.—What was Slattery's age when he was recognized as light-heavyweight king by the N.B.A.?

A.—Twenty-two years.

Q.—Who in your opinion was the cleverest fighter of modern times?

A.—Jim Corbett, known as the Father of Modern Scientific Boxing.

A.—Who was the smallest heavyweight champion?

A.—Of modern times—Tommy Burns.

Charles ———, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—I am twenty-three years old and am in the junior year of a mid-western college. I am an athlete, but am stunted in growth and I know that this is due to self-abuse. I have practiced that ever since I was a kid of ten and try as I do, I cannot get away from the foul practice even now. I am beginning to find that my tennis and my football, in both of which sports I am exceeding good, have fallen off recently and I attribute that to too much masturbation. Please tell me how I can overcome it. If I get your book on "Height Increase," can I gain three inches in two years and will the exercises help me to stop my practice?

A.—I'm mighty sorry for you. Your case is similar to hundreds of others, In fact, I have in my desk right now eleven letters I received in the past three days asking for similar advice, and it is for that reason that I have decided to print your letter. Too bad that mothers and fathers don't teach their boys about sex at an age when the lads will absorb same and protect themselves accordingly. My advice to you is to sleep with open windows. Get plenty of fresh air. Don't wear any silk undergarments, nor rough garments that will irritate you. Don't use too much covering when going to bed—just enough to feel comfortable. Make it your business to become acquainted with charming young girls whose company you will enjoy and go out to dances and other normal entertainment. Treat these girls just as you would treat your own sister and soon you'll forget your practice.

George Black, Dublin, Ireland

Q.—Is Jack Dempsey going to manage Jack Doyle?

A.—So his American manager says.

Q.—How can knock-knees and flat feet be cured?

A.—Knock-knees can be cured by wearing braces. See your doctor. Exercises for flat feet will help you. When walking, bring your toes inward and arch the soles. Of course, this places you in an awkward walking position, but you practice it as often as possible. Also there is an arch protector you can get from your medical advisor. Flat feet are caused by fallen arches. When opportunity presents itself, as often during the day as possible, rise on your toes, press hard against the toes. That is another good exercise.

Charles Klein, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—I am 18 years old, 5 feet 10 inches and weigh 162 pounds. Will I be a heavyweight? Will your book, "How to Increase your Height" help?

A.—Yes, you will be a heavyweight. Yes, it will. It also will help you very much in your boxing work because all the exercises are the kind that men like Ross, McLarnin, Canzoneri, Dempsey, Baer and Schmeling usually do in their calesthenic drills, with some additional stretching exercises. The book is good for all athletes even if they don't need any extra height.

Elmer Stone, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Was the Sailor Burke-Willie Lewis fight, in New York, the only one in which a double knockout had taken place since the Marquis of Queensberry Rules went into effect?

A.—No, there have been a number of such cases, in some of which, as in the above named, one of the fighters won the battle by getting up before the other, and in others, where both were unconscious and the bout was called a draw. Offhand, I can recall the following:

The Burke-Lewis match in New York, in which both were kayoed in the third round and had not the bell sounded ending the session, both would have been counted out. The bell saved the battlers and in the sixth, Lewis landed the haymaker on the sailor for the second time, this time for keeps.

On April 23, 1910, Young Dutch and Young Betts clashed at the Brooklyn Beach A.C., and each landed a right swing to the jaw simultaneously and both dropped to the floor. They were counted out and the referee, halting at the count of ten, ordered the seconds to carry the men to their respective corners. Both were unconscious for more than two minutes.

April 3, 1896, Ed Hagen and George Skulky fought in Chicago and in the sixteenth round, a left swing to the jaw by one and a right swing by the other, landed at the same time and each went out. The referee continued the count to forty and then quit when neither arose and called the bout a draw. The purse was evenly divided.

Still another worth mentioning is the fight between George Dawson and Ed Greaney on March 3, 1893, at the Olympic Club of New Orleans, in which each crashed a right cross to the other's chin and both were knocked out. Neither was able to get up and the referee halted the affair.

Mark Stimson, Jacksonville, Fla.

Q.—Please tell me if there is a record book published that gives the records in all sports?

A.—Yes, my good friend Frank G. Menke has just published his third edition of "The All Sports Record Book." You can get this 1935 edition from the Ring Book Shop. Every sports writer and sports follower should have a copy. It contains complete records in every branch of sport, information that would take months to gather by the individual—a record book unsurpassed. Get one on my recommendation.

Max Luchow, Norfolk, Va.

Q.—What is the correct name of Dempsey?

A.—William Harrison Dempsey.

Tom Sawlick, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Is Elbows McFadden still alive?

A.—Very much so. He is hale and hearty, still a good athlete. He runs a business men's gymnasium and a special school for boxers at the McFadden Gymnasium, 51 East 59th St., New York City.

Q.—Is it true that McFadden was a marvel at blocking punches?

A.—Yes, he was all that. He was the greatest fighter at blocking and hitting of all time.

Art Demosky, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Q.—Who is the largest fighter now performing in the ring?

A.—Mickey Callaghan of England. He is 6 feet 8 and weighs 234 pounds.

Elsie Mathew, Houston, Texas

Q.—Was there ever a champion from Texas and Louisiana?

A.—None from Texas but Pete Herman of New Orleans held bantam title.

Q.—Please give me the names of some great fighters from Texas and Louisiana.

A.—In Texas we have had Dick Griffen, Clyde Chastain, Tony Herrera, and in Louisiana there were among others, Pete Herman, Joe Mandot, Happy Littleton, Pal Moran, Basil Galiano, Martin Burke, and Tony Marullo.

Sol Feinberg, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Can a boxing commissioner interfere with the verdict of referee and judges and reverse the decision in a fight?

A.—No, though it has been done. The official verdict is that rendered by the ring officials. Read my book, "How to Judge and to Referee a Fight."

Alan Fawcett, Trenton, N. J.

Q.—What type of training should a fellow do for boxing and wrestling if he is just beginning?

A.—Sorry, that would take too long to answer. Get "Training for Boxers and Modern Wrestling" and you'll find complete details.

Maye Trickett, St. Louis, Mo.

Q.—Is there any special sporting goods house that manufactures leather busts for girls who want to take up wrestling and boxing?

A.—None that I know of, but I have learned that both the Everlast Sports Goods Company of 27 W. 14th St., New York City, and Post Sports Goods Co., 280 Broadway, New York City, will make them up for you.

Loren Willer, Seafa, Alta., Canada

Q.—Please tell me whether a boy seventeen years of age who is short sighted and wears glasses has any chance of becoming a fighter.

A.—I would firmly advise against it. A most important essential in boxing is speed and quickness of the eye in timing and getting away from punches. You would be under too big a handicap to overcome.

Abe Kashin, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Can an amateur become a pro by transferring his A.A.U card? Can a fellow become a pro without first fighting as an amateur?

A.—No. You must take out a pro card in whatever state you box as a professional. You need not become an amateur fighter before becoming a pro. Turn professional any time you see fit to do so.

Tom Arends, Washington, D. C.

Q.—Where can I apply for a boxer's license?

A.—I presume you refer to your territory. Write to Lieut. Miller, Secretary of the Washington, D. C., Boxing Commission.

Harvey Lemoine, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—Can a fighter who possesses a license in this state, box in any other state without taking out another license?

A.—No, not if you want to box in a state where the sport is under Commission rule. You must have a license for each state.

Martin Burge, New Orleans, La.

Q.—How many times did James J. Corbett fight in New Orleans? Who were his opponents?

A.—Only once when he fought John L. Sullivan and won the title, September 7, 1892. He appeared in New Orleans several times after that in exhibitions or in stage work, but never again in a regular contest.

Benjamin Jaspin, New York City

Q.—Where was the old Dry Dock A.C. and the old Roman A.C. in New York City?

A.—Dry Dock was in the vicinity of East Tenth Street and the East River and the Roman down in Grand Street.

Q.—Did Leach Cross own these clubs?

A.—No. He fought in each but had no financial interest in them. Moe Smith, who became famous during prohibition days as the leading "snooper" for Uncle Sam, ran the Roman and also had an interest in the other club. Many famous New York fights of precommission days, made his mark in those clubs.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

I AM a regular subscriber to your very fine journal, and I can honestly say that I have never come across a more interesting or informative magazine on boxing and wrestling in all my life. You Americans sure seem to do things in style.

Well, Mr. Fleischer, I suppose a few introductions won't be out of place. At present I am an apprentice in a monumental business in town. I will be nineteen years old in January, I am of European descent, English-speaking, and am greatly interested in the noble sport of boxing (my weight is 190 pounds). I am telling you all this as I would like you to get me a decent European pen-pal over there who is also interested in that line.

Your country sure has the laugh on S. A., as far as boxing clubs are concerned. It is hardly believable to read about the numberless fighters you have over there, compared with South Africa: We had quite a decent club in this town about nine months ago, but the usual thing happened; the fellows turned out to be a group of "Nancy-boys" and left, one by one.

I have never been in for any championship fights—the club did not last long enough for that. I intended having a shot at the Northern Districts of Natal heavyweight championship, but failed to find anyone interested enough in the sport to give me sparring. I wonder what could be done to reawake this flagging interest? It seems to prevail throughout the country.

I hope I am not asking too much from you to get me a pen-pal. If you manage to do so, I will be very grateful, indeed.

Your fellow countrymen have gone up a whole heap in my estimation; I reckon they are the finest set of sports going, you included. Hoping to hear from your good self in the near future, I wish you a merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

V. COLLYER,
6 Finnemore Street,
Newcastle, Natal, S. A.

* * *

HERE in South Africa we are greatly interested in boxing and wrestling and any news of the great men in America is read with great eagerness. My brother and I have been regular readers of your magazine, THE RING, for over two years now and we never miss a copy. Allow me to congratulate you on your publication; it is easily worth double the money we pay for it.

The film of the Carnera *vs.* Baer fight was shown here in Pretoria about twelve days after the actual fight. It was very clear and showed that Baer was easily the better man that night, but at the same time I admire Carnera for his game display. We also saw the film, "Everywoman's Man," as it was known here, and you can guess that Pretoria was Max Baer-conscious that week.

Johannesburg, a city about forty-five miles from here, is a hotbed of wrestling. I have just been reading the October RING and see that Gus Kallio has again written you a letter about Bob Myers sidestepping him. That is not so.

Best wishes for the continued success of your magazine, and the hope that Max Baer will reign champion for many more years. I know this letter won't be published, but if it is, please leave my name and address out of it, as I'm too fond of life to make a meal for an irate, man-eating, all-in wrestler like Gus Kallio.

J. L. T.,
Sunnyside,
Pretoria, South Africa.

* * *

SEVERAL months ago I purchased your "How to Box" and "Training for Boxers," also some books by Jem Driscoll and Jimmy Wilde. I think they are great, and enjoyed them immensely. At the time "How to Second" was out of print, but that was a break for me, for now you have written something on the managing end of the game and that's what I intend to take up.

I want to congratulate you on your stand against the unfair actions of the various boxing commissions throughout the nation. The situation is especially serious in New York, because most of the championship bouts are fought there. All true lovers of boxing must shudder to think that the fate of the world's titles is subject to the whims of erratic referees, judges and commissioners.

It's a shame that the disputes over the bantam and flyweight crowns are not settled. The promoters probably feel it would not pay them to bring all of the claimants together, yet the little "watch charm" scrappers give you a better show than the majority of big fellows. Some of the most stirring battles I've witnessed were between boys scaling below 120 pounds.

It seems that Al Brown is the real bantamweight champion, in spite of some odd rulings by American commissioners, who should have something better to do. Brown has defended the title regularly in Europe, and, since a world's championship is involved, it should not matter where Brown defends his crown. However, he should fight Sixto Escobar.

In the flyweight division, Midget Wolgast and Jackie Brown must be brought together at the class weight. Wolgast is a master of science, and a great little all-around fighter, but I'm certain he no longer can make 112 pounds. If he can't, Brown should be given immediate recognition as flyweight ruler.

Another strong contender is Small Montana, a tiny Filipino lad. He is a marvelous boxer, both at long range and close quarters. Not weighing over 110, he is forced to concede many pounds to his opponents. Montana is not found in Eddie Borden's ratings, but if given the right opportunities, he may become another Jimmy Wilde.

Keep an eye on San Francisco during the coming year. Our new crop of amateur tournament graduates is very promising. Meanwhile, we look for Young Corbett and John Henry Lewis to bring home world's championships.

FRED MILLER,
San Francisco, Cal.

* * *

I HAVE read the last few issues of THE RING and have found it to be very interesting. I have only one grouch, and that is to ask you why there is no South African boxing news.

We have some real class fighters, among them Dave Carsiens, Eddie Pierce and Laurie Stevens, all of whom won Olympic titles at the Los Angeles Olympic Games, and who, on their return, turned professional.

Stevens has had thirteen fights professionally and has won them all. He is lightweight champion and among those he has beaten is your own Wesley Ramey.

Carsiens is in England, where he has made good. Eddie Pierce has been in England for some time now, and is right in the top flight there. Eddie Maguire, our middleweight champ, also is in England. Before leaving here, he defeated Carsiens, and in his recent fights in England he beat Red Pullen of Wales, Casey, Glen Moody, Archie Sexton and Del Fontaine, the Canadian. Some record, I'll say!

Louis Bates has just returned from England, where he fought in the featherweight division and beat Phineas John, Dick Corbett and Johnny Bates. He was highly thought of over there. On his return, he fought Len McLaughlin, South African featherweight champ, but lost. McLaughlin then lost his title to Willie Smith, who has fought in America, and who has been in retirement for the last couple of years.

I hope that this will prove of interest to you and your readers, and I advise you to keep an ear open for Laurie Stevens, because he certainly will go far. In conclusion, I wish you the best of luck.

A SOUTH AFRICAN ADMIRER,
48 Kimberley Road,
East London, South Africa.

THESE hurried lines are from one of your readers who for years has had an ardent desire to step inside of your office for the pleasure and honor of knowing you. As circumstances never gave me the opportunity of sojourning in New York City for more than a few days, my desire has failed to materialize.

I have been boxing correspondent of *La Gazzetta Dello Sport*, since 1923, and, outside of the Carnera-Loughran bout, I have seen all the heavyweight championship bouts, plus some thrillers such as the Leonard-Tendler, Mickey Walker-Greb, Greb-Flowers, Flowers-Walker, Loughran-Carpentier, Petrolle-McLarnin, Canzoneri-Kid Chocolate, Canzoneri-Ross, Ross-McLarnin, Petrolle-King Tut, and other great contests in America, and through these years, I've come to fully understand that THE RING is not only the most widely-known magazine of its kind in the world, but it's also the most efficient booster and a necessity to every pro and amateur fighter.

The copies that I usually buy in the United States, and take along with me to South America and to Italy, are generally absorbed by friends connected with boxing. They digest the contents. It's only because of THE RING that lately, when so much absurd anti-American news was scattered through Europe by some English writers, I was able to convince the president of the Italian Boxing Federation, the Editor of the *Gazzetta Dello Sport*, and several other sports authorities in Italy that Carnera's exceptionally poor showing against Baer was due, as you said, to the poor advice he received. Soresi is not an expert and has proven so on several occasions and he, more than Carnera, was to blame for the latter's Waterloo.

I owe to THE RING so much that I ardently desire to collaborate with a monthly column from Italy. We have two weekly boxing days and several of the best boxers in Europe here. The list includes: Tamagnini, the featherweight whom Soresi kept in New York without giving him the opportunity to show his ability against the topnotchers, and Vittorio Venturi, a welterweight who is considered the best counter puncher in Europe. When nineteen Venturi fought Justo Suarez (1930), in Buenos Aires, and the fight was called a draw. Four of the five best European lightweights are Italians—Orlandi, European champion, Locatelli, E. Venturi and Turiello. Italy also possesses one of the best flyweights in the world. His name is Cavagnol. He was second in the 1928 Olympic games. He has had eighty-two pro fights and shows only two defeats. His last bout was a draw with Kid Francis in the latter's home town, Marseilles.

I must not bother you any longer, Mr. Fleischer, as I easily imagine how busy you are! Kindly believe that my correspondence will introduce to the American public the Italian fighters whenever they come across the ocean, and will stop the frivol-stupid campaign of men like Fiermonte, Bertozzolo, Tarriana and others of poor calibre.

Italy is giving to boxing as much attention and encouragement as can be given, and our leaders wish that some local promoters would step forward and introduce to the public some of the American marvels, Ross, McLarnin, Klick, Arizmendi, etc.

CAPTAIN FRANK PASTORINO,
Via Magenta, Rapallo, Italy.

* * *

BEING a regular reader of THE RING and a boxing fan for many years, I have to congratulate you on producing such a splendid magazine. The articles are well written, the pictures splendid and the whole book is a first-rate job.

We have nothing like it here on this side of the Atlantic. Although I do not always see quite eye to eye with you, I must say I thoroughly enjoy your writings and at all times find your criticism fair and impartial.

The game in Scotland is improving and in the west of Scotland, especially, we have some very good boys in the lighter divisions. We have a flyweight in Benny Lynch who I think, if properly handled, will be the next world's champion at his weight. He has beaten Anglemann and other good continental boys.

The trouble here is the lack of good teachers and seconds. If it were possible, I would make it compulsory that every licensed second should study your book, "How to Second a Boxer." It is excellent.

The way the average second goes about his business is terrible and it is a wonder to me how a boy ever gets anywhere, the way he is usually mishandled.

As for the managers, well, the least said about them, the better. They don't seem to even know the A-B-C of the game! I reckon they have ruined more promising material than tongue can tell.

Scotland produces some fine heavyweight athletes and one has only to visit some of the "Highland Games" during the summer to see some magnificent specimens of manhood, but, unfortunately, we have never produced a good heavyweight boxer. The only reason for this is lack of encouragement and pay. The pay for fighters is very poor and if only somebody with capital would come forward with the "dough," I feel sure that Scotland could produce a fine crop of heavyweights—and, who knows, perhaps a world's champion. We have the material; it only wants developing.

I paid a short visit to New York in August, 1931, and called at your office and purchased your three magnificent books—"How to Box," "How to Second a Boxer," and "Training for Boxers." I think they are splendid, and every boxing club should have them for the use of their members.

What impressed me most about your office was the fine collection of pictures you had. They are unique.

I was disappointed in not meeting you, as I have a great admiration for you, both as a man and a writer. Perhaps, who knows, some day in the near future when I am able to collect a few dollars, I will have that pleasure. I hope so.

I think New York a very fine city, and Madison Square Garden is the finest building I've ever seen devoted to boxing, and, I may say, I've seen boxing in nearly every country in Europe.

I trust you will be long spared to keep fighting the good fight against all that is evil in boxing, exposing the "racketeers" and "fixers," and keeping the old banner flying high for clean sport.

Wishing you and your magazine continued success.

"For Auld Lang Syne,"

P. WILSON MAIN,
Paisley, Scotland.

* * *

THE N. B. A. ruled out Maxie Rosenbloom because he "failed to defend his title, clowned in the ring and criticized his opponents!" Then why doesn't Max Baer get the electric chair?

It may be true that Baer has to fight off ardent females, has to employ a flock of secretaries to answer his fan mail—it may be true. But from what I hear personally, I think he is losing a lot of the popularity that he never really deserved in the first place.

A lot of us fans can do with a little more modesty, a little less conceit and a little more unselfishness. Out here on the Coast we are considering a little matter that Max has evidently overlooked—the proposed benefit exhibition for Mrs. Frankie Campbell. Back in the dim past Max and his friends grew positively maudlin in their protestations that Max would just about bust wide open in his endeavor to put over the benefit program. A little later he said he would give her some money, rather an insulting proposition, and now he seems never to have heard of Mrs. Frankie Campbell! His excuse for not fighting, was that he couldn't be bothered to train for a fight.

We were given to understand that if Maxie won the title, we should from now on regard a fighting champion, a lovable darling besides! He is being overwhelmed by his imagined greatness and engulfed by his very real conceit.

It doesn't add to his prestige to be continually throwing such epithets as "big bum," "big Wop boloney," etc., at Primo Carnera, who has always been courteous and who has never stooped to such speech. Primo is no "big boloney" and has many friends.

AN IRISH-AMERICAN GIRL,
San Francisco, California.

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A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

JUDGING by some of the incidents that occurred during the past month, there is still plenty of life left in the boxing game. A few of the veterans came to the fore and showed the younger generation that they are far from finished.

Marcel Thil, world's middleweight champion, showed his heels to Jock McAvoy, sturdy British aspirant, in an overweight match; Tony Canzoneri made a swell comeback in whipping Leo Rodak in Chicago; Vince Dundee, another cagy veteran, turned in victories over Paul Pirrone and Babe Risko; Jackie Kid Berg, another seasoned campaigner, finished Tiger Humery in the ninth round, and Walter Neusel stepped into the picture with an eleven-round knockout over Jack Peterson, latest English heavyweight phenom. These were the month's highlights.

In the heavyweight class, Primo Carnera disposed of Seal Harris in seven rounds and Ervin Klausner in six rounds. King Levinsky finished Red Tonn in six sessions. Walter Neusel kayoed Peterson in the eleventh. Charley Retzlaff disposed of Al Ettore in two rounds. Charley Massare banged out a victory over Unknown Winston. Red Barry drew with Joe Lipps and whipped Frankie Edgren. Ray Impellitiere disposed of George Neron in two rounds. Tony Galento kayoed Ed Karolak in six heats. Larry Gains kayoed Ray Lepage in three rounds. Babe Hunt finished Ace Dodge but lost to Roy Lazer. Eddie Hogan kayoed Ed Karolak in one and Jim Dowling in three rounds. Paul Cavalier scored over Larry Johnson. Fred Feary defeated Les Kennedy.

Maxey Rosenbloom, ex-light-heavyweight champion, is fighting in better form now than when he held the title. He whipped Johnny Nelson, Frank Rowsey and Johnny Miler. John Henry Lewis disposed of Don Petrin in the seventh round. Joe Knight drew with Tony Shucco. Lou Brouillard kayoed Oscar Rankins in three and Indian Joe Rivers in four rounds. Dave Shade scored over Bob Turner but was beaten by Al Gainer. Al McCoy defeated Joe Kaminski and kayoed Lee Salvas in seven rounds. Adolf Heuser whipped Angel Cliville. Fred Lenhart won over Roy Williams and kayoed Billy Donahue in four rounds. Emilio Martinez whipped Leo Kelley. Charley Belanger scored over Harry Rowles in England.

Marcel Thil's overweight victory over Jock McAvoy was one of the outstanding feats of the middleweight class. Vince Dundee followed with victories over Paul Pirrone and Babe Risko. Risko drew with Solly Dukelsky. Young Corbett had a tough job to win the verdict over Bep Van Klaveren, a welterweight. Freddy Steele disposed of Baby Joe Gans in three rounds while Gans finished Andy Di Vodi in six. Lou Halper drew with Joey Bazzone. Young Stuhley scored over Al Diamond. Anson Green kayoed Billy Ketchell in seven rounds. Gus Lesnovich whipped Jackie Aldare. Mickey Bottone defeated Young Ketchell. Johnny Rossi scored over Dom Rizzo. George Black kayoed Kid Leonard in four rounds. Allen Matthews won from Sammy Slaughter. Marty Sampson whipped Johnny Peppe. Hooky Jackson scored over Joe Lyons and Bill Hendrie. Norman Conrad won over Red Bruce. Tony Fisher kayoed Benny Levine in seven rounds.

Kid Azteca, Mexican welterweight, drew with Cocoa Kid and whipped him in their return engagement. Eddie Kid Wolfe won from Tracey Cox, while Cox whipped Midget Mexico and kayoed Bobby Garcia in one round. Andy Callahan scored over Kenny La Salle. Kid Frattini defeated Joe Gorman and Jackie Davis. Davis scored over Izzy Jannazzo. Jimmy Leto won from Fritzie Zivic. Frankie Britt disposed of Stanislaus Loayza in five rounds.

Billy Hogan drew with Nick Pastore and followed with a victory over him. Morrie Sherman fought draws with Ray Napolitano and Christy Lewis. Tony Falco whipped Young Firpo. Elmer Bezenah was beaten by Eduardo Duarry and Carlos Solomon. Teddy Loder whipped Joe Vignali. Bucky Jones disposed of Jay Mecadon in four rounds. Joe Rossi defeated Pete Mascia. Joe Pennino scored over Petey Gulotta. Sonny Jones kayoed Ronnie Headley in five rounds. Sam Bruce scored over Romeo Ducharme and Tommy Romano.

Barney Ross, lightweight leader, engaged in another overweight bout, this time whipping Frankie Klick. It's too bad that a fighter of Ross' caliber should be content with playing safety-first tactics like he has been doing. Where would Ross be today if his predecessor had adopted the same methods? Tony Canzoneri scored over Honeyboy Hughes and Leo Rodak. Lew Feldman whipped Hughes also and scored over Jimmy Fantini. Cleto Locatelli scored over Covaci. Berg disposed of Humery in the ninth period. Eddie Cool won over Mickey Serrian.

Lew Massey scored over Bobby Pacho. Leonard Del Genio won from Steve Haliako, while Steve whipped Joe Everone. Wesley Ramey kayoed Tommy John in two rounds and lost on a foul to Jimmy Walsh in six. Tiger Kid Walker whipped Orville Drouillard and Frankie Wallace. Wallace won over Eddie Zivic. Jimmy Christy whipped Tony Morgano. Johnny Jadick scored over Phil Furr. Roger Bernard finished Eddie Burl in five rounds. Cecil Payne scored twice over Frankie Monroe. Toots Bashara whipped Carl Schaffer but lost to Jumbo Revira. Charley Bedami scored over Al Casimini while Casimini knocked out Jimmy Murray in three sessions. Billy Wallace whipped Pedro Ortega on a foul in nine rounds. Johnny Morro scored over Lew Monte. Joey Ferrando defeated Norm Cordaro. Honey Mellody scored over Johnny Hines and Joe Zodda whipped Jackie Willis.

Freddy Miller, featherweight leader, drew with Benny Caplan and scored over Tommy Rogers in overweight bouts. Baby Arizmendi scored over Chalky Wright. Mike Belloise whipped Abie Wasserman but was beaten by Jose Santos, too heavy to be classified with the featherweights. Wasserman drew with Irving Eldridge. Petey Sarron won over Joe Rivers. Maurice Holtzer won over Joe Populo. Juan Zurita and Tully Corvo won from Gene Espinoza. Claude Varner defeated Herb Bishop and Joe Hall in Australia. Frankie Covelli scored over Al Ragone and Danny London. Merv Blandon drew with Vernon Cormier.

Baby Manuel defeated Young Dempsey and disposed of Bucky Burton in five rounds. Burton scored over Andy Martin and Charley Battle. Mose Butch disposed of Luis Carpentero in one round and defeated Wesley Martin. Tommy Paul stopped Pinto De Sa in nine rounds. Baby Palmore kayoed Frankie Villa in five rounds. Phil Zwick scored over Alf Blatch in Australia. Dick Welsh stopped Jimmy Martin in five rounds. Jerry Mazza whipped Julie Katz and Charley Chappie. Young Rightmire scored over Pete De Grasse and Frankie Wolfram, while Wolfram kayoed Johnny Kaiser in one round. Jackie Sharkey whipped Sammy Levine. Johnny De Foe trimmed Tony Fernandez.

Louis Salica, in the bantamweight class, scored over Johnny Erickson. Pablo Dano whipped Henry Moreno and stopped Joey Dodge in eight rounds. Speedy Dado defeated Mickey Beal. Little Pancho whipped Speed Cabanela. Cris Pineda scored over Star Frisco. Mickey Miller finished Wally Walker in eight rounds. Henry Hooks whipped Kid Laredo and Kid Bruno Salazar. Spider Pladner disposed of Eugene Huat in seven rounds. Johnny King kayoed Joe Horridge in two sessions.

Midget Wolgast, head of the flyweight division, whipped one of the outstanding bantams in Young Tommy. Benny Lynch scored over Bobby Magee, while Bobby whipped Kid Armitage. Joe Mendiola whipped Jim Brady and kayoed Ottavio Gori in seven rounds. Tommy Pardoe disposed of Jim Albin in eight rounds.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Charley Mitchell, Detroit, Mich.
Bantamweight—Ted Blackham, England.
Featherweight — Harry Gentile, Hartford, Conn.
Lightweight—Joe Gollob, Montreal, Canada.
Welterweight — Ronnie Malcolm, Waterloo, Iowa.
Middleweight—Eddie Slavin, New York City.
Light-heavyweight—Nathan Mann, New Haven, Conn.
Heavyweight—Eddie Wenstob, Montreal, Canada.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY

These are my ratings for the month ending February 10:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Max Baer	World's Champion Bob Olin	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Jimmy McLarnin
1—Steve Hamas	Maxey Rosenbloom	Vince Dundee	Bep Van Klaveren
2—Primo Carnera	John Henry Lewis	Paul Pirrone	Kid Azteca
3—Art Lasky	Joe Knight	Young Corbett	Harry Dublinsky
4—Max Schmeling	Tony Shucco	Teddy Yarosz	Eddie Kid Wolfe
5—Joe Louis	Lou Brouillard	Jock McAvoy	Ceferino Garcia
6—Patsy Perroni	Al Gainer	Babe Risko	Andy Callahan
7—King Levinsky	Ambrose Palmer	Solly Dukelsky	Willard Brown
8—Walter Neusel	Al McCoy	Fred Henneberry	Bobby Pacho
9—Charley Retzlaff	Adolf Heuser	Frank Battaglia	Kid Frattini
10—Natie Brown	Fred Lenhart	Freddy Steele	Jackie Davis

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Barney Ross	World's Champion Freddy Miller	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1—Tony Canzoneri	Baby Arizmendi	Sixto Escobar	Midget Wolgast
2—Frankie Klick	Mike Belloise	Young Tommy	Jackie Brown
3—Lou Ambers	Petey Hayes	Louis Salica	Benny Lynch
4—Young Peter Jackson	Nel Tarleton	Pablo Dano	Joe Mendiola
5—Sammy Fuller	Henry Armstrong	Speedy Dado	Maurice Huguenin
6—Cleto Locatelli	Petey Sarron	Little Pancho	Valentin Angelmann
7—Jack Kid Berg	Merv Blandon	Baby Quintana	Young Siki
8—Eddie Cool	Maurice Holtzer	Joe Tei Ken	Tommy Pardoe
9—Lew Massey	Juan Zurita	Cris Pineda	Bobby Magee
10—Leonard Del Genio	Vernon Cormier	Mickey Miller	Phil Milligan

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IN AND NEAR CHICAGO

By FRANK MAESTRO

EVERY fan knows of Joe Louis' exploits as a boxer. Large crowds watched him bowl over one opponent after another in last year's *Chicago Tribune* Golden Gloves Tournament of Champions to earn the light-heavyweight championship. Numerous others saw him duplicate those accomplishments in the National A.A.U. tourney at St. Louis a few weeks later and win another major amateur crown. Thousands more have witnessed his progress up the heavyweight ladder since he turned professional last July 4.

Fans who have not seen this spectacular colored youngster perform have read about his capabilities and his march toward Max Baer's title in newspaper articles throughout the country. Even so, few know the real Joe Louis.

Louis was born at Montgomery, Ala., May 13, 1914, the seventh child of Mr. and Mrs. Mont Barrow. He was the fourth boy, Alvenis, who is twenty-six; Leon twenty-four; and Lanny, twenty-three, being the others. His sisters are Ulella, twenty-one; Emerald, twenty-four; and Sister, thirty. Seven years after the birth of a fourth sister, Veunis, who is 19 now, Louis' father died, and so Mrs. Barrow, accompanied by her children, left the old plantation and went to live in Detroit, Mich. There she was married to a fellow named Brooks, who is a city employee.

Joe led an uneventful life the first few years he spent in Detroit. None of his brothers did any boxing and Louis never gave the sport a thought until after he was graduated from grade school and enrolled in a trade institution when eighteen. While he was learning how to become an automobile mechanic there he became acquainted with Thurston McKenny, a lad his own age. Louis was a big fellow even at that early age and McKenny interested him in boxing.

Joe's mother was attempting to make a violinist of him at the time, but he didn't care to be a musician. So he joined the Mount Oley Athletic Club the first part of 1932 and took boxing lessons from Kid Ellis, a trainer. The latter, seeing the possibilities in the youngster, started him on his career.

He lost his first contest to Johnny Miler, now a prominent professional light-heavyweight. The youth did not lose heart, however, for he followed up that defeat with thirty consecutive triumphs, during which he won a novice title and a Michigan A.A.U. championship. The latter conquest earned him a trip to the national tournament at Boston, Mass. He lost to Max Marek of Chicago in the final round. Not a bit discouraged Louis returned to Detroit and started another streak which ended at fourteen when he was whipped by Stanley Evans.

After losing to a lad named Clint Bridges, Joe entered the *Detroit Free Press* tournament in 1934. He won all his matches and was sent to Chicago to represent that newspaper in the Tournament of Champions at the Stadium.

Louis' success in that meet and in the subsequent National A.A.U. competition already has been recorded. Throughout his amateur career Joe was employed at the Ford motor plant. He was paid $25 a week. The wide publicity given him in the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Detroit Free Press* and scores of other newspapers helped Joe get recognition.

On June 12 of last year he handed a trimming to Joe Bauer at Detroit. Then he decided to turn pro and two days later quit his job and placed himself under the co-management of John Roxborough, Detroit insurance salesman, and Julian Black, Chicago realtor, both of whom are colored. Although neither had ever managed fighters before, they demonstrated ability. One of the first moves they made was to hire Jack Blackburn, noted lightweight of thirty years back, as Louis' trainer.

The Detroit wizard knocked out Jack Kracken in one round on the South Side in his first professional combat. He chalked up thirteen more victories without a let-up, the most recent of which have placed him among the first ten fighters in his division. It is generally agreed if Louis continues to improve he may oppose Champion Baer in a title tussle by next September. Joe's greatest trouble is sore hands.

"Baer had nothing but a right hand," Joe said recently. "I think I'll be able to lick him after I have a few more fights."

Speaking of King Levinsky, Art Lasky, Steve Hamas, Max Schmeling and Primo Carnera, challengers he no doubt will have to beat in order to earn his objective, Louis declared:

"I can take care of Levinsky, and Lasky is wide open. You can hit him whenever you get ready. I've never seen Hamas, Schmeling or Carnera, but I think I'll be able to handle them if the opportunity presents itself."

There has been much speculation as to where Louis derives his hard wallop. Here is the opinion of a physician who has seen Joe fight and has examined him on numerous occasions:

"Joe is a natural hitter. His power comes from the long, loose shoulder and arm muscles. Timing also has a lot to do with his success as a puncher. This and straight from the shoulder wallops."

He added that Louis probably never would overcome hand trouble.

"Joe punches harder than an ordinary boxer," he stated. "As a result his hands become sore and all puffed up after a bout. After bathing and a rest they will be all right again."

Louis has no bad habits. He doesn't smoke or drink hard liquor. He seldom goes to bed later than ten P.M. He says he has no girl friends outside his youngest sister and his mother. Mash notes are torn up. His hobby is radio, and his ambition is to be able to buy his mother a home completely furnished.

Leo Rodak's followers were disappointed with his showing against Tony Canzoneri at Chicago Stadium but probably none was as broken up about the South Chicago boxer's defeat as the Most Rev. Bernard J. Sheil, Packey McFarland and Pat Kenneally, the men who are directing his professional campaign. The loss was Rodak's first in twenty-three pro bouts. The decision of the officials was unanimous. Their score cards follow: Referee Tommy Gilmore: 52-48. Judge Ed Klein: 55-45. Judge Rube Metz: 54-46.

Canzoneri, who weighed 132¾, two pounds more than Leo, won the first two rounds by his aggressiveness and superior punching. He stunned his opponent with a hard right to the head in the second. The next round was Rodak's best. He got the best of several melees and topped off the accomplishment by jarring Tony with a solid right to the jaw, his best punch in the battle. We called the fourth round even because of Canzoneri's inability to score while Leo landed light lefts to the face. Rodak's work in this round was marred by continued clinching and running.

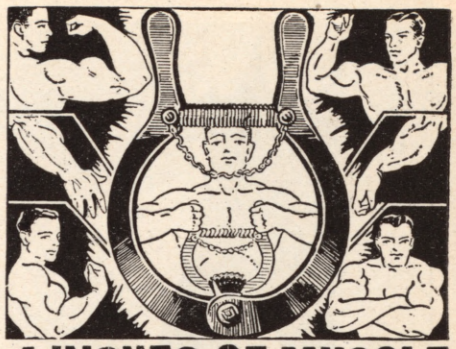
Canzoneri found the range again in the fifth round and in the sixth he made things extremely unpleasant for Rodak. He chased his younger rival around the ring. On several occasions he pumped both hands to the head and stomach. One of these was a terrific right to the jaw which almost dropped the Chicagoan. Then the veteran New Yorker scored with two right uppercuts to the chin and a right cross to the cheekbone. Leo stopped momentarily to trade blows and then he clinched. The next three rounds were Canzoneri's but in the tenth he was given a real battle. On one of the few times during the fight Rodak stood his ground and slugged. Tony still had plenty of stamina left, however, and he refused to give way to Rodak's unexpected flurry.

After the bout, which was witnessed by 14,775 who paid $33,546 gross, Rodak went to Canzoneri's dressing room and shook hands. Leo took the defeat philosophically. He said. "You've got to lose some time; that's the way to learn." Leo's attitude made a hit with Canzoneri. "He's a good kid," the former champion commented.

Norman Morris, member of the Chicago Board of Trade, has acquired managerial rights to Bobby Cooper, lightweight boxer . . . . Meyer Frager, lightweight, is training again after being out of action for more than a year.

TEN YEARS AGO—Amos (Kid) Carlin, New Orleans, La., flyweight, claimed the championship below the Mason and Dixon line and challenged Champion Fidel La Barba to a title bout . . . . Mickey Walker stopped Bert Colima in the seventh round at Vernon, Cal. . . . Danny Kramer, Philadelphia southpaw junior lightweight, ended the career of George Chaney, at Philadelphia when he registered a one-round knockout over the Baltimore knockout king . . . . Georges Carpentier, champion of France, was fading from the limelight . . . . The late Jimmy Delaney of St. Paul whipped Young Bob Fitzsimmons in ten rounds at Vernon . . . . Joe Dundee was seeking a shot at Pinkey Mitchell's junior welterweight crown.

The Illinois State Athletic Commission will attempt to make Barney Ross defend his title before the summer arrives with Tony Canzoneri. There is confusion existing between the camps of Ross and Canzoneri as to what promoter will stage the bout and it is hoped that difficulty will be thrashed out. It is too good a match for Chicago to lose, and it is certain that they will gross nearly a $100,000 gate . . . . King Levinsky, while reclining in the sunny clime of Florida, engaged in two workout fights, both resulting in knockouts. The Kingfish is determined to get another crack at Max Baer and prove that the knockout was a fluke.



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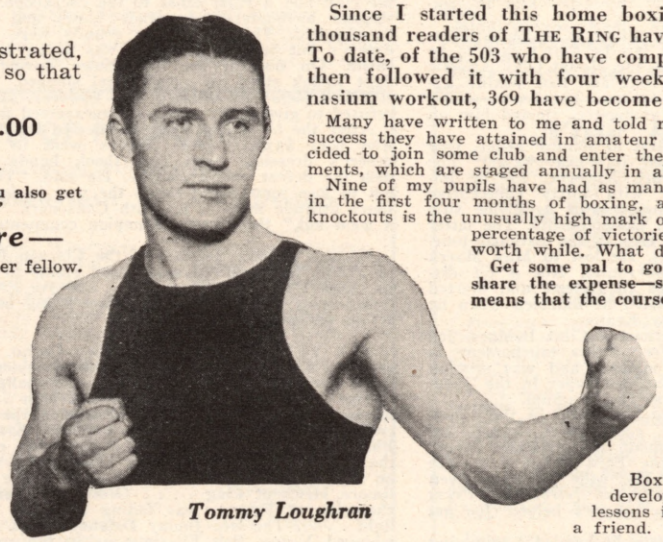

Tommy Loughran

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IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA
By GENE VINASSA

THE big shots of boxing are making overtures for fights in Los Angeles now that Dick Donald is at the head of boxing at the Olympic and the big Grand Avenue swat emporium is doing a merry business. Donald is fortunate to have as his publicity and right-hand man none other than Bill Miller, ace press agent.

The Johnny Buckley stable of Boston, comprised of Lou Brouillard, Andy Callahan, and Honey Melody II, is making its headquarters in Los Angeles at the Rosslyn Hotel. The portly Boston manager plans to keep his fighters busy on the Coast until early May.

The Main Street Gymnasium, historic training quarters for the past fifteen years in Los Angeles, which was closed for about a year, reopened in mid-February with Willie Orner, former Brooklyn fighter, in charge. Orner spent approximately $3,000 remodeling the arena and the punch palace is now one of the best conditioning spots in the country. Such stars as Lou Brouillard, Maxie Rosenbloom, Midget Wolgast, Speedy Dado, Young Tommy, Ceferino Garcia, Peter Jackson, Baby Arizmendi, Henry Armstrong, Pablo Dano, Bep Van Klaveren, Frankie Castillo, Andy Callahan, and a score of others, trained there during February and March. Club fights are also staged on Saturday nights and the downtown arena is jammed to the rafters weekly. Mae West, Al Jolson, George Raft, Clark Gable, Pat O'Brien, Rowland Brown and other celebs of the movie world occupy ringside seats weekly.

Right after Young Tommy defeated Speedy Dado to gain the Coast bantamweight title, "Midget" Wolgast, flyweight champion, came along and easily defeated Tommy at Hollywood Legion Stadium before a packed house. Wolgast did a regular "Houdini." He was all over the ring and as far as Tommy's fists could determine, the Midget disappeared into thin air and Wolgast was pecking away with his left hand and scoring many points. After a couple of more fights in and around Los Angeles, Wolgast and his uncle-manager, Frank Loscalzo, plan to return East for several fights.

Joe Netro writes from Syracuse, N. Y., that he is bringing several fighters to California some time during May. Netro was out here last with Bucky Lawless and made a lot of friends on the Coast. The Syracuse manager may come out with "Babe" Risko and a couple of other mittmen.

Chief Little Wolf, the Navajo Indian who is being built into quite an attraction on the Coast, is now under the guiding hand of Joe "Toots" Mondt, one of the big guns of the grappling game. Mondt plans to book the Indian in Madison Square Garden and other big arenas in the East during March, April, and May. Wolf beat Zaharias, Steele, Lutze, Stein and Cantonwine and topped off his Los Angeles appearances by flattening Man Mountain Dean.

"Bool" Montana has been granted a license to referee mat bouts and the Italian is getting offers all over the Coast to act as third man in the ring.

Gus Wilson informs this column that his Irish welter, Billy Hogan, will head westward soon for ring action in California. The Celtic puncher performed here two years ago and made a big hit.

Ralph Volkie, the good looking Slav who acted as trainer for Jackie Fields for eight years, has landed a fifty dollar per week job as trainer for Rowland Brown, ace writer and movie director. Brown hails from Detroit, and did a bit of fighting in the Michigan metropolis six or seven years ago under the name of Whitey Ross, meeting among others, Bob Sage, who is now an attorney in the auto center.

As we sent in this column, Dick Donald of the Olympic was seeking a battle between Buddy Baer and Hank Hankinson for one of his late March shows. This is a "natural" in Los Angeles, as the giant Swede has never lost a bout in southern California, while Buddy is a prime favorite in Los Angeles. Suey Welch, manager of Hankinson, Gorilla Jones, and Sammy O'Dell, was busy during January and February working in Mae West's current picture, "Now, I'm a Lady."

SHORT SHOTS—Jack Conway out of New York is training the Al Lang stable of fighters in Los Angeles . . . . Joe Stanley and Joe LaBarba are handling a string of young fighters, who show plenty of class . . . . Young Corbett will probably hang up the gloves after a few more fights and it is doubtful if the former welterweight champion will box during 1936 . . . . The southpaw has saved a nice nest egg during the past two years of fighting, after losing considerable money in the stock market several years ago, and has a good position with the state highway commission as athletic instructor . . . . Sid Marks, who boxed Charles White, Joe Shugrue, Bobby Barrett, and other tough men, is the chief lieutenant for the wrestling mob in Los Angeles and doing O.K. . . . Johnny Indrisano got a nice break for himself . . . . Johnny Pena, Tony Palazolo's little miller, always carries a picture of himself—even to bed . . . . it's tattooed on his arm . . . . Tom Kennedy is doing a big business at his popular Hollywood cafe, "The Brass Rail." . . . . Kennedy's New York friends will be glad to hear this . . . . Fidel LaBarba is writing short stories in Hollywood.

Promoter Nate Druxman of Seattle wants Young Corbett to box Freddie Steele and has offered Larry White five grand for Corbett's end . . . . Henry Moreno, Laredo, Tex., bantamweight, is now boxing in Los Angeles and is being handled by "Boston" Tommy Farmer . . . . Ed W. Smith is handling publicity for the outdoor shows at Wrigley Field in Los Angeles . . . . Dick Donald would like to pair Lasky and Carnera for Gilmore Stadium and believes the match would draw $100,000 . . . . "Newsboy" Brown and Mickey Novak have a promising Jewish middleweight in tow named Benny Feldman, who has registered a string of wins at the local clubs and looks like main event timber . . . . Eddie Mead plans an invasion of California rings soon with Paul Pirrone, Frankie Wallace, and a few more fighters . . . . the Clevelander has a yearning to see his many New York friends who are on the Coast.

Fighters coming to Los Angeles, who have no contracts with other managers, can keep busy in California with Al Lang, boxing manager, c/o Main Street Gymnasium, 321 S. Main Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS
By T. W. McNIEL

AT Fort Sumner, N. Mex.—Jim Perry, light-heavyweight champion of New Mexico, stopped "Tiger" Smith of Muleshoe, Texas, in the second round of a scheduled ten-round go. Perry spotted Smith sixteen pounds in weight but the Texan was soundly outclassed. J. J. Perry is the Fort Sumner promoter.

At Greeley, Colo.—Alex Rowe, Greeley heavyweight, scored a technical kayo over Walter Spall of Roggen in the fifth round of a scheduled ten-round bout. Rowe weighed 180 pounds, Spall 178. In a slashing semi-windup, Sid Gallagher, Denver, and Fred Shank of Fort Lupton fought six bloody rounds to a draw. They are welterweights.

At Alamosa, Colo.—In the first fight card staged in the San Luis valley metropolis in several months, Chuck Reed, Fort Morgan, was awarded the decision over Pug Sutherland of Manassa, after ten rounds of torrid milling. The pair are welters.

The other half of the twin main event saw Celestino Roybal of Del Norte outclass Abie Gonzales of Albuquerque, N. Mex., in ten rounds. Each weighed 130 pounds.

Roybal was substituting for Henry Jackson, Fort Garland battler, whose mother was buried the afternoon of the fight.

Joe M. Roybal, promoter at Las Vegas, N. Mex., is trying to line up a suitable opponent for Henry Jackson to feature a ten-rounder at the Mexico metropolis. Roybal informs me that the grapplers are going great guns down in the Sunshine State just now.

At Denver, Colo.—Emilio Martinez, Denver light-heavy, gained sweet revenge over Leo Kelly, Los Angeles Negro, for the knockout he suffered in Hollywood several weeks ago. Fighting before a crowd of home-town enthusiasts, Martinez swarmed all over his opponent to win the unanimous verdict. The Mexican won nine of the ten rounds, handily. Kelly won the second round, when he dropped Martinez twice with swinging uppercuts. Emilio had the Negro down at the bell in the opening round. Kelly weighed 171 pounds, five more than Martinez.

Mickey Martinez and Mike Basso staged a thrilling six-round encounter, with honors even. Both are lightweights. Willie Williams and "Showboat" McQuillan were tossed out of the ring in the third round for failing to fight. The latter pair are middleweights, and both are Negroes.

At Cody, Wyo.—Lou Cozzens, Cody light-heavy, scored a six-round technical kayo over Bud Logan of Cheyenne. The bout was halted in the sixth after Cozzens had battered Logan from pillar to post throughout the fight. It was Cozzens' first appearance in five months. Apparently the lay-off has helped him.

Remember, the writer will be glad to answer any inquiries relative to the fight game in this section. But don't forget to inclose return postage if you expect a reply. Address all letters to T. W. McNiel, P.O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

I also have a list of all active fight promoters in Colorado and vicinity, that you can get for a thin dime.

Colorado has one of that rare species, namely, a woman fight-scribe: Mildred Hart of Rifle, who can turn out fight copy on a par with any of the masculine gender. Too bad we haven't more girls with Mildred's point of view.

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BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

IMPENDING doom of boxing can be averted with drastic reforms. At this moment, boxing is very much in the mire, and revolutionary methods are required to relieve it from its present condition. It is being kicked around, maliciously slandered and ripped to pieces. Strange to say, no moronic reformer is responsible for the present assault but mostly persons who are identified with the game. The damage is being executed in equal proportion by boxing commissions, promoters, managers, and boxers themselves.

Boxing commissioners who do not know their business but are publicity mad in their pursuit for personal interviews; promoters who, instead of sticking to their duties in arranging matches satisfactory to the public taste, are combating these same commissions, fighting newspapermen, and irritating the various managers with whom they are supposed to be negotiating important matches; fighters and managers who have made their comfortable fortunes in the boxing game, but who forget their obligations to the public and feel that they are far superior to the dictates of the sport and the rules which govern it. These are some of the principal causes that have hindered boxing and prevented it from regaining the favorite position which it once occupied in the esteem of the fight fan.

It is a pitiful commentary on the boxing game when Madison Square Garden, built primarily for boxing, has been forced to give up its regular Friday night program to make room for a basketball game. That is what happened last month and the excuse for this move was that there were no worth-while matches around. Such an excuse only casts reflection upon the person guilty of such a statement. New York City has a floating population of ten million people. It is incredible to believe that the Garden could not put together a show that would appeal to some ten thousand fans from such an aggregation. Situations of this kind can be avoided and quickly eradicated if the ones responsible applied a little common sense to their methods.

Madison Square Garden has been preoccupied with fighting the rulings of the local commission instead of devoting their time to more serious endeavors. There is an internal war going on constantly between the board of directors and no attempt has been made to dispense with the evil. That evil is dissension in the ranks.

There must be a more harmonious understanding between those who have the fate of boxing in their hands. Boxing is big enough to overcome these temporary mishaps but it is the present situation that must be solved. If Jimmy Johnston, as matchmaker, has his hands tied and cannot make matches unhampered, then there must be a remedy. A matchmaker of a club should be the nucleus of the organization and around him revolves the important details. If he is incompetent, then they should make room for someone more efficient.

Johnston has been in the boxing game for forty years. He is arrogant and domineering in his dealings, but managers who understand his moods overlook those shortcomings. He knows the boxing game from every possible angle, but today he is confronted with impossible problems to solve.

He has aroused the enmity of several cliques in boxing circles who are trying to become promoters, and they are doing everything possible to remove him from his exalted position. It is impossible to ascertain whether they have the assistance of the Boxing Commission at their command, but present circumstances point to the State Board being antagonistic towards the Garden's interests and in favor of the cliques who are running boxing in New York. Whether Johnston is their target, or some underlying motive is behind the move, is problematical. The sum and substance of the point is that boxing is the real sufferer and no individual feels the effect as much as boxing is being harmed.

There is supposed to be strength in a corporation. The Garden always held the paramount position in the field of boxing. It has lost that power and there is no excuse for it.

A million-dollar organization which pays tremendous taxes to the State and is heralded as the premier organization of its kind in the world, is being given scant consideration by boxing commissioners and New York scribes who have a bone to pick. Such treatment is uncalled for, and radical changes are in order if we are to alleviate the condition. If Johnston feels that his position is becoming humbled by the interference, then he should willingly step out of his position and show his detractors that he is a much bigger man than they thought. Johnston got by without the Garden before, and can do so again.

Matchmakers of the Garden in the past have always had help from outside sources. When the late Leo Flynn reigned in the old Garden, he had plenty of advice from Arthur Yende and the late "Pete the Goat."

When Jess McMahon stepped into his shoes, Arthur Yende was still there in the counsel department. During the days of Tom McArdle, he had Lew Brix and Nat Rogers to depend upon and they furnished plenty of assistance.

Johnston has practically no one to lean upon because he is not the type looking for help. He will take no advice and likes to do things on his own initiative. All these factors have militated against Johnston and he has done nothing to remedy that condition.

As explained before, he is proud. He has always felt that he was well qualified to handle those matters alone. Under the existing circumstances, the insurmountable handicaps that he is facing, Johnston finds the position far more difficult than he imagined, but is still too stubborn to rectify those shortcomings.

The lone show in the Garden last month between Vince Dundee and Babe Risko drew way below expectations. It was a swell show for exploitation purposes. Risko, an unknown, stepped into the limelight with a knockout over Teddy Yarosz, and Dundee stepped into the picture with a convincing victory over Paul Pirrone in Philly the week before. They drew around fourteen thousand dollars, but expected twice that figure.

It was a disappointing fight and a mix-up in one of the judge's score almost resulted in a dire calamity for the Boxing Commission and boxing in general. Dundee won the fight clearly, easily, and decisively but the announcement came that the judges had disagreed and Referee Jed Gahan cast his vote for Risko.

Upon further examination by General Phelan and Bill Brown, they discovered that Sidney Scharlin, one of the judges, gave Dundee five rounds, Risko four, and one even, yet decided in favor of Risko. Jack Britton, officiating as one of the judges, was the only one who guessed correctly, giving it to Dundee by a wide margin. Lew Massey outpunched Bobby Pacho in the bout that followed the wind-up in eight rounds, winning the award.

Leonard Del Genio staged a cyclonic rally in the last two rounds to win the verdict from Steve Haliako. Haliako entered the ring a sick boy and deserved plenty of credit for his plucky fight. An atrocious verdict was rendered in the bout between Charley Bedami and Al Casimini; Casimini won the fight as clearly as did Dundee, but the judges disagreed and Referee Eddie Josephs voted in favor of Bedami. Teddy Loder outpunched Joe Vignali in the opening eight-round fray.

Gig Rooney, who is associated with Maurice Lasky in the management of Art Lasky, has taken over Wrigley Field in California, where he is staging boxing and later will also stage wrestling. The veteran Ed Smith, former Chicago sports editor and internationally famous referee, is assisting Gig by handling the publicity. There is no better purveyor of fistic and wrestling news than Smith, who was third man in the ring in many famous fights and wrestling matches, including the Gotch-Hackenschmidt affairs. Rooney is one of the smartest men in the boxing game and managed Jackie Fields into the world's welterweight title.

Dick Donald started the Olympic in Los Angeles with a bang-up card of four ten-rounders. It was a swell program but evidently too much above the ordinary tastes of the Coast fans. It was a losing venture, but it successfully introduced Lou Brouillard, who flattened Oscar Rankins in three rounds. Brouillard followed up a week later with a knockout over Mexican Joe Rivers. Sometimes it pays to bring in new faces if the promoter can profit by it eventually and it appears as if Brouillard has certainly "gone over."

Leo Bradley, located in Hartford, is managing Tiger Henderson, heavyweight, and Eduardo Duarry, Cuban welterweight. Dick Welsh, former Philly bantam, is now settled in the Greenwich Village section of New York and doing very nice work locally. Reports from the Coast say that Young Corbett was very lucky to get the verdict over Bep Van Klaveren. They drew ten thousand dollars.

Fanfare on Jack Doyle, latest arrival from Ireland, was something terrific and we hope he lives up to his pre-battle statements. Doyle has the color and background to make an excellent attraction but his fighting qualities will furnish the acid test.

Our Rochester correspondent stated that Al Traino whipped Frankie Eagan in the February issue of THE RING. According to Vince Plunkett, Eagan won the decision—and won rather easily. Tommy O'Laughlin is handling Jack Gibbons, son of Mike, the great middleweight of another decade, and Young Rightmire, Sioux City featherweight. Joe Woodman is handling Hooky Jackson, Providence middleweight, who reversed his stance as a southpaw and is now fighting righthanded. Hooky is a tough, rugged youngster and is in good hands.

Jimmy Erwin, lately settled in Washington, D. C., expects to move into Birmingham, Alabama, and stage some fistic shows there. Birmingham was one of the best fight centers in the South, but during the past few years interest has declined, although Petey Sarron, star featherweight, hails from that city. Jimmy has promoted shows in various parts of the country and his talents are extended in many directions. He is a manager, good publicity agent, and, with those assets to support him, should give the Birmingham fans some entertaining shows.

Henri Pilotte, promising youngster from Montreal, is here to make some strides in the fistic market. He has had five pro starts and looks like he is destined to get some place. He is accompanied by Louis Wyman, who is looking after him. Charley Massare started on a new winning streak by taking Unknown Winston into camp in Hartford.

Frank Tabor and Joe Tei Ken left for the Coast to fulfill several engagements in that region. Tei Ken came here to meet Sixto Escobar, but because Escobar was incapacitated with a bad ankle the match never took place. Walter Neusel removed plenty of glamour from Jack Peterson when he stopped him in eleven rounds. It also dimmed the hopes of English critics, who visualized in Peterson the next heavyweight champion.

Tony Canzoneri's victory over Leo Rodak in Chicago removed any lingering doubt as to who Barney Ross' opponent should be when Barney decides to defend his lightweight title. It seems inconceivable that a fighter of Ross' unquestioned ability should hesitate to agree to give Canzoneri another chance at the title, considering the fact that he stands out head and shoulders above the rest of the challengers and also the proof that Canzoneri remains a drawing card of the first water. Canzoneri and Rodak drew $31,430, which is something to ponder over in these days, and it is all the more remarkable when you take into consideration that Ross and Canzoneri, fighting for the lightweight title in Chicago, drew around thirty-five thousand dollars.

The Miami match with Frankie Klick did nothing to enhance Ross' prestige. Max and Buddy Baer on the same program, Joe Knight and Tony Shucco in another match, and the receipts fell so far beyond expectations that it was impossible to derive an accurate figure of the gate receipts. Vince Dundee and Paul Pirrone drew fourteen thousand dollars in Philadelphia, and Chicago has performed miracles under the regime of Nate Lewis and Jim Mullen. Yet New York City, the largest city in the country, has to be content with fightless nights or the alternative of a basketball game.

THE RING'S contention that Marcel Thil is the real world's middleweight champion is beginning to carry weight. Lew Raymond, pudgy Pittsburgh promoter is trying to clinch a match between Thil and Yarosz for the world's middleweight title, which should draw a banner crowd in that section.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

THE defeat of the British and European champion, Jack Peterson, by Walter Neusel vindicated the good judgment of Nat Fleischer, editor and publisher of THE RING, whose recent comments *in re* the world status of our title-holder was severely criticized by Pa Peterson and the British press. In his recent interview with Reuter's dispatch, published widely with large spreadheads in all of the British papers, Nat Fleischer remarked that when Pa Peterson insists on a titular shot with Max Baer and will accept no other contender in America in a preliminary bout to prove his worth, Pa and his son were treading on dangerous ground.

In his letter to Nat, Pa, in rather strong terms, condemned Nat's attitude and declared that his son had fought and beaten more champions than Nat had seen in his entire career. To this, the editor replied:

"THE RING feels sorry that its frank statements, made after an exhaustive investigation, in which some of the leading lights of Pa's own country have been enlisted, proved that Jack Peterson is a good, budding heavyweight, but far from being ready to tackle the world champion. As I remarked before, there are at least five Americans who can take the measure of Peterson.

"When Pa Peterson names the champions who were defeated by Peterson, and places his faith in his boy's fighting ability as a world beater on victories or knockouts over such champions as Len Harvey, Crossley, Mueller, Schoenrath, Gains, Pettifer, Power, Bandias and Doyle, he fails to take into consideration that, of the entire list, only Harvey and Gains were worthy of recognition among the top flight."

And subsequent events here proved that Nat was correct. In his recent fight with Walter Neusel, in which Peterson's title was not at stake, the German stopped our champion in the eleventh round. Thus Jack's chance for meeting Baer met with a severe setback and Neusel jumped right back into the front ranks of the contenders. Peterson's seconds tossed in the sponge in the eleventh round to halt the terrific punishment Jack was receiving. A crowd of 11,800 paid $49,000 to see the mill.

I feel very sorry for Pa and Jack, but perhaps that defeat will prove to our British scribes that THE RING is the most unbiased journal in the world on boxing, and that when a statement is made, it is done so only after thorough investigation and thought.

Moe Moss fought one of his best fights to win over Jack Robinson, after ten rounds seen at the Pavilion Sports Arena.

Paul Schaeffer, the Canadian welterweight, still keeps on with his K.O. victories. Following his quick kayos over George Bunter and Billy Bird, the Canuck kayoed Ivor Pickens in five rounds.

A clever Welsh flyweight, Pat Warburton, was also seen on the same card, stopping Young Johnny Brown, of Wealdstone, in the ninth of a twelve-round bout, with the referee intervening.

Another bout on the bill was between Stan Jehu, Welsh featherweight champion, who defeated Fred Beach (Bilston) after ten hard rounds.

Wesley Ramey, from Grand Rapids, had his second bout in Great Britain and made a great hit when he outclassed Harry Brooks (St. Georges) over ten rounds.

Frank Hough, who was recently stopped by Tom Curran in eight rounds came back to winning form when he K.O.'ed Sandy McKenzie in the first round. On the same card, Billy Petrie had a hard bout with Billy Barr, and at the end of ten rounds was the winner on points.

Con Flynn earned the points decision over Boyo Cassidy after a very hard twelve-round bout at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

George Odwell gained a kayo over Darkey Bolton in the ninth round of a twelve-round bout at Charlton Ring, Euston.

Benny Lynch, in whom I have great faith, appeared in a winning vein when he outpointed Bobby McGhee over twelve rounds at Glasgow.

Jack Pettifer showed a return to form at Hull when he met Alf Sauvage (France) in what was scheduled to be a twelve-round bout. In the previous bout in Paris, Sauvage defeated Pettifer on points, but since coming under new management he has shown vast improvement.

Pettifer was the aggressor throughout and dealt out severe punishment to the Frenchman, who was down in the sixth round for 6, 9, 8, and 6, before the gong came to his assistance.

The pace was fast for heavyweights for the next two rounds, and a left hook to the Frenchman's liver, put him down for the count in the ninth round.

Charlie McDonald, the colored middleweight from Sunderland, scored a K.O. over Donald Key at Newcastle in the third of a twelve-round bout.

After an absence of three years from the ring, Charlie Mack made a successful comeback to beat Billy Boulger on points after twelve rounds at the Ring, London. In the supporting bout, Phil Bevan outponted Young Rose at the end of twelve rounds. Fred Clements finished a winner over Johnny Rust at the end of a twelve-round bout at the Stadium Club, London.

Seaman Wakeling and Harry Gains had a hard scrap over twelve rounds at Plumstead Baths, which ended in a draw.

Len Rowlands gave a clever exhibition of boxing in defeating Stoker Tom Morell over twelve rounds at the Pavilion Sports Arena, London. In the supporting bout, Phil Bevan caused Charlie Jordan to retire at the end of the fourth with a badly cut eye.

Eddie Steele met Charlie Smith (Deptford) in a fifteen-round contest at the East Ham Baths. These two veteran heavyweights put up a hard bout, although it was not interesting, and when the referee declared a draw there was not much in it either way.

Archie Sexton demonstrated that he was master of Glen Moody (Pontypridd) when they met in their fifth bout at the Corn Hall, Norwich. The bout was over twelve rounds and Sexton had matters all his own way and put Moody down in the fourth round with a peach of a left hook, but he failed to score a K.O. over his game opponent.

Jack London was too fast for Frank Borrington in their twelve-round bout at West Ham Baths, and received the decision at the end.

Freddie Miller had two fights in forty-eight hours when he met Joe Connolly over ten rounds at the Ring, London. The first bout was fought in Paris, where he scored a K.O. over Augier in the seventh round.

Eddie McGuire was unlucky to have the referee intervene in the eighth of a fifteen-round bout at the East Ham Baths when he was in the lead of his contest with Seaman Wakeling, and a badly cut eye was the cause of McGuire losing the bout.

Jimmy Vaughan and Boyo Cassidy fought a smashing draw over twelve rounds at the Pavilion Arena before a big crowd. Ted Shaw outpointed Fred Shaw after twelve interesting rounds, and Teddy Hayes scored a convincing win on points after twelve rounds against Barney Smith.

Billy Bird, who now drives a taxicab for a living, comes along occasionally to upset the applecart of the younger generation. At the Hammersmith Arena he met Albert O'Brien in what was to have been a ten-round contest, and after one minute of boxing, Bird paid the fare for O'Brien to Slumberland with a left to the jaw.

Amateur boxing lost another champion when Pat Palmer, flyweight champion of Great Britain, decided to turn "pro." He has signed contracts to appear at the Ring, London, for a few bouts.

Al Miller, a colored lad, outpointed George Jukes over ten rounds, thus reversing a previous decision.

Alex Bell again won at Edinburgh when he forced Bill Brennan to retire, after five rounds of a twelve-round bout, with a serious injury to his ribs.

Tommy Spiers forced Tommy Hyans to retire at the end of the eighth round, at Glasgow, of a bout that was scheduled for twelve rounds.

Billy Quinlan boxed in poor form when he met Harry Craster in a twelve-round contest at Middlesborough. Craster gave the Welshman a boxing lesson throughout and ran out an easy winner on points.

Frankie Brown fought with plenty of vigor when he met Ted Hinton at Blackpool over twelve rounds, but had to be content with a draw after a very good bout.

Len Beynon paid forfeit for being overweight in his bout with Billy Miller when they met at Brunswick Stadium over twelve rounds. Beynon proved the cleverer, and although Miller improved in the middle rounds, Beynon ran out a clear winner on points.

Joe Mendiola gave Jim Brady, of Dundee, a beating in a twelve-round contest at Edinburgh.

After taking severe punishment for three rounds, Pat Butler was well beaten when the referee, Mr. Moss Deyong, stopped the contest and declared Paul Schaefer, the Jewish Canadian, the winner. The contest took place at the Pavilion Arena, London, and the crowd was a record one, for the Arena, many people being turned away.

Tommy John knocked out Harry Brooks in the ninth round of a ten-round bout at the Ring, London.

Archie Sexton again showed that he is the master of Glen Moody (Wales) when he defeated the latter for the sixth time at Norwich.

Tom Curran and Del Fontaine fought fifteen hard rounds at top speed at East Ham Baths before a packed house, and at the end of the bout Fontaine received the honors.

Freddie Mitchell proved too strong for Billy Petrie, who is sponsored by the great Jimmy Wilde.

Petrie showed plenty of gameness and took everything without flinching, until the referee intervened in the seventh of a twelve-round contest to save a good boy unnecessary punishment.

Fred Kirsch, well known in New York and Berlin, spent a week in London before sailing for New York. He met up with Pete Reilly, Paul Damski, and other friends of the cauliflower industry at the meeting place in Leicester Square, and many a good yarn was spilled over a cup of English tea.

Jack Bloomfield is mine host of the Sportsman Saloon in Leicester Square. He staged a successful one at Penton Street Drill Hall, and a big crowd of sportsmen gathered to make the show a big success.

Wesley Ramey, Freddie Miller, Paul Schaffer, Dave Crowley, and Eddie Phillips were present, besides the whole of the Arsenal football team, and all the bouts were good, hard fought, and a fine time was had by all.

Two of the world's best lightweights—Jack (Kid) Berg, the Whitechapel Whirlwind, and "Tiger" Gustave Humery of France, went at it hammer and tongs from the first round until the unfortunate finish in the eighth when Referee Moss De Yong stopped the fight because of a severe injury to Humery's eye.

Many of the crowd were for the referee's action, and many were for the bout continuing, but the rules say that the referee is the sole judge. The bout will go down as one of the best lightweight bouts seen in England, and I place it on a par with that great bout between Matt Wells and Hughie Mehegan, of Australia, which took place at the National Sporting Club before the great World War.

In the supporting bouts at the Royal Albert Hall on the Berg-Humery bill, Jimmy Walsh defeated Wesley Ramey of Grand Rapids, Michigan. Walsh was well ahead on points in the sixth round when Ramey swung a low left that the referee, without hesitation, said was low, and he immediately disqualified the American. George Daly, boxing in his best form, defeated Norman Snow at the end of the sixth round when the referee stopped the bout owing to a badly cut mouth that Snow had sustained.

Freddie Miller was held to a draw when he met Benny Caplan, ex-amateur featherweight champion of Great Britain. They met in an overweight match at the Ring, London, before a packed house, and the champion did not show his usual form.

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

IF those at the helm in the active boxing game could ever be made to see that fighting each other and losing all sight of the main objective—boxing—never gets anybody anywhere—that anything like a little bit of decent co-operation would be for the welfare of all, the sport would have some chance of regaining the heights and popularity from which it has tumbled. But, to hammer home any such ideals seems to be an impossibility—seemingly so in any event. At this time Boston is experiencing the results of this ruthless competition. Result—there is practically nothing doing—the same old doldrums.

In December the chances for a real revival of boxing in Boston looked very bright. Two shows had been staged, one under the auspices of the Boston Garden and the other by the Goodwin A.C., money-making affairs for the clubs and absolutely O.K. as regards the calibre of the offerings they put in their rings. The oldtime fans and thousands of new ones gathered about the ropes. Encouraged by their success the matchmakers of the rival clubs began to arrange for a big splurge in January. While both sides have offered many and various explanations and excuses, the fact remains that the Goodwin A.C. turned loose on Jan. 9, and the Garden on Jan. 10, two big competing shows on successive nights, a tremendous mistake which the State Athletic Commission did nothing to discourage. Both lost money, a result that a blind man could have foreseen, and still worse, interest in boxing has again slumped. The public, as a whole, is not particularly concerned in either the bickerings of fight men or their clubs. It is for boxing that it pays its money.

As to the actual happenings inside ropes, the Goodwin A.C. offering on Jan. 9, had for its top feature a four-round exhibition bout between Champion Max Baer and Dick Madden. It went off very nicely as merely an exhibition. Max gained plenty of friends by refraining from any attempt to either punish Madden or knock him out. In a joke bout of six rounds Babe Hunt outpointed Buddy Baer and broke up the latter's winning streak. There were three 10 rounder real fights, all of them very good, the feature of these being a win scored by Al McCoy of Waterville, Me., though now a resident of Dorchester, Mass., over Don Petrin of Jersey. Petrin was crowded and whaled by McCoy from bell to bell—never got much of a chance to really open up. The Maine light-heavy won by a big margin. In another 10, Johnny Rossi, Worcester, defeated Al Diamond, of Newark, the former being out in front much of the way. In a third 10, Tom Patrick, the Irish heavy from the Pacific Coast, and Jack McCarthy, Boston, stood toe-to-toe and demolished each other. Patrick inflicted the more punishment and won the decision.

Next night at the Garden came Champion Bob Olin in the top number with Fanis Tzanatopolous, the "Greek Tiger," a wild, unorthodox, willing mitt-slinger hailing from Lynn. The title was not at stake—the distance 10 rounds. To make sure that the Greek would not be under the weight, which was the actual case at weighing time, the Olin forces insisted that he fill up with water. So Fanis came into the ring feeling more like a seal than a tiger. However, he did very well—made a fight of it and went the full route. Naturally, the award went to Olin. Al Boros, chunky 100-pound Bridgeport slugger, took Larry Johnson, the veteran colored Chicago clouter, in the eight-heat semifinal. In sixes, Buster Price of Lynn, who is doing a real comeback, whipped Tony Costa of New Bedford, and Al Minnehan, a Brockton heavy, won the award over Elmer Chase, New Bedford. Five four-rounders completed the card.

Getting down to facts and figures, the Goodwin A. C. show, staged in the Mechanics Building on Jan. 9, drew 3836 cash customers, who paid in a gross of $6661 and net of $6043, and the Garden offering of Jan. 10, attracted 3679 paying fans and a gross of $4098.25 and net of $2276.25. As world's champions come high, both organizations took a plunge into the red.

Boston has one futurity which seems likely to materialize—an international amateur boxing tourney in which teams representing Ireland, France and Italy, or perhaps a Finnish outfit, will compete here about the middle of March against an all-New England team, the show to be sponsored by the Irish American A.A. of South Boston, and staged in the Boston Garden. The sanction of the tourney has been granted by the N. E. A. A. U., and received the O.K. of the international board of the A.A.U., which in turn has received assurances from abroad of the appearance here of at least two foreign teams, if not three. The visiting amateur boxers will compete first in Boston, then in New York and Philadelphia, and possibly Chicago or Detroit. These affairs will mark a revival of the international tourneys of years ago which went over very successfully and did much to keep up popular interest in boxing. We started pounding on this international boxing idea about a year ago—seemingly it is about to bear fruit.

Joe Kaminski, the Nanticoke, Pa., middleweight, is not faring any too well in the New England circuit. Up at Holyoke, Mass., where the Valley Arena A.A. keeps running weekly shows, Tony Celli of Leominster, triumphed over him late in January and two weeks later Al McCoy, the Maine light-heavy, easily defeated him in Al Caroly's ring at New Haven. It was McCoy's initial appearance in Connecticut and he went over very big.

Up in Maine, Ossie Stewart of Augusta, a 160-pound colored lad, has started going again after a layoff due to an infected hand. He hammered out a ten-round win over Charley Weise of Brooklyn at Portland, and stopped Bucky Lawless of Auburn, N. Y., in two heats at Augusta, Me. Stewart has made signs at wanting a bout with Al McCoy but has yet to put up $200 forfeit for appearance inside of ropes insisted on by the latter before he will talk business with him.

In defense of the Boston Garden and its failure to keep clicking boxingwise, Matchmaker Ray Cass declares that this attitude is not due to its lack of interest in the sport. He lays it all to the fact that George V. Brown, the new manager of the Garden, is such a live wire that he is keeping the big auditorium so filled up with other attractions that it is almost impossible to secure an open date for the booking in of glove tourneys. So, while boxing continues in a negligible state, all of which is tough for those who enjoy that form of sport, Manager Brown's activities are giving the directors and stock-holders cause for great joy.

One thing to be said about Dan Carroll of Boston, he keeps his boxers busy. Several years ago when he picked up Jim Maloney, Dan had the satisfaction of seeing his protege break Carnera's winning streak, while his later efforts in behalf of Sammy Fuller has brought the Boston lightweight up to within hitting distance of the world's 135-pound crown. And now Tony Shucco, the Hub light-heavy, who was given to rest periods between bouts, is beginning to click.

Dan O'Mahoney of Ireland, who a few weeks ago whipped Ernie Dusek on the Boston Garden mat, took on Rudy Dusek, with about 15,000 cash customers turning out to see the action. There was plenty. The Irishman won both falls and the match, taking the first in 15:21 with a top-body scissors and double wristlock, and the second in 7:07 with his "Irish whip," the latter a pull over shoulder and heave. Rudy was a mess on the canvas when the muss was over, both wind and fight knocked out of him.

Ed Don George, world's champion in this section, drew a tough 'un on the Garden mat in Dick Shikat, the Philadelphia German heavy, who rates with us as a real wrestler. After tussling for 1:06:57 with neither having any great advantage over the other, George got home with three flying tackles and, before the Teuton could recover himself, hoisted him into the air with an inside crotch and body lock and then dropped him for the one and deciding fall. George, despite his title, not being a great card except when it is felt that he may be defeated, the bout drew only about 5000 cash customers.

Thanks to the efforts of C. J. Beaudette of Claremont, N. H., boxing got going again at Manchester, N. H. The promoter's new club, known as the Palais des Sports, so named in honor of the Paris auditorium out of deference to his French patrons, being the scene of the festivity. In the double feature, Sammy Bruce, Albany, N. Y., defeated Romeo Ducharme, of Holyoke, in eight rounds, while Joe Gelinas, a very good Athol, Mass., welter, lost to Willie Pal of Albany, N. Y., when he broke his thumb in the third round.

It would be no surprise if one of these days Dr. Patrick O'Callahan, the Irish Olympic winner and all-around athlete, shows in Boston either as a wrestler or as a member of the Irish amateur boxing team. The story is going the rounds that when the mat moguls realized that it was time to bring in some new faces, and Irish faces in particular, Dr. O'Callahan was approached. But the medico, deciding that his profession had first call, declined all offers though did suggest that O'Mahoney had plenty of real makings. So O'Mahoney is here and making good, all of which, as the tale is told, may cause the medicine man to lay aside his books, pills and tools and try his hand as a wrestler, or make the crossing with the Irish boxers.

Eddie Millson of Dorchester, Mass., a lightweight of some merit and future possibilities, has returned to the sport after an illness and very shortly may be seen again in Boston rings. Millson has many good qualities and has contracted the habit of hitting and holding—that is, lets go a punch and then grabs against getting a return. Speaking of boxers in general, referees who do not enforce the rules are largely responsible for hitters and holders. Instead of quietly warning such an offender while a bout is on, the average referee loudly bawls "break" and, when the ringster pays no attention, rushes in and pulls him off. So the kids just wait for the referee to go through with his act and keep right on with their hitting and holding. Boys who are properly instructed are not likely to cause very much trouble; otherwise they are encouraged by a third man who either does not know his business or will not enforce the code.

The veteran Dave Shade, for years a master-boxer in the middleweight division, now owner of a cafe in Pittsfield, Mass., carried his pitcher once too often to the well and lost to Al Gainer of New Haven in a 10-rounder fought in the ring of the Berkshire A.C. at Pittsfield. Thus Gainer, thanks to his youth, reversed a decision which Shade won over him about three years ago. In recent months, Shade has defeated several opponents, Bob Turner being the last. Dave now is 33 years old and has been boxing since 1918, a long time. It is likely that now he will lay aside the gloves but one never can tell about him. His bout with Gainer attracted about 1700 customers, a capacity house in Pittsfield, where Mart J. Cronin, a veteran himself, is promoting.

Al McCoy, several times mentioned in the couple, hied himself up to Bangor in his native state of Maine and there encountered Leo Salvas of Berlin, N. H., a two-fisted middleweight.

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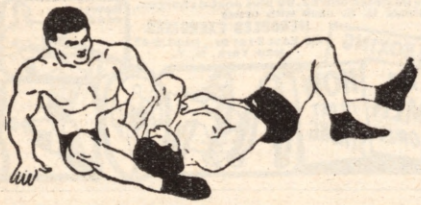

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SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

YOUR old scribe will start the month off with a few lines telling you just why THE RING Magazine is a success in the field of boxing and wrestling, while other magazines with the same idea in mind have failed. First, our good friend Nat Fleischer, editor of THE RING, is a man who is not afraid to say what he thinks, regardless of friendship, creed or politics. Every writer on the staff of THE RING follows the same policy. There are no yesmen writing for THE RING. When a man is afraid to say or write what he thinks, he is a coward, and might as well fold up because he will never be a success in any line. THE RING is fearless, constructive, and independent. It is your trade paper and, without it, boxing and wrestling would be like a ship lost on the high seas. Remember, THE RING leads, while others try to follow.

During the many years as correspondent for THE RING I have received, and have on file, over 10,000 letters from every section of the world. Just think of it. It gives me a great deal of pleasure to know that this column is read with so much interest, and my only hope is that I will be able to carry on for many more years.

Burlington, Iowa—Jackie Burns of Lone Tree, Ia., punched out a ten-round decision over Jake Hunzinger, Burlington middleweight; Chuck Wilhelmy of Burlington lost a fast sixer to the T.N.T. Kid of Peoria, Ill.; Jack McFadden of Kewanee, Ill., outpointed Roy Cliff of Peoria, Ill.; Eddie Turley of Burlington shaded Billy Johnson, Peoria Negro; Bob Glison of Stronghurst, Ill., scored a T.K.O. over Jack Pherson of Burlington.

Cedar Rapids, Ia.—Mickey O'Shea, of Chicago, Ill., won a ten-round decision over Bobby O'Signac; Lou Vines, Grand Rapids, Mich., outboxed Joey Bozak in a sixer; Chummy Flake, Lone Tree, Ia., won a T.K.O. over Pat Cahill; Jimmy Birlingham, of Cedar Rapids, showed plenty of sock when he knocked out Eddie Donohough, of Lone Tree, Ia., in the second round; Jackie Fulton and Jimmy Cruze battled to a draw in four. A large crowd attended the card, which was the first in more than a year.

Washington, Ia.—Kenneth Wren scored a knockout over "Pug" Osborn in the first round; Everett Halliday won a decision over Jackie Saunders.

Onawa, Ia.—Don Rhymer, Sioux City lightheavyweight, defeated Ben Brown, of Onawa, in six rounds; Bert Woods, Onawa, beat Terry Griffiths, of Sioux City; Young Packey McFarland won from Kenny Thompson of Sioux City; Kid Randolph scored a kayo over Red Wilder.

Huron, So. Dak.—Al Braun of Huron won a ten-round decision over Al Pahl, Sioux City lightweight. In the semi-windup, Speedy Clayton, Sioux City lightweight, won an eight-round decision over Clarence Anderson, of Lake Norden, So. Dak.

Onawa, Ia.—Don Rhymer, Sioux City lightheavyweight, fought a fast six-round draw with Jimmie Wooten of Omaha; Cappy Wooten, Omaha lightweight, won a hard-fought battle with Bert Woods; Packey McFarland upset the dope when he beat Tommy Sacco of Sioux City; Kid Jobe, Sioux City Negro welter, won over Bobby Nordaker; Paul Randall won over Frank Merrick in the opener.

Fargo, No. Dak.—Freddie Atkinson, of Detroit, won over Billy Norton, of Fargo, in six.

BETWEEN ROUNDS WITH THE PROMOTERS—Pinkie George, popular Iowa promoter, is promoting boxing shows at Mason City for the Legion . . . . The Legion at Winner, So. Dak., will also promote shows . . . . Amon H. "Curley" Miller, promoter at Spencer, Ia., will open a club there . . . . Clyde Jay located at 501 Franklin Street, Boone, Ia., is making plans to promote shows there . . . . Fred Mason is doing the promoting at Ulmer, Iowa . . . . Ed Liedtke at Hartley, Iowa, c/o Park Hotel, is making plans for boxing cards . . . . Harry Jones, Sioux City promoter, is booking boys right and left for the outdoor season . . . . The Legion at Valentine, Nebr., staged their first show for more than a year . . . . It looks like things are picking up . . . . *Promoter's List* No. 5 will be ready on May 16. It contains the best outdoor spots and other information of interest to boxers and managers who plan to make a trip out here.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—Ernie Lewis, manager of "Dutch" Weimer (the San Diego, Calif., heavyweight), who is now making his headquarters at Kansas City, Mo., is on the war-path . . . . Ernie says "Dutch" will lick a lot of these so-called good heavyweights who are crying their heads off for fights . . . . Weimer has licked such men as "Babe" Eddie Risko, K. O. Christner, Joe Goeders, Buck Weaver, Clyde Colvin, Johnny Reed, and a pile of others . . . . Mr. Lewis can be reached at 2718 Forest, Kansas City, Mo. . . . Carmen Cook, the Bridgeport, Conn., lightweight, and his manager, Al Cavalieri, are making plans for a trip to Sioux City this summer . . . . Cook has mixed with such men as Steve Smith, Steve Haliako, and Ad Fernadeza . . . . Young Rightmire, our local featherweight comer, turned things upside down and checked in a win over Frankie Wolfram at Chicago.

The best looking prospect for the month around Iowa is Ronny Malcolm, a hard-punching welterweight with a total of forty-one fights, and twenty-three of them were won by knockouts . . . . he hails from Waterloo, Ia. . . . keep your lamps on him . . . . I have watched him in action, and he certainly has the makings . . . . "Pop" Slater local trainer of fighters, was on the sick list for two weeks . . . . Pinkie George, who promotes at Mason City and Waterloo, Ia., will enlarge his Waterloo arena to hold around five thousand fans . . . . meaning his outdoor spot . . . . Speedy Clayton, local lightweight, has been flooded with offers since his great fight with Wesley Martin . . . . At this writing the Golden Glove Boxing Tournament is in full sway . . . . results next month . . . . One of the best looking prospects around Omaha, Nebr., is Glenn Lee, a 138-pound boy . . . . All notes must be in my hands by the third of each month, and mail same to 2206 N. Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Iowa . . . . Andy Dans, local manager and trainer, is back after a vacation.

BILLINGS, MONT., BOXING BITS
By C. E. "DOC." MITCHELL

BILLINGS—Jimmy Kreiner, the sensational welterweight of Billings, drew with Dick Demeray, Bismarck, N. D., in ten rounds; Chief Gidion, 148-pounder of Crow Agency, decisioned Earl Palmer, Billings, in eight rounds; Tiny Carvelli, Livingston, whiffed Harry Hunter, Roundup, in six.

Butte—Hube Dennis stopped Goldie Hess in two rounds in the main event of a ten-rounder; Harold Hockings, Butte lightweight, stopped Red McQuary, Bozeman, in three rounds; Kin Sullivan, of Butte, won over Kanarr in four rounds.

Crow Agency—Chief Gidion, of Crow Agency, 149 pounds, K.O.'ed Jack Fargo Billings in two rounds of a 10-round main event.

Joliet—Alex Kanaub, of Fromberg, stopped Tom Lynch, of Portland, in three rounds; Bob Petty and K. O. Hendrix, a couple of 136-pounders, drew in six; and Dick Hergert, 160, of Park City, and Billy Hyde, 160, of Red Lodge, fought a fast six-rounder in which Hergert got the nod.

Helena—Word comes from Helena that the wrestling game is not going very big. However, the fight cards will soon be in progress there and the promoter is planning some fistic shows.

Get your fight dope in early. The writer will furnish names of fighters and promoters any time for 25c, to cover cost of handling. The writer's address is 119 N. 28th Street, Billings, Mont.

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SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

TIGER WALKER, Cincinnati's colored lightweight ace, scored his biggest victory recently at the Music Hall Arena when he defeated Frankie Wallace of Cleveland in a ten-rounder on one of Herman Katz's promotions. Katz is now dickering for a Walker versus Freddie Miller match, when the latter returns from his European jaunt some time in March.

Fred Ziegler, Kentucky boxing impresario, is the new chief of fistic works in Louisville. Ziegler was recently named as the head of the new boxing club in the Falls City and Vernon Franklin will serve as secretary and treasurer. Bud Ferguson, former manager of Jimmy Buckler, will step into the matchmaker's shoes vacated by Jimmy Dell.

Emory Helms, Thomasson, Ga., lightie, who is being handled by Bob Bonner, defeated Scotty Scotten of Indianapolis in one of the first of the new club's programs. Johnny Stevens, Cincinnati, kayoed Jack Shirley of Louisville and Curley Denton, Cincinnati, drew with Bill Jones of Louisville in the main supporting frays. Stevens and Denton are also under Bonner's wing.

Since Al Hamilton, Price Hill youngster, placed himself under the Bonner banner, the Hilltop boy has defeated Jackie Hoster, Billy Burke, Frankie Willis, Phil and Wishey Jones, King Brady, Jimmy Shannon, Al George, Garfield Rice, Jess Calhoun, Jimmy Buckler, and his last time out drew with Ray Kietz at Music Hall.

Danny Davis believes Billy Burke, his Irish lightweight, will be Freddie Miller's successor hereabouts. Burke carries a natural punch and his southpaw stance combined, makes him tough opposition for any of them at his weight.

A match that should prove a "natural" around here should bring together Al Hamilton and Tiger Walker.

Carl Knowles, the Atlanta light-heavyweight, whose percentage was .500, a loss to Roughhouse Glover and a kayo over Smokey Maggard, boosted his average to .750 upon his return with a kayo over Steve Roberts of Chicago.

Billy Hawkins, Iowa fight mentor, bulletins that over two thousand fans packed the Sioux City Auditorium for the Mickey Slater-Kid Sweezey tussle on the Good Fellows-Sioux City *Journal* Christmas card.

From down in Miami, Fla., Bill Powers, Cinci glove manager, writes: "Hello, Jim. Brought my welter, Danny Millilo, down here two weeks ago and he has two knockouts to his credit."

Johnny La Caille, Omaha lightweight, whom Pat Wright is grooming, is going great guns around Texas and Southwestern territory.

R. E. Heffner, manager of Harry Weekly, Alliance, O., lightie, calls my attention to the fact that his protege deserves mention in my divisional ratings. Harry beat several "good names," among whom were Dominick Mancini and Tiger Rosey Grier.

Information in these parts can be secured through the writer at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, O. Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope for quick reply. Fighters should get in touch with Bob Bonner, 911 Walnut St., Cincinnati, or Jack Davis, 1322 Wheeler St., Covington, Ky.

My ratings this month are:
HEAVYWEIGHT—Joe Sekyra, Dayton, and Patsy Perroni, Akron.
LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT—Jack Redmond, Akron, and Alabama Kid, Dover.
MIDDLEWEIGHT—Gorilla Jones, Akron, and Roughhouse Glover, Cincinnati.
WELTERWEIGHT—Jackie Davis, Cleveland, and Simon Nebloski, Cincinnati.
LIGHTWEIGHT—Chet O'Kelly, Akron, and Tiger Walker, Cincinnati.
FEATHERWEIGHT—Freddie Miller, Cincinnati, and Phil Zwick, Cleveland.
BANTAMWEIGHT—Frankie Wolfram, Barberton, and Babe Triscaro, Cleveland.

Managers and promoters—These ratings are for your benefit. If you think they are wrong, tell me. If I think you're wrong, I'll tell you. Let's get champions in all classes. How about those flyweights?

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Buddy Miller dropped one verdict in nine Cincinnati starts . . . . Jack Moran, former manager of Tiger West, the Erie Indian middleweight, is back in harness and is scouting around for a heavyweight "find" . . . . Moran is now connected with a St. Louis company as a salesman . . . . Jack Davis, latest promoter, announces that he will not promote any boxing until summer. He has mixed in a few wrestling shows and his promotions, more or less, have been on the variety form . . . . Pat Heeney, Brooklyn manager, wants to show Tommy Grogan, his Omaha veteran, in Cincinnati . . . . Mickey Kilcher, matcher at the Newport, Ky., American Legion Club, has been playing to some pitiful houses and may toss in the sponge for wrestling . . . . Herman Katz took a trip to the West Coast to look over some possible shots for his indoor and coming outdoor Cincinnati shows . . . . Ralph Peck, former *Post* writer, is now doing the publicity on the Katz shows . . . . Peck succeeded Bill Powers when the latter went to Florida with his two charges, Danny Millilo and Paul Thobe . . . . Millilo and Thobe helped Barney Ross train for his Frankie Klick match at Miami . . . . so, until next month, adios.

The unlimited demands for the heavyweight, light-heavyweight, middleweight and welterweight wrestling ratings, based on activity, which the writer offered last month after four months of steady figures on the active leaders, for one dime and a stamped envelope, were so heavy that the writer has decided to issue these ratings each month at 15 cents in coin and a stamped envelope. The writer's address is 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati. These divisional ratings include all of the leaders and their contenders.

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IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

EDDIE (BABE) RISKO suffered his first setback when he lost the decision to Vince Dundee in Madison Square Garden. The ballyhoo which preceded Risko's Garden debut, led the fans to believe they were to see another Stanley Ketchel in action, but Babe failed dismally to click with Gotham fistic followers. The scrap was a slow one, replete with clinching, and drew down the wrath of the fans from start to finish. To climax the hectic set-to, the decision was given to Risko amid a howl of boos, and later reversed by General Phelan of the Boxing Commission, and handed to Dundee!

A week after the Garden bout, Risko went to Chicago, where he fought ten hard rounds to a draw with Solly Dukelsky on the Rodak-Canzoneri card. Babe suffered cuts over both eyes in the closing rounds, but never stopped trying. I predict he will still make good.

Joey Brown made a decided hit on the Chicago card despite the fact he lost a six-round decision to Paul Lee. Brown is a great little action producer and would rather fight than eat. He will probably be brought back to the Windy City, for the verdict in favor of Lee was wildly booed.

Maxie Rosenbloom, former light-heavyweight monarch, dropped into Syracuse and stayed long enough to punch out a ten-round decision over Johnny Nelson, local Negro, in a fast bout. Tommy Baxter of Buffalo made a fine impression by holding Frankie Wocjik of Utica to a draw in a slam-bang semifinal. Other results: Babe Amos, Syracuse, outpointed Eddie Swider, Syracuse (6); Paulie Sykes, Jersey City, knocked out Freddie Sallus, Syracuse (1); Bud Fisher, Newark, outslugged Sam Matrone, Syracuse (4).

Joey Brown belted out an eight-round decision over Joey Izzo of Hartford in a slashing battle that pleased the fans. Eddie Marks, Brownsville, battered out an eight-round win over Eugene (Bad Boy) Emanuel, of this city, in the semifinal.

Tony Canzoneri won from Honeyboy Hughes of Granville in a torrid ten-round bout at Utica. Frankie Wocjik, Utica, knocked out Frank Kowalsky of Baldwinsville in the third round of the scheduled six-round semifinal.

George Sheppard, of Brooklyn, has Diogenes' back to the wall . . . . Georgie admits he handles no *great* fighters, but his boys *do* fight, which is all any scrapper is asked to do. Sheppard has a promising newcomer in his stable who answers to the name Joey (Greco) Greb. The latter hails from Herkimer, N. Y., which is Lew Ambers' home town, and Lew taught Greb most of his ring technique. Greb is a consistent winner and looks like a comer.

Published reports that a "Johnny Saxon" and Larry Wagner whipped Babe Risko are untrue. Both bouts ended in draw decisions and were staged by the writer.

SHORT SHOTS: Baby Joe Thompson has hung up the upholstered mitts for good . . . . Ruby Cohen is matchmaker for the Rochester club . . . . Irving Robbins tells us his Canadian lightweight champ, Tommy Bland, is boxing in fine form . . . . Lee LaValle is secretary, treasurer, and matchmaker for the Disabled Veterans' club . . . . A red hot fight fan: Dr. Archer D. Babcock . . . . Leo Bolley of Elmira is new sports announcer for radio station WFBL . . . . Nick Stemmler is sports commentator for WSYR, his "Sport Ticker" being very popular with fans . . . . Amateur wrestling gets a big play at the Alhambra, here, every Wednesday night . . . . Lud Grube is matchmaker, and a good one . . . . Jackie Brady keeps in trim by teaching young hopefuls the manly art . . . . Babe Amos resembles Max Baer . . . . Ike Battles of Erie, Pa., and Teddy Smith, of Cleveland, are training here . . . . Of interest to California fans: "Wild Man" Bartollo, Billy Munico, and Frankie Stevens are boxing in this section . . . . Joe Moran no longer listens to the lure of the padded gloves . . . . Joe has quit.

Nate Lewis and Jim Mullin were in town seeking the services of Babe Risko and met many old friends, especially Jack Lewis . . . . Eddie Dempsey's career in the ring, including his amateur battles, figures about ten years' service under the arc lights . . . . My friend Lawson Bampton keeps me in touch with Canadian ring affairs by mail . . . . Robert Leigh, famous radio and stage singer, is a dyed-in-the-wool fight fan . . . . Paul Pirrone is supposed to have refused to meet Al Salbano here.

Write us at 1009 Cadillac Street . . . . Babe Risko's ambition is to own a chicken farm . . . . His handsome features and marvelous physique have much to do with Babe's heavy avalanche of fan mail . . . . Eddie Gallagher is still around . . . . Billy and Eddie Leonard are doing nicely with their beautiful Belvedere Cafe . . . . Tommy Lewis sits all day long in Jackie Brady's gym playing cards . . . . Gabe Genovese, 'tis rumored, may handle the affairs of a top spot heavy . . . . Adios.

NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.
By BABE ORLANDO

TONY FISHER survived a nine-count knockdown and went on to score a technical knockout over Benny Levine in the seventh of a scheduled ten-rounder at the Laurel Garden in Newark. Johnny Toomey won the referee's decision in the ten-round semifinal with Irish Jimmy Brady; Hookie Jackson of Westerly, R.I., shaded the veteran Joe Moresco in a six-rounder; Marvin Hart drew Elmer Robinson in four; while Jesse Townsend technically kayoed Tommy Russo in four.

Vince Dundee, former middleweight champion, who hails from Newark, jabbed and crossed his way to win a thrilling ten-rounder over Paul Pirrone in Philadelphia. In the eight-round semifinal Mickey Buttone, of Newark, decisioned Young Ketchel, of Chester, Pa. Buckey Jones, Jimmy Reilly's sensational welterweight, knocked out Jay Mecadon of Orange in the fourth round.

Jimmy Brienza, genial matchmaker of the Teterboro Airdrome, is priming Emil Calcagni and Billy Cheslock for a future main go at his airdrome. It is the writer's opinion that when these two youngsters get together Promoter Jimmy Brienza will have to hang up the S.R.O. sign, as both boys are very popular. Little "Tarzan," as Cheslock is dubbed, is being schooled by Allie Ridgeway, one of the smartest tutors of boxing today.

Promoter Jack Doyle of the Columbia, S. C., presented Sandor Szabo, the Hungarian Adonis, and Vic Christie to local wrestling fans, with the former winning in 34 minutes and 36 seconds. Sun Jennings and Frank Bronowicz battled to a bruising 30-minute draw in the semifinal, John Swenkie pinned Charlie Allen with a body press in 16 minutes 35 seconds; Andy Raschier threw Tony Rocco with a flying tackle and body press in 14 minutes 33 seconds.

Promoter Jimmy Brienza presented a sparkling card to the Teterboro fans, all of which ended by K.O.'s. In the two feature bouts, both scheduled for six rounds, Billy Tarzan Cheslock proved to his many friends that he is made of championship caliber by the manner in which he disposed of Jack Baldwin in 2:15 of the fourth round.

In the other main go, Emil Calcagni, the Crestkill butcher boy, finished Frankie Warno of Trenton in the second round. Jimmy Slavin put the crusher on Frankie Williams in the third of a fiver; Charlie Mantz kayoed Jack Lewis in three rounds; while Vincent Funk knocked out Dave Ryan in the second round of the opener.

Roy Lazer of Paterson decisioned Babe Hunt of Oklahoma in a ten-rounder that featured the show at the Laurel Garden in Newark. In the semifinal Joe Kukal of Elizabeth scored a technical knockout over Frank Klinko in 2:11 of the fourth round. The referee stopped the bout between Lope Berman and Dave Bungy to save the latter from further punishment in the third round of a scheduled sixer; Keller Crawford stopped William Henry Cheatham in the third; Jesse Jones lost to George Gano in four; while Tony Milford put Jack White out of the picture in the second of a scheduled four-rounder.

Gino Garibaldi of Italy and Sandor Szabo of Hungary wrestled to a 60-minute draw in one of the most action filling bouts seen at the local emporium this season. Columbia Park S. C. was packed to capacity for this thrilling go. In the semifinal match Joe Dusek pinned Mike Romano with a whirl and body press in 14:41, Pat McCleary lost to Harry Jacobs by a crotch lift and body slam in 19:24; while Andy Raschier got the decision over Charlie Allen in 30 minutes.

Matchmaker Bert Welling put on a splendid card featuring Morrie Sherman and Christy Lewis, a brother of John Henry Lewis, in Patterson. At the end of ten furious rounds the referee called it a draw. Charlie Mantz beat Lou Lepage (6); Lope Berman knocked out Sammy Miller (1); William Henry Cheatham outpointed Mario Orlando (4); Benny Logan put Jimmy Ricardi out of the picture (1); Mickie Giralli put the finisher on Gene Hudson (1).

Frankie Slavin decisioned Willie Lewis in the main event of six rounds at the airdrome in Teterboro. Connie Morris drew Jack Baldwin (5); Tony Grabowskie beat Joe Farr (4); Walter McCrea lost to Frank Lascht (4); Billy Maynes drew Jesse Townsend (4).

A corking wrestling card was presented to a packed house by Promoter Jack Doyle at Columbia Park in North Bergen. In the main bout Jim Browning, former world's champion, applied the flying mare and body press to down Tommy Draak in 23 minutes 18 seconds. In the semifinal match, Joe Dusek and Sandor Szabo wrestled to a 30-minute draw. Willie Davis beat Henry Graber with a body slam and body press in 18 minutes 6 seconds; while Andy Raischierb lost to Abe Goldberg in 28 minutes 36 seconds.

Tony Galento, chubby heavyweight from Orange, kayoed Eddie Karolok of Utica, N.Y., in the fourth round of the scheduled ten-round main event at the Laurel Garden in Newark.

Allie Ridgway and Babe Orlando have formed a boxing enterprise and are looking for a suitable office for their new undertaking. In the meantime any promoter wishing the services of fighters of any description get in touch with Al Ridgway, 526 New York Avenue, Union City, N.J. or call up Palisade 6-3347W.

Kindly address the writer before the first of each month in care of Al Ridgway at the above address. Till next month *adios.*

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

YOUNG TERRY, Trenton middle who was one of the leading contenders a few months ago, before a jaw infection temporarily halted his boxing activities, will soon be ready to fight again.

Terry is now under the guidance of Dick Curley, veteran Philadelphia sportsman. Curley, who brought out Mike Dundee and Sailor Freeman, has been connected with the wrestling game the past few seasons, but has given it up to give Terry full attention and bring him back for a shot at the title. One of Curley's first moves was to restore Jimmy (Fats) Pinto as Terry's trainer. Fats Pinto was the first who guided Terry through the prelims to the wind-up class.

Ralph Fulton, Trenton welter, staged an impressive comeback after a seven-month layoff by knocking out Harry Wallace of Phila in seven rounds at Philadelphia.

From all reports, there will soon be a new fight club here. The present promoters at the Arena are satisfied in just staging wrestling shows. The new combination are working hard to obtain a license.

GOSSIP ABOUT FORMER FIGHTERS—Tommy Mahan, walking delegate for longshoreman; Tommy Murphy, bartender; Joe Reno, boxing coach at Bucknell; Kid Emmons, storekeeper. Chick Emmons, Eddie Fulton, Johnny Murray, all working for the P. R. R. Monte Barker, wholesale liquor. Willie Beetle, shipping clerk. Eddie Berkowitz, tap room owner; Mickey Mooney, second-hand cars; Frankie Mason, realtor; K. O. Reilly, water inspector; Jimmy Brown, factory worker; Eddie and Johnny Farraday, both managers of chain stores. Dave Shuster, tinsmith; Terry Brooks, dental laboratory; Bushy Brooks, florist; Johnny Brennan, restaurateur; Battlin' Lewis, radio expert; Jimmy Willard and Kid Murphy, number barons.

ROCHESTER, N.Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

THE Acme Sporting Club opened its first wrestling show last month with a sell-out and Jules Bauman, the promoter, gave the fans a great card in Dan O'Mahoney of Ireland and Billy Bartush of Chicago.

Irish Jim Flood, amateur middleweight champ of Rochester, is winning his fights often and is packing them in at Johnson City and Endicott.

The following pro fighters are training daily at the Elk's Club from 3 to 5 P.M.: Al Traino, Johnny Polvino, Jimmy Downs, Sammy Bosicaino, Chuck Simpson, Joe Jordan, Pat Singer, Bill Fogarty and John Baker.

Mickey Cook is making the matches for Johnson City and Tommy Curry for Endicott and they are both packing them in every week.

The Elks' Club is running weekly shows and are drawing well.

The first amateur show of the month, Joe Stefano lost to Bobby Owens; Hughie Smith defeated Sam Goritz; Sam Letta defeated Eddie Clark and Louie Arzi defeated Mike Granata. All five-round bouts.

The second show: Danny De John won over Tony Polizzo; Douglas Vanderbourg defeated Jack Murphy; Joe Birdie defeated Frank Lioi and Joe Martino K.O.'ed Eddie McShea in the third.

The last amateur show of the month was headed by Irish Jim Flood of Rochester and Buck Leachman of Philadelphia. Flood stopped Leachman in two rounds. Joe Di Carlo stopped Lon Polino of Corning in four rounds.

The RING is on sale at Clinton and Main Street on the 5th of each month.

The writer can be reached at 121 No. Union Street, Rochester, and will answer all mail.

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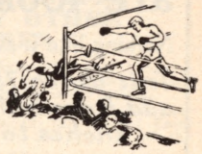

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King Mahoney, Rochester's popular referee, gave a big dinner in honor of his cousin, Dan O'Mahoney, the great wrestling Irishman, who showed his stuff here on the last wrestling show.

BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.
By JACK SAUNDERS

FIGHT fans were much enthused when Joe Walcott of Panama and Baby de La Paz of Cuba crossed gloves in their return bout. Both boys were in fine form and battled to a draw in their ten-round windup.

Charley Perez found Syd Brown a very stubborn contender and went the limit of six rounds to a draw. Bill Tate, although knocked off his legs, won from Battling Ergus in six rounds. Esquimo Man stopped Young Firpo in four rounds. Al Brown gained the decision over Young King.

Baby de La Paz, the black shadow of Cuba, after taking a trip to the canvas in the second round, came back and trounced Serefin Centeno in a main bout of ten rounds.

Fred Cooke lost to Angel Sanchez in six rounds. Lefty Flynn again defeated Toro Del Sur in six rounds. Young William K.O.'d Tiger Flowers in the second round. Panama Flash won an unpopular decision over Kid Hartly.

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BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

IT took but three rounds for Big Boy Brackey to prove to Billy Nichy that few fighters can spot another thirty-five pounds and hope to win. Nichy put up a gallant battle but was outpunched by Big Boy and knocked out in the third round. At times Nichy got over some right-handers that staggered Brackey but the Lackawanna giant was out in front in every round and was master of the situation at all times.

Promoter Charlie Murray had looked forward to a big gate, hoping to equal the $5500 house that was attracted to the Young Hippo-Brackey melee, but Mons. Charles was disappointed when only $2800 was counted as the gross gate.

Brackey has many critics, but none of them can deny that he can punch. The former Canton (O.) heavyweight has demonstrated that his right hand is poison and although he can't box much, he can certainly do damage when he connects.

Another surprising feature of the Queensberry Club's card was the knockout of Dick Hartnett, erstwhile amateur star, who was rocked to sleep by Joe Lyons, ancient gladiator from Lancaster. Joe got over a crushing right to Hartnett's jaw and the First Ward lad could not shake it off. This makes two victories for Lyon over Hartnett and it appears as though Joe has Dick's number.

Results of other bouts on the Brackey-Nichy card were as follows:

Joe Lyons, 160, Lancaster, knocked out Dick Hartnett, 158, Buffalo, (4).

Blase Pantano, 136, Buffalo, outpointed Bad Boy Emanuel, 140½, Syracuse, (6). Decision fair.

Mickey Devine, 126, Batavia, stopped Pete Brellish, 126, Scranton, Pa., (2).

Bud Ehrman, 175, Buffalo, stopped Al Agetta, 173½, Buffalo, (3).

Paul Mahoney, 150, Buffalo, outpointed Joe Severino, 147, Buffalo, (4). Decision fair.

Stanley Goral, 166, Buffalo, outpointed Tom O'Brien, 170, Buffalo, (4). Decision fair.

Officials, all Buffalo men, were: Referee, Jimmy Goodrich; judges, George Needham and Billy Meyers; timer, Marve Smith; announcer, Manny Weitz.

There is talk of Brackey meeting Buddy Baer here soon. The bout was originally scheduled for January, but the Florida trip of the belting Baers caused a shift in dates.

Outside of Brackey we haven't a single fighter that looks like a prospect. Ring shows are too few and far between and expenses and silly commission rules keep the sport in the doldrums.

Wrestling is pretty dead here and Ed Don George, North Java, N. Y., lad, is the only one who can draw a crowd. And big Ed has to be matched with a topnotcher to put them in now.

Rumors are still afloat that a new sports club will be with us soon. Without the proper manager and matchmaker the club wouldn't have a chance.

THIS AND THAT—The greying Tommy Timlin is enthusiastic over Big Boy Brackey's ring future . . . . Tommy says he'll be fighting the topnotchers within a year . . . . Tommy Moore is liable to pop with a new club in Jamestown soon . . . . He has gathered the proper financial backing and may get going in March . . . . Moore is a hustler and knows the game from A to Z . . . . Poor Nel Crawford felt pretty tough about the knockout of Dick Hartnett . . . . Nels put in several years' work building up the kid in the amateurs . . . . Luke Carr may make a good referee . . . . He is our newest appointee . . . . Knockout Brennan and Hymie Goldstein, former boxers, are also pulling wires for appointments . . . . Rochester is still without professional boxing, although Jules Bauman has the club license . . . . The Flower City would be a pip if a proper arena was available . . . . Red Murray is taking out a new second's license . . . . Things must look good to Red . . . . See you next month.

NOTICE—Good boxers of all weights who have satisfactory ring records and are not aligned with any manager should write to Hugh Shannon, 95 Saranac Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

AT the New Haven Arena, Al Nelson Gainer, local light-heavyweight, displayed punching ability to good advantage by scoring a technical knockout over Lou Poster, Pottstown, Pa., heavyweight, in the tenth round of a twelve-rounder.

In the eight-round semifinal Honey Mellody, clever lightweight of Boston, fought a nice fight to score over Johnny Bellus, of New Haven. Bellus suffered a bad cut over his right eye.

Charley Eagle, hard-hitting middleweight, who returned to the ring wars after a layoff of ten weeks, battled to a draw with Connie Josinio, of Texas, in a six-rounder.

Nathan Mann, two-fisted light-heavyweight slugger, of Hamden, tore the spirit out of his opponent, Jerry Wright, colored light-heavyweight, after the latter floored him in the first round. The fight was a slugfest while it lasted.

Joe Vignali, local lightweight, made his first appearance in the Madison Square Garden ring, when he appeared on the undercard to the Dundee and Risko tilt in an eight-round wind-up with Teddy Loder. Joe was defeated on points in a hard fought battle.

Eddie Hogan, of Waterbury, most promising young heavyweight with knockout drops in his both fists, is winning regularly. He finished Eddie Karolak in the first inning of a scheduled six-rounder at the Ridgewood Grove in Brooklyn.

Nathan Mann, slugging light-heavyweight who loves to fight, got his tough opponent, Tiger Jack Renault, with a left hook to the jaw in the third round to end the brawl which was supposed to be a ten-rounder. Nathan Mann is a big favorite hereabouts and a great crowd pleaser.

And in the other ten-round combat on the same card Al McCoy, light-heavyweight of Boston, handed out a neat pasting to Joe Kaminski, of Wilkes Barre, Pa.

Eddie Moore came out in front by scoring a technical knockout over Sailor Leonard, of New York, in the fifth chapter of a billed six-rounder. Joe Palooka, a rugged welterweight of New Haven, outpunched Bruno Tretter, of New Jersey, in four cantos. Jerry Wright, colored light-heavyweight puncher, K. O.'ed Johnny Velush, light-heavyweight of Waterbury, in the first chapter of a scheduled six-round combat.

At the Foot Guard Hall Arena, Hartford, in a feature bout, Charlie Massare, the Pittsburg heavyweight clouter, won a ten-round slugging match from Eddie "Unknown" Winston, colored heavyweight of Hartford.

In the semifinal, Eduardo Duary, Cuban welterweight, turned in an easy eight-round victory over Elmer Bezenah of Cincinnati. In a four-rounder, Jmmy Riche, Hartford featherweight, scored a two-round knockout over Jimmy English, of Norwalk. Eddie Mays defeated Frankie Smith, of Norwalk, in a six-rounder. Harry Gentile, featherweight knuckle pusher, of Hartford who just turned pro, looked good in outpunching Harry "Kid" Roy, of Montreal, Canada, in four rounds.

Boxers, who are not under obligations to anyone, wanting work in this section, can communicate with me at 50 Croun Street, Waterbury, Conn.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

HARRY STONE, Springfield, manager of boxers, has Johnny Scibelli, 118 pounds; Richie Thurer, 170 pounds; Young Rusty, 118 pounds; George Sweeney, 135 pounds; and Henry Sweeney, 140 pounds, ready for engagements. Joe Canty, featherweight, is now ready for bookings. He can be reached through the writer, 538 Broadway, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Elmer Bezenah lost on a technical K.O. to Carlos Solomon in the third round. Referee Chet Lucia stopped the bout. Ray Trueheart was stopped in the seventh by Al Zappola, Lawrence. Johnny Vargas, Thompsonville, Conn., fought a draw with Sal Canata, Holyoke, in a six spot. Martin Furman, Chicopee, lost a decision to Ray Rowe, Springfield welterweight, in four rounds.

Joe Kaminski lost a decision to Tony Celli, Leominster, in the main event of eight rounds. Charlie Chappie, of Albany, won over Lou Fox, New York, in eight rounds. Fox suffered a broken rib in the first round but went the distance. Johnny Bangs, Holyoke, won over Ronald Santos, Boston, in eight rounds. Roland Lecuyer, Holyoke, won over Joe Gorman of Boston, on a technical K.O. in the fourth of a six-rounder. Mickey West, of Boston, scored a split decison over Jerry Maloni, of Springfield, in a four-rounder.

Elmer Bezenah, in a return go with Carlos Soloman, lost the decision in eight rounds. Butch Nichols, of Hartford, won a decision over Al Zappala, of Lawrence, in eight rounds. Dominic Nicco, of Brooklyn, lost a split decision to Joey Izzo, Hartford, Conn., in eight rounds. Joe Gelinas, Athol, Mass., K.O.'ed Johnny Vargas in the third round. Kid Sweeney, of Springfield, fought a draw with Tom Grady, Springfield.

Johnny Rossi defeated Dom Rizzo in a main event of eight rounds at Holyoke. Jerry Mazza, New York, won over Young Chappie, Albany, in eight rounds. Danny London of Brooklyn won over Midget St. Hilaire, Somersworth, N. H., in eight rounds.

The writer made an unsuccessful trip to New York last week to sign Eddie "Babe" Risko, of Syracuse, N. Y., to a $1,500 contract to fight ten rounds. A fighter of his caliber should consider such offers as there are only a few clubs who can afford that much money. Nat Fleischer and Eddie Borden were very cordial to me, and I wish to extend my gratitude.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

BY MICKEY McINTIRE

GOOD Old Roger Bernard, for years one of Michigan's best fighters, seems to be improving as he goes along. Bernard, who was supposed to be washed up in 1932, turned in one of his best years in 1934, and has made a good start in 1935. Bernard is taking things a lot more seriously than he did in the past, which is one of the reasons for his great comeback. Though Roger has ranked with the best of the 130-pounders since 1928, he is still well on the under side of thirty. In his last start he knocked out Eddie Burl in Flint.

Chuck Woods and Amsey Rinnson met in Detroit for the right to challenge Morrie Sherman for the state title. The boys boxed a great ten-round draw.

Lefty Gwynne, chunky Canadian bantam, is going good in Michigan rings. Jimmy Brady is managing him, as well as several other good boys, among them Chuck Woods and K. O. Morgan.

Little Orville Drouillard is making good around Chicago, and the same is true of Holman Williams in Milwaukee, and Steve Koloff, in Minnesota and Wisconsin.

Frank Kapanowski is cleaning up the middleweights, his most recent victims being Thurston McKinney and Mickey Misko.

The Golden Glove bouts have been going strong for some time now. Among the better amateurs are Red Wood, Ed Haley, Edgar Waling, Al Nettlow, Stan Ceislik, Joe Sworek, Dick Edwards, Alex Kilpatrick, Billy Wright, Lennie Wright, Eddie Futch, Vic Zwyicki, Percy Jones, Al Strong, Bill Bommer, Frank Rickert, Dave Clark, John Baluck, Clinton Bridges, Stan Evans, Lorenzo Pack and Edwin Tank.

Wilbur Chevalier has a good prospect in Oliver Johnson, classy lightie from Saginaw. Wilbur has good connections, and can get work for any good young fighter, especially a heavyweight. Address him 110 Litchfield Street, Bay City, Mich.

Boxers and managers wishing Michigan boxing promoters' lists can get them from Mickey McIntire, Deckerville, Mich.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

CALIFORNIA JOE RIVERS handed Eddie Burl a pasting in ten rounds at the Washington Auditorium. Burl made a game stand against the clever Mexican but took plenty in going the route. Jimmy Jones of Baltimore won easily over Bob Lowery of Washington in the eight-round semifinal. Pop Eye Irving beat Patsy Flannigan in six heats and Sammy Sweet drew with Joe Transperanti in four. Kid Hoover lost to Sammy Julian in the curtain raiser.

Pete Bevens of Washington made a great fight with Charlie Thompson over the eight-round route in Baltimore, with honors even. Jimmy Tramberia surprised by licking Bucky Taylor in the eight-round semifinal.

Norman Quarles won over Bill Bulluck in eight rounds at Norfolk, Va., in a close fight. Mannie Seaman won a technical knockout over Billy Landers in seven heats and Red Journee won over Patsy Flannigan in the opening eight-rounder.

Johnny Jadick won a unanimous duke over Phil Furr in ten rounds at Washington. The less experienced Furr made a great fight of it but Jadick was out in front most of the way. Joe Ferrone beat Marty Bond in six rounds, Charlie Breckenbacker and Sammy Julian boxed a four-round draw, Sammy Sweet beat Benny Kessler, Mike Wells winning over Sailor Leonard in the opener.

Bob Turner of Newport News, Va., had an easy time with Sam Finazzo in eight rounds at Baltimore. Tommy Vetra won over Will Mathews in the eight-round semifinal.

California Joe Rivers and Pete Sarron fought the best bout seen in Washington since boxing was legalized in the nation's capital, with Pete taking the duke. Both boys had their moments and the fans were on their feet most of the way. Jimmy Jones was an easy winner over Mickey Landis in the six-round semifinal. Kid Ingram of Orlando, Fla., made a favorable impression in winning over Jimmy Tramberia in a five-rounder. Walter Kirkwood and Deacon Owen also fought a fast five-rounder with honors even. Baby Charles took the duke over Tommy Hoover in four rounds.

Lew Raymond was far too good for Charlie Gomer in a slow eight-rounder in Baltimore. Joey Allen beat Bucky Taylor in a thriller while Harry Jeffra knocked out Tommy Horn in four rounds.

K. O. Burns of Baltimore reversed the tables on Bob Turner in eight heats at Baltimore. Turner had previously knocked out Burns. Jimmy Tramberia knocked out Calvin Calp in the sixth round of the eight-round semifinal. Joe DeCarlo knocked out Kid Wolfe in the feature preliminary.

PICKUPS—Charlie Cornell has taken over the matchmaking at the Washington Auditorium in Washington and is doing a great job of it. To date Charlie has staged three shows and in addition to all being bang-up from a spectator's view they also turned up with a profit. Les Sponsolor continues to do well in Baltimore. Les has booked Jackie Portney with Jimmy Jones, a promising local boy, and is assured a packed house. It will be Jackie's only appearance in the United States before returning to Australia to defend the welterweight title down under. Ken Overlin, the Norfolk middleweight, is back in harness again after a four-month layoff with a broken hand. Overlin and Vince Dundee would pack them in at Washington and Charlie Cornell is trying to make the match.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING NOTES

By HERB McHUGH

CLAUDE VARNER has been hitting the spotlight to good effect. He and Herb Bishop, Australia's lightweight champion, provided a slugging epic at headquarters, with Varner running away with the honors. The thrills commenced early when Claude dispatched his opponent to the canvas before a minute of the first round had been under way. It was touch and go for the home fighter for the remainder of the session, but his extraordinary stamina and gameness saw him bluff his way through.

Try as he would, Bishop could not shake Varner off and, at the completion of fifteen rounds, the points margin in favor of the American was indisputable. It must be handed Varner that he turned in his best performance since coming to Australia.

A week later, he outpointed Joe Hall, holder of the featherweight title of the Antipodes—an excellent double, to be sure. Hall is only a youngster battling his way to the big time. He found Varner far too strong and consistent, although he has hopes of turning the tables on Claude when they meet again in Brisbane some time later.

Australia's star performer, Ambrose Palmer, has not fought under the N.B.C.'s banner for some months. Vague rumors are going around why this is so, but perhaps lack of first-class opponents is the main reason. In the meanwhile, Ambrose is going along nicely in the "smalls" and making sufficient to pay the rent. However, his continued absence from headquarters is to be regretted and the sooner a couple of star lightheavies from overseas look in, the better all round.

The first of Al Lippe's team, Phil Zwick, got away to a good start. The elongated one decisively outpointed Alf Blatch. Seeing that Zwick was only off the boat ten days, his effort was a good one. His willingness to go in and have a lick will have the crowd with him. Decidedly a shock puncher, he nearly stole the fight in the opening stanza by twice knocking Blatch to the floor for counts of two and three, respectively.

Vernon Cormier is on the slate to appear against Merv Blandon. This should be a regular slam-bang affair, and, provided Cormier lays on the fireworks a la Zwick, everything should be sweet and lovely.

Bobby Blay is the latest to be bitten by the comeback bug. He is to attempt the job in Brisbane against Billy Martin. Most of us are interested, as Blay is only a youngster.

Lippe's lads, Zwick, Cormier and Wilson, are working out at the Stadium. Bill Henneberry has been selected to train them. Bill, by the way, is manager-trainer of Fred Henneberry, middleweight champion, who, unfortunately, is still on the waiting list.

The wrestling season is finished at Sydney Stadium, but Leichhardt continues to pack them in, with, of course, Tom Lurich as the star attraction. Following his win over Sonnenberg, he was handed a surprise a couple of weeks later by dropping a decision to George Pencheff, one of the most versatile grapplers in Australia.

Mickey Miller, who has strong claims to being this country's best bantam, knocked out Flyweight Champ Wally Walker in eight rounds. He carries a nice wallop in either glove and, once he becomes a little more matured, will call the tune for many to dance to.

Ron Leonard, official holder of the title among the 118-pounders, is the big hit at Leichhardt. A nice boxer, with a pleasing style, it remains to be seen how he would handle the situation, opposed to a tough, rugged scrapper.

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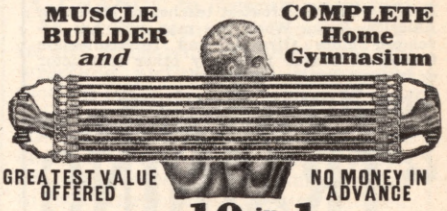

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Brilliant featherweight, Llew Edwards, is in harness again. This is the lad who took a decision over Nel Tarleton, and who, following his bout with Varner, developed pneumonia, which demanded a long spell from the game. He had a workout recently at Parramatta and comfortably outpointed his opponent. He is likely to go in with the winner of Blandon and Cormier.

BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

LORENZO GOMEZ, sparkling light-heavyweight from Spain, is Pincho Gutierrez's new entry for fistic fame. Gomez is only a youngster and has all the earmarks of a future "great." When Pincho makes his bid, he will no doubt have Lorenzo ready for a United States invasion. Gomez made his initial appearance in Havana by scoring a two-round knockout over Kid Caracen and then followed with a one-round knockout over Young Rodriguez.

Relampago Saguero, welter champ of Cuba, easily whipped Lope Tenorio of Manila, and Jesus Alvarez kayoed Jimmy Valentino in four rounds.

Alex Yanes, sterling featherweight, scored a ten-round decision in a nontitular bout with the champion, Gilbert Castillo, at Cristal Arena.

Andy Martin, American featherweight, outpointed Fillo Echevarria of Spain in ten good, hot rounds. Martin is in for three or four more lucrative bouts in Havana.

Baby Face Quintana beat Kid Sila in a lightweight elimination bout. Quintana will soon meet Sixto Morales for a title bout.

Mariano Arrilla of Spain drew with Russ Gonzales of Tampa in ten good rounds. Later on Arrilla scored a one-round knockout over Juan Morales, the local bantam champ. Ramon Molina drew with Lope Tenorio in ten interesting rounds.

Eddie Ran is here for a bout with Relampago Saguero, and Fillo Echevarria will meet Baby Quintana of Panama in ten rounds at the Cristal Arena.

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CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

MARITIME masterminds of mauling matters are making efforts to heighten the calibre of the cards staged in the Maritime Provinces (which is the extreme east of Eastern Canada to those who may not know) and pretentious plans are being laid for execution long before the outdoor season arrives. Halifax, Glace Bay, and Sydney, Nova Scotia, along with Saint John, New Brunswick, have led the way so far with fairly attractive events in the past but bigger events are planned for the future with these cities, along with New Glasgow, N. S., and a couple of other centres, being the sites for matches in which popular prospects and outstanding local favorites will be matched against highly rated importations.

Several such matches have clicked with the Maritimes fans. Bobby Allen, Maritime lightweight champ, was going so strong against ordinary importations that Al Foreman, British Empire lightweight king, was matched with him in Glace Bay. This was too big a step for the rugged young miner, however, and Foreman's terrific clouts downed him frequently during the hectic five rounds it lasted. After a lengthy layoff Allen started rising again as a junior welter and Ronnie Headley, Ottawa, and Tommy Bland, Toronto, were brought east. He whipped Headley but was twice outpointed by the crafty Bland.

Terrence "Tiger" Warrington is the latest ring idol in the Maritimes, especially in Halifax, where he scored several smashing triumphs including a one-round kayo of Jean Pusie, Montreal's all-round athlete, who decided to stick to hockey, etc., after going through the ropes for the count in a minute and some odd seconds after the "Tiger" smacked him. Warrington is the big attraction and the main hope of Maritimers in bringing their doings into the limelight while Allen, on another rampage, tops the other favorites in point of popularity with Bobby Orr, Joggins Mines' welter champ of the Maritimes, right on his heels. "Irish" Jimmy Boyne, G. A. M. Tutty's welter protege, is also a fair attraction but is now with his mentor in Toronto where he is campaigning for Canadian welter championship honors.

Halifax is likely to be the scene of the first big step in the Maritimes' ambitious promotorial plans. The Ardmore Club matchmakers are dickering for a bout between Tiger Warrington and Jack Tebo, Alberta "Assassin," for the vacant Canadian heavyweight title formerly held by Larry Gains, who has been campaigning in Europe for several years. This would be a big attraction and would uplift the Canadian boxing situation by having a heavyweight champion crowned so it is likely the Dominion Federation and the various Commissions would approve it as Warrington is certainly the best in Eastern Canada while Tebo proved his superiority as Western Canada's best by stopping Steve Trojack, Winnipeg walloper, in two heats. A Tebo-Warrington match should provide some dynamic action and produce a worthy champion.

Joe Gollob, flashy Montreal lightweight, may also be a popular fixture on Maritime ring cards by the time this is off the press. The promising unbeaten youngster, who has been winning regularly in small towns south of the border since making his impressive debut in Ottawa, was in receipt of an offer to tackle Bobby Allen in New Glasgow, where Promoter N. W. Mason holds forth, just before this went to press, and the acceptance of the match depended on whether Allen, who has been battling as a welter lately, could come down to less than 140 pounds. Gollob has been going well, looks good in his workouts, and may turn out to be a much-sought-after performer this summer.

Greggie Gregersen, Montreal's bounding Danish mite, won the right to wear the hitherto ownerless Canadian flyweight crown when he pounded Young Lamothe, Quebec's claimant, to a farethee-well in five heats in the headliner of a show at Quebec City staged under the promotion of Jimmie McKimmie. Joe Marsh scored a victory by decisioning the aggressive Drummondville clouter, Battling Henaire, in the eight-round semifinal, but it was not such a good night for McKimmie, who went "red" to the tune of $140. It is to be hoped that the popular Jimmie will get better breaks from now on. In the meantime, congratulations are due to the current flyweight champ of Canada, Mr. Gregersen. Reports indicate that he fought like a real champ.

STRAY SHOTS—Eddie Carroll, classy Ottawa lightweight, stopped Jack Lazar in five and whipped Gene Higgins in an eight-rounder at Chicago . . . . Battling Tracey and Eddie Wenstob are over in Europe under "Kap" Kaplansky . . . . Tracey left them in London and chased home to Norway for a visit . . . . missed his plane on return journey and could not keep ring date . . . . promoters had to get a substitute . . . . Wenstob fought Ben Foord, South African lightheavy, in semifinal of Peterson-Neusel card . . . . draw decision booed and Wenstob received ovation . . . . Tracey kidded reporters aplenty on trip over . . . . they wrote about unbeaten record of the nineteen-year-old Norwegian lad . . . . Joe Marciente and Myer Alper given offers by South American promoters but not keen to travel that far from home . . . . they are due to campaign in Florida during March . . . . new Post record book going strong here . . . . recommend all interested in fight game to get it . . . . Garneau Seaman's dynamic protege, Tiger Warrington, gets real test in Boston against Abe Feldman, New York heavyweight . . . . a win will put Warrington in prominent spot . . . . Frankie Genovese surprised by beating his fellow Torontonian, Tommy Bland . . . . these Canadian titles are gradually getting placed properly . . . . and now we'll doff our hats to the chief, Nat Fleischer, for the splendid editorials he is turning out . . . . especially where he backs up Max Baer's no-decision bouts and tells off the powers who think different . . . . cheerio till next month.

PHILIPPINE TYPHOONS!
By CONRADO MATA

JOSE VILLANUEVA, bantamweight champion, was held to a slashing draw by Joe Eagle in a ten-round bout at the Osmeña Boxing Park.

Star Frisco lost two straight in the short space of a month. Cris Pineda, 120½ pounds, successfully defended his crown against Frisco at the Rizal Tennis Stadium in a twelve; three weeks later Little Pancho slammed his way to a clear-cut decision over Star Frisco, 115½ pounds, to romp away with the synthetic bantamweight championship of the Orient, created by the Santo Tomas Cortes' camp.

Florencio Enriquez, Filipino fight mentor, arrived here from Japan. Enriquez is the foreign adviser of the Japanese Boxing Association in Tokyo, Japan. He is managing Fighting Yaba, crack featherweight.

Paquito Limjengco, bosom pal of Johnny Samson, told the writer that Young Tommy will not be available for anybody outside of the States until the end of March, by which time Mrs. Young Tommy will have graduated from a beauty culture school.

The flyweight division is beginning to hum with activity, what with the presence of such aces as Speed Cabanela, Young Santos (champion), Little Abayan, Young Dumaguilas, Star Frisco, Little Pancho, Little Dado, and James Eagle, the newest addition to the elite circle.

James Eagle broke into the limelight recently by stopping Dommy Reyes, supposed flyweight champion of Japan, in the second of an eight-round fight at the Osmena. James has beaten thirteen opponents all via the kayo route, although he dropped his first two starts in the same fashion. Managed properly, the correspondent predicts that James Eagle will be the next flyweight sensation in the Philippines.

Al Alicante, huge Filipino middleweight, who was supposed to have met the cream of the world's welterweight division, is nothing to boast about. The only punch this fighter knows is a poor left hook which starts from the dressing room and ends at the other end of the house. He was sent to his knees twice by Kid Vicente in their ten-round tiff at the Rizal Tennis Stadium as a supporting card to the Frisco-Pancho tussle.

Little Dado, Ralph Cuyugan's pet hope for the flyweight crown, again subdued Johnny Mortell, Filipino-Hawaiian fighter. Dado has yet to lose.

Young Tarley, and Young Frisco, double titleholder, will be taken along by Vic Castro to Singapore next week for a series of bouts there.

The Managers and Boxers' Association held their annual convention at the Osmeña Boxing Park. In the election of officers Captain Crispulo Onrubia was chosen as president; S. Alcantara, vice-president; while Cipriano Santos will wield the pen and pencil as secretary.

Paquito Lituco, secretary of the Osmeña Boxing Park, is a sad and gloomy figure these days; poor attendance at the park may be the cause.

SPICES AND SLICES ALONG THE FITE FRONT—In the fifth round of the Frisco-Pancho bout, a beautiful left hook to the jaw delivered by Frisco drew the chewing gum from Pancho's mouth . . . . Villanueva is no longer the gate-attraction of yore; the poor crowd that attended the Villanueva-Eagle set-to gives proof of it . . . . Naning Sangle is a worried man lately . . . . Apeng Reyes is dividing his time between his office at the Banco delas Islas Filipinas and in his roadster with a black-eyed señorita of seventeen summers . . . . Doc Pablo Anido as usual was present at the Rizal Stadium . . . . Arsenic Lacson for the first time in his young life failed to witness an important match and he had to imagine the bout through the radio at Bacolod, Oriental Negros, where his football team was contracted to clash with a local team.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

FORT SCOTT, KANS.—Johnny Wagner and Jack Rivers battled ten rounds to a draw. "Wild Bill" Robetzik knocked out "Big Boy" Kincaid in one. Olin Loy knocked out Kid Frisco in two. Stubby Bulla beat Earl Parks in six rounds. John Lockwood is promoter and matchmaker for the Legion at Fort Scott.

Atchinson, Kans.—St. Benedict's College team beats Haskell Institute 5 to 3 in team match. Charles Briggs beat Harry Holleyman. Virgil Green beat Bill Parmer. Don Martin beat Forrest Jones. John Humphries beat Carl Fred. Norbert Heim beat Sam Alexander.

Hutchinson, Kans.—Clare Patterson beat Tommy Morgan in the top bout of an amateur show. Tony Maldonado beat Amos Livers. Bob Crow knocked out Del Burrows in one. Manuel Maldonado beat Jess Brown. Barney Jeffery beat Pud Hubbard. Dale Bessey beat Lawrence Cox.

Augusta, Kans.—Clare Patterson, an amateur boxer and captain of the boxing team, has one of the best fighting squads in this section of the state, and is ready to book his team to fight any place in the country.

Neodesha, Kans.—Ira Krueger, boxing promoter of this city, has been staging amateur shows regularly and drawing fairly well. Krueger is showing some good talent from all parts of southeastern Kansas.

Kansas City, Mo.—Amateur boxing results. Duke Bernes beat Bud Freeman. Floyd Hall knocked out Jack Riddle in two. Ira Ussery beat Verne Gregory. Mickey Kelly beat Peewee Weideman. Eddie Vogel beat Mike O'Rourke. Ross Latimer beat Johnny Price, Ernie Ratliffe beat Howard Stanley. Don Glover beat Stanley Schrezor. Baby Lou Alcanter beat Johnny Garcia.

St. Joseph, Mo.—Maxie Rosenbloom beat Al Stillman in a ten-round main event. Harold Matthews beat Lloyd Pine in ten. Jack Charvez beat Frankie Lee in ten.

Kansas City, Mo.—Bus Breese defeated Joey Alcanter in a ten-round feature bout. Pat Kissinger beat Willie Davies in ten. Orville Drouillard outpointed Paul Estrada in eight. Cap Harding got the nod over Jack Sharvez in eight. Billy Vaughn beat Paul Hamilton in six rounds.

Jefferson D. Jamerson, 3427 Cypress Street, Kansas City, Mo., is exploiting two mighty clever lightweights: Billy Vaughn and Neil Pug Grubbs. Jamerson has a stable of good fighters of all weights. Any promoter seeking talent for his card will do well to contact him for boxers.

Topeka, Kans.—Neil Pug Grubbs and Paul Hamilton fought ten hard rounds to a draw in the feature event of the evening. Grubbs injured his right hand in the sixth and used an effective left the following four rounds.

Manhattan, Kans.—C. K. (Shorty) Miller and Bus Breese (whom Miller started in the fight game and nursed through his amateur career) have now came to a parting of the ways. Miller states Breese has quit him cold and paired up with another manager. Miller is now piloting Bobby Hull, a young lightweight who shows plenty of promise.

Kansas City, Mo.—Amateur boxing results: Joe Kempenger beat Bill Parmer; Henry Smith beat Johnny Estrada; Louis Alexander beat Leon Chilcutt; George Lunderman beat Bob Trueblood; Henry Holleyman beat Floyd Hall; Mickey Riley beat Robert Wilson; Curtiss Dimmett knocked out Lawrence Posey in one; Don Mossberg beat Jerome Chee; Kenneth Scott knocked out Joey Newlan in two; Wayne Flannagan beat Chester Ellis; Nelson Emmerson beat Joe Campos; Herman Dick beat Beebe Rich.

Kansas City, Mo.—Jimmy Garrison outpointed Mickey Cohen in ten rounds; Frankie Lee knocked out Jackie Shapiro in two; Petey Alcanter knocked out Jimmy Gains in two; Royal Coffman beat Jess Freeman in four; Tony Laredo knocked out Johnny Sires in four rounds.

Bob Capocy, of Chicago, who represents many boxers in the Windy City, recently got let down by Bus Breese, whom he started in Chicago through his manager, Shorty Miller, of Manhattan, Kansas. Breese has severed relations with Capocy and Miller for no good cause. Personally I think Bus has made a mistake, both Miller and Capocy are capable, and square-shooters.

Blackwell, Okla.—Amateur boxing results: Clare Patterson knocked out Kenneth Jones in two; Lefty Honn beat Jonas Perry; Oral Hackney beat Tony Maldonado; Ralph Ketchum beat Perry Roberts; Elvie Fisher lost to Sweeney Byers; Jack Bohn beat Barney Jeffery; Marvin Lidell beat Urban Anderson; Leo McGraw beat Wilber Cannon; Virgil Thompson beat Bus Wheeler; Ernest Hardin beat Jim King; Tuffy Stevens beat Bat Dawe.

Tulsa, Okla.—Amateur boxing results: John Howey knocked out Fred Hayes in two; Charley Patrick beat Leslie Colman; Gordan Smythe knocked out Richard Clark in two; Clyde Greeson beat Ray Schultze; Frank Links beat Ed Segrist; Billy Carter knocked out Harlan McElroy in two; T. D. Minyard beat Lovel Hosey.

Chilocco, Okla.—Clare Patterson beat Frank Dillbeck in a three-round amateur show. Leo McGraw beat Tom Marshall. Earl Andrews beat Jess Brown. John Grass knocked out Del Burrows in three. Marvin Lidell knocked out Dan Livers in three. Jim King knocked out Red Young in two. Troy Quinton knocked out Leo Nutter in two rounds.

MINNESOTA FLASHES
By CLYDE SMITH

ERNIE LEWIS, manager of "Dutch" Weimer, would like to bring his heavyweight in here for a few fights. Weimer has a very good record, and should make a good fight for any of these heavyweights around here, and from press clippings is second to none as a crowd pleaser.

DID YOU KNOW THAT—Lee Savoldi, the light-heavyweight prospect from this section, is only nineteen years old, and has been boxing almost two years . . . . Pinkie George, Iowa promoter, was in town looking things over . . . . Richie Mack, Minneapolis lightweight, returned to visit old friends . . . . Jerk Doran is rated as the best publicity promoter . . . . Harold Seigal, is the best dressed fighter and George Higgins, the best sports announcer. This from the pen of Percy Villa who writes "Gossipings with the Tin Ears" in a local paper . . . . Don Rhymer, a light-heavyweight prospect from Sioux City, with a record of twenty-one fights, and only one defeat, wants to fight Lee Savoldi.

Harry F. Lennon has taken over the boxing franchise from Nick Kahler . . . . Johnny Datto, one of the best trainers around here, is training Mike Chipka, Johnny Gould, Henry Schaft, Cecil Stagg, Frankie De May, and others . . . . Frank Androff should receive more consideration . . . . We would like to see Joey Thomas stage a few more fights at the Pillsbury house . . . . Jack of Spades is no one else but Freddie Atkinson . . . . Phil Terk is a popular promoter . . . . Johnny Ertle, former claimant of the bantamweight title, owns a beer parlor at Stillwater, Minn. He is only four feet eleven inches tall . . . . Howard Mayberry, the great little bantam of many years ago, passed away at Pittsburgh, one of the best fighters ever turned out of Duluth . . . . Pal Brown, former national middleweight champ, is teaching boxing . . . . Murray McLean and Mike Ferrozo, managers of Charley Retzlaff and Lee Savoldi, may make a trip west . . . . Louie Danielson is now manager of Earl Mason . . . . Babe Daniels is still going over . . . . Jackie Sharkey may retire from the ring.

RESULTS, ETC.—Lee Savoldi scored over Jackie Charvez in eight rounds . . . . Jackie Sharkey won over Sammy Levine in ten . . . . Russ Schultz lost a sixer to Larry Udell . . . . Caddy Casey knocked out Jimmy O'Hara in three . . . . Frankie Androff scored over Phil Lightheart when the latter dislocated his shoulder and was forced out . . . . Another card saw Lee Savoldi win over Larry Udell in ten rounds . . . . The eight-round semi between Jackie Sharkey and Paul Lee was a rip-snorter and pretty close all the way, with Sharkey getting the nod . . . . Henry Schaft had a soft one in Billy Norton of Fargo and won all the way . . . . Russ Schultz won over a young kid by the name of Bud Gelding with no trouble . . . . Max Kalbrenner had a hairline edge over Bill Radke.

Duluth, Minn.—Jock Moore beat Max Kalbrenner in six; Wen Lambert and Red Martin fought a draw in four; Marty Teller beat Johnny Gould in six; Jin Hannigan beat Joe Preberg in three; Billy Cody and Punchy Finelli drew in three; Joe Michaud knocked out Joe Walsh.

Bismarck, No. Dak.—Dick Demaray, Bismarck welterweight, scored a T.K.O. over Stan Christie, of St. Paul, in four rounds.

Duluth, Minn.—Henry Schaft won over Jock Moore; Wen Lambert beat Bud Glover; Harry Segal defeated Ralph Baker; Joe Preberg and Jim Hannigan drew; Bill Cody knocked out Bill Dundee; Jim Michaud and Pete Lezzeri fought a draw.

LAST MINUTE FLASHES—A few of the judges, timekeepers, referees, and announcers around here are: Ad Douglas, Johnny Soko, Jack McDowell, Labe Safro, Hardy Feichtinger, Ray Baerry, George Higgins, and of course there are many other good ones . . . . The mail bag is overflowing this month, and you boys who expect an answer to your letters please enclose a stamp for reply, and address all mail to 746 South Smith Ave., St. Paul, Minn.; notes to be received by the second of each month . . . . Billy Petrolle is the daddy of a baby daughter . . . . Tom Andrews won't issue his record book this year, according to our dope . . . . See you later.

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Wesley Ramey
Freddie Miller
Al Brown
Fidel La Barba
Primo Carnera

GROUP No. 3—
Young Corbett III
Midget Wolgast
Kid Chocolate
Billy Petrolle
Tony Canzoneri
Johnny Dundee
Dave Shade

GROUP No. 4—
Frankie Genaro
Max Baer
Max Schmeling
Abe Attell
Terry McGovern
Jackie Fields
Barney Ross

GROUP No. 5—
Frank Battaglia
Jose Santa
King Levinsky
Johnny Risko
Baby Arizmendi
Maxey Rosenbloom
Pancho Villa

GROUP No. 6—
Jess Willard
John L. Sullivan
Bob Fitzsimmons
Georges Carpentier
Al Singer
Sammy Mandell
Benny Bass

GROUP No. 7—
Tommy Burns
Joe Walcott
Joe Gans
Jack Johnson
Jack Dempsey
Tuffy Griffiths
Tom Heeney

GROUP No. 8—
George Dixon
Sam Langford
Jim Jeffries
James J. Corbett
Jimmy Wilde
Jack Delaney
Bat Battalino

GROUP No. 9—
Jim Londos
Ray Steele
Rudy Dusek
John Pesek
Tiny Roebuck
Steve Znosky
Leo Pinetzki

GROUP No. 10—
Joe Savoldi
Jim Browning
Abe Coleman
Gino Garibaldi
George Calza
Strangler Lewis
Dr. Wilson

GROUP No. 11—
Jack Sherry
Don George
Herb Freeman
Sammy Stein
Henri De Glane
Joe Stecher
Toots Mondt

GROUP No. 12—
Dick Daviscourt
Dick Shikat
Floyd Marshall
Jack Reynolds
Sandor Szabo
Paul Jones
Frits Kley

GROUP No. 13—
Hans Steinke
Gus Sonnenberg
Benny Ginsberg
Jim McMillen
Babe Caddock
Joe Malcewicz
Ernie Dusek

GROUP No. 14—
Freddy Welsh
Young Corbett
Lou Brouillard
Ad Wolgast
Kid McCoy
Teddy Yarosz
Jack Kid Berg

GROUP No. 15—
British Group:
Len Harvey
Tom Watson
Bomb. Billy Wells
Charley Mitchell
Owen Moran
Jem Driscoll
Pedlar Palmer

GROUP No. 16—
Young Jack Thompson
Sammy Mandell
Steve Hamas
Bob Godwin
Joe Knight
Johnny Kilbane
George Godfrey

GROUP No. 17—
G. Hackenschmidt
Frank Gotch
Roland Kirschmeyer
Joe Dusek
Sam Cordavano
Everett Marshall
Earl McCready

GROUP No. 18—
Art Lasky
Mike Belloise
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Lew Feldman
Lew Ambers
Sixto Escobar
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LOUISIANA AND VICINITY

By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

THE promoters' war which Lou Diamond stirred up in New Orleans upon his assumption to the throne of matchmaker of the Crescent Athletic Club recently, may prove a boomerang to the interests of his backers. Diamond issued an ultimatum barring Wrestling Promoter Schslinger and Negro Boxing Promoter Ovalasiti from using the Coliseum Arena in the staging of their shows. Since that place is the only logical spot for indoor cards, the move may force the erection of a large sports palace which would mean the end of the Coliseum.

Whichever way the battle ends it will better the game in New Orleans. Diamond is experienced and smart and he has indicated that he will stage wrestling and Negro fights in opposition to the others. That will be in addition to his weekly white fistic menu.

Tracy Cox, erstwhile Indiana lightweight kayo artist, has a new city in which to hang his hat. Since his first bout in New Orleans he has become the fans' favorite. In two engagements Cox decisioned "Toots" Bashara of Norfolk, Va., having him down several times in ten rounds. A week later Cox stopped Bobby Garcia of Houston, Tex., in one stanza.

Answering the first bell a one to three long shot, Jumbo Rovira, sturdy local lightie, came out after ten rounds an easy victor over "Toots" Bashara. It was a rough and gruelling affair, the best in many months in New Orleans.

Other bouts on Diamond's cards ended in this fashion: Boswell Thompson trounced Sterling Silver, middleweights. Henry Deubler won over Preacher Ladner and drew with Fred Root, all welterweights. George Clausen downed Jimmy McNamara; Boomer Brooker outpointed Paul Quartararo; Red Wright defeated Adam Cook; Joe White beat Mike Cusimano, but the latter stopped George Holmes; Johnny Russo lost to Holmes, all lightweights. Vincent Bono outpointed Joe Engi, featherweights.

The Camaratta brothers, returned from a journey to Florida, showed a variance in form. Nickey, the featherweight, came back improved as his ten-round win over Dewey Cannon, Mobile, Ala., proved. However, Augie, the lightweight, lost ten rounds to George Clausen, Mobile, Ala.

Two knockouts in an evening was the feat of Micky Hazuda, Pittsburgh, Pa., middleweight, on Promoter Bruscato's first show at Monroe, La. Battling Brown of Fargo, N.D., was his first victim and as an added attraction he took on Frankie Kolborn, Monroe, La., finishing him in four heats. The following week Hazuda came out second best to Elmer Freas of New Orleans.

Other bouts of interest among the colored gentry wound up as follows: Eddie Kid Brown, lightweight, outpointed K. O. White and Speedy Red of Florida. Fast Black stopped Kid Armstrong, heavyweights. Josh Willis twice decisioned Leatherface Crouch, middleweights.

OUTCROPPINGS—Ralph Chong, Chinese middleweight, has been confined in a local hospital for the past month in a serious condition due to blood poisoning . . . . Joe Mandot, ex-fistic star, has opened a restaurant . . . . Battling Burroughs, a favorite middleweight at Biloxi, Miss., won two bouts there . . . . Women wrestlers are beginning to appear in New Orleans . . . . Ferraday, La., has weekly boxing again . . . . The writer's address is 627 Ursuline, New Orleans, La.

FLORIDA FLOURISHES

By HAL DAVIS

FIGHTERS of all kinds and classes have been arriving in the state by the dozens almost weekly. Champions and mediocre alike are composing the army of pugilists invading these sunny climes. From Champions Max Baer and Barney Ross down.

King Levinsky, Lou Terry, Buddy Baer, Paul Marques, Frankie Edgren, Reds Barry, Al Todisco, Al Ragone, Texas Kid, Frankie Hughes, Petey Mike, Ray Swanson, Texas Joe Dundee, Norment Quarles, Keith and Lloyd Weaver, Joe Lipps, and Bunker Hill are a few who have invaded Florida in the past month. With a boxing club in practically every town, the fighters are able to get plenty of work, but the remuneration is no better than it should be.

Joe Lipps has been the busiest of the newcomers. In his last bout in North Carolina, the Charlottle light-heavy won over Frankie Edgren, and since arriving in the land of sunshine he has K.O.'ed Jeff Eller, John Henry Wheeler, and Kid Baisden.

Wrestling has gained a strong foothold in this state. Tampa has been packing in 5,000 and more to the weekly wrestling shows there, while Jacksonville, St. Petersburg, Orlando, Lake Worth, Miami, and West Palm Beach are good spots.

A FEW RESULTS—Irish Eddie Dolan stopped Manuel Castro (8); Whit Webb beat Bunker Hill (10), West Palm Beach; Texas Joe Dundee beat Terry Hogarth (10), St. Pete; Baby Miller beat Govan Rhodes (10), Augusta; Earl Storchi beat Ginger Jernigan (10), St. Pete; Billy Shell beat Gordon Fortenberry (10), West Palm Beach; Buckey Burton beat Andy Martin (10), Miami, and Al Ragone, West Palm Beach. Charley Baisden beat Cliff Stickler (10), West Palm Beach; and Geo. Hollenbeck (10), St. Pete. Billy Hood drew and won over over Bunker Hill at Daytona. Baby Manuel and Al Todisco drew in Miami, but in the return bout Manuel won.

Manuel Quintero was stopped by Jimmy Gardner in St. Pete. Snag Trowbridge beat Tony Consollo (10), St. Pete; Joe Knight K.O.'ed Ed Karolack in two, Miami; Petey Mike knocked out Hobo Savage (4); and Norment Quarles beat Snag Trowbridge in ten, West Palm Beach; Billy Shell won over Joe Lipps (10), West Palm Beach; Frankie Kid Cavelli won over Bucky Burton, Miami. On same card Texas Kid won over Jimmy Wade and Frankie Hughes beat Matty Mario. Ray Swanson beat Jeff Eller (10), St. Pete; Keith Weaver stopped Mickey Obrien (9), and Chester Evans K.O.'ed Young Elderman (3), West Palm Beach.

Your correspondent may be reached at his new address, 117 Rosemary, West Palm Beach. Will be glad to furnish lists of promoters and their addresses.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS

By BILL DAVEE

RALPH SIKES, San Antonio ace who has been such a sensation as a welterweight, proved that he is just as hot at the middleweight poundage by giving Raymond Lightfoot, Beaumont's pride, an artistic boxing lesson. Sikes seems to have lost little of his speed and is punching much harder at the heavier weight.

George Brown, Houston heavyweight, has been going good recently. At Juarez he drew with Rosy Rosales and laced Manuel Luna in San Antonio. With a little more experience he should make the top flight heavies.

Tuffy Barnett and Johnny Lacaille staged what many said was the greatest fight ever held in Galveston when they went ten thrilling rounds. Both fighters were on the floor several times and absorbed enough punishment to last the average fighter a lifetime. The crowd was on its feet most of the time, and a woman spectator at the ringside fainted while the going was so hot.

Boxing has been at a low ebb in Texas through the winter months but everything looks bright for a great outdoor season. Jimmie Guest, Houston's and Texas' leading promoter, will reopen his outdoor arena some time the early part of March. Francis Cunningham, San Antonio promoter, has that city going well. Dr. Venza has opened up at Beaumont and is greatly increasing the crowds at every show. Don McCarvey, Sam Maceo's very capable matchmaker, has given Galveston some of the best matches the state has had. Arol Atherton is rapidly pulling Dallas out of the mud, but is in need of good talent there. Dandy Dick Griffin is also putting on fights in Dallas, but only when he can secure an outstanding match. All in all, it looks good for the future.

Ralph Chong, Johnny Fisse's sensational Chinese middleweight, is the best card in Houston. His colorful style and consistent winning have made him a great favorite in this city. In the last show held here he handed Gene Dundee a shellacking, winning at will.

The card in Galveston is Big Boy Benson, 220-pound Negro, who punches like a mule. Matchmaker McCarvey had Al Walker in against Ace Clark, but they failed to draw like the Benson-Walker fight. Clark was stopped in the fifth.

The writer's address is: *Houston Press*, Houston, Texas. All correspondence promptly answered. Send me the results of your fights each month.

OTHER RESULTS OVER THE STATE—Wilson Dunn flattened Tuffy Dial; Dial decisioned George Brown; Mike Pereira looked great beating Bobby Vitela; Lou Beard decisioned Carl Schaeffer but was beaten in a return match; Louis Hasso drew with Earl Capps; Battling Sam and Blue Heaven drew; Red Wright beat Evan Ritter; Jo-Jo Passante K.O.'ed Paul Banta; Alex Huffpauir beat Louis Hasso; Tiger Carter and Joe Mitchell split a pair; Kid Gallier beat Tony Turanto.

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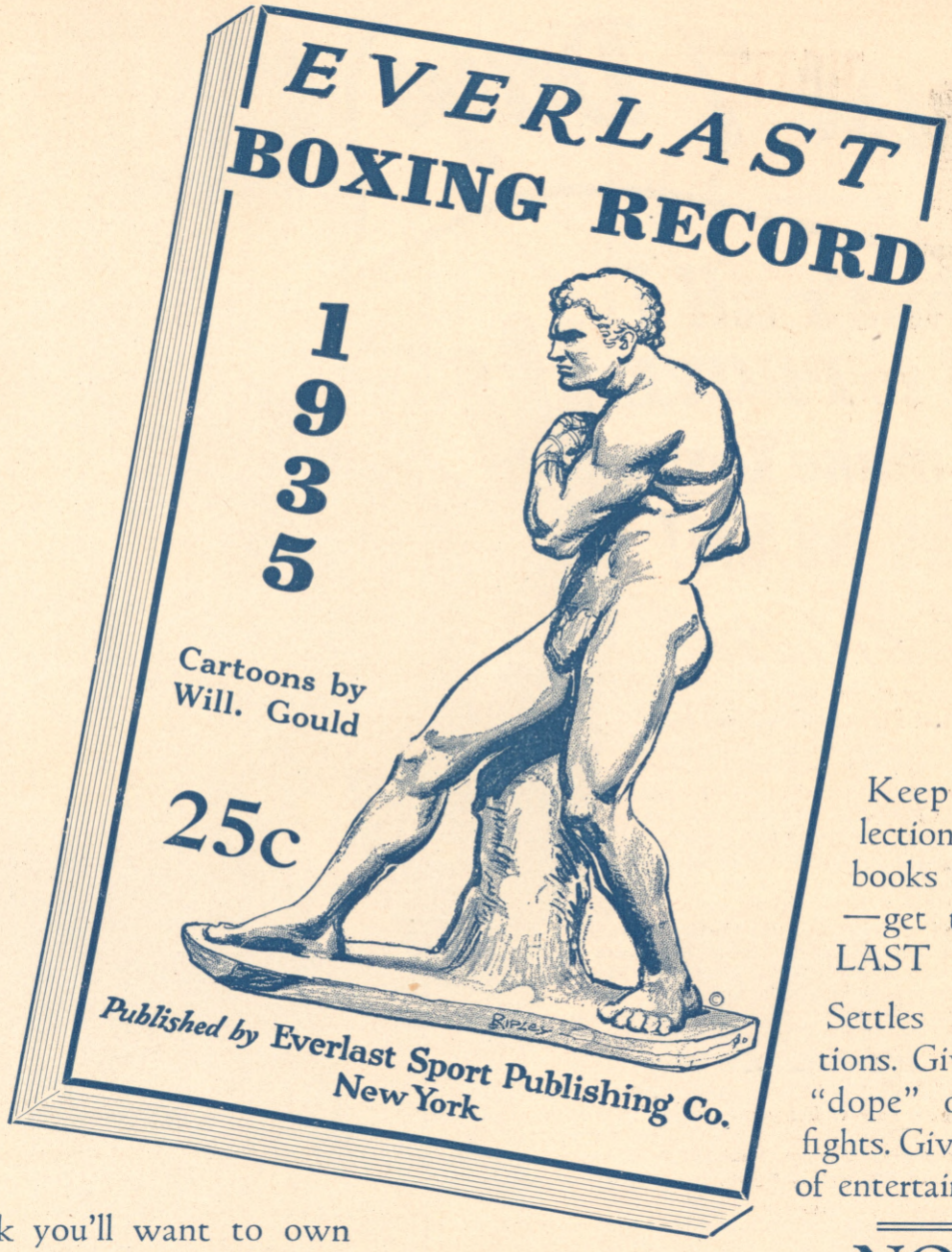

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